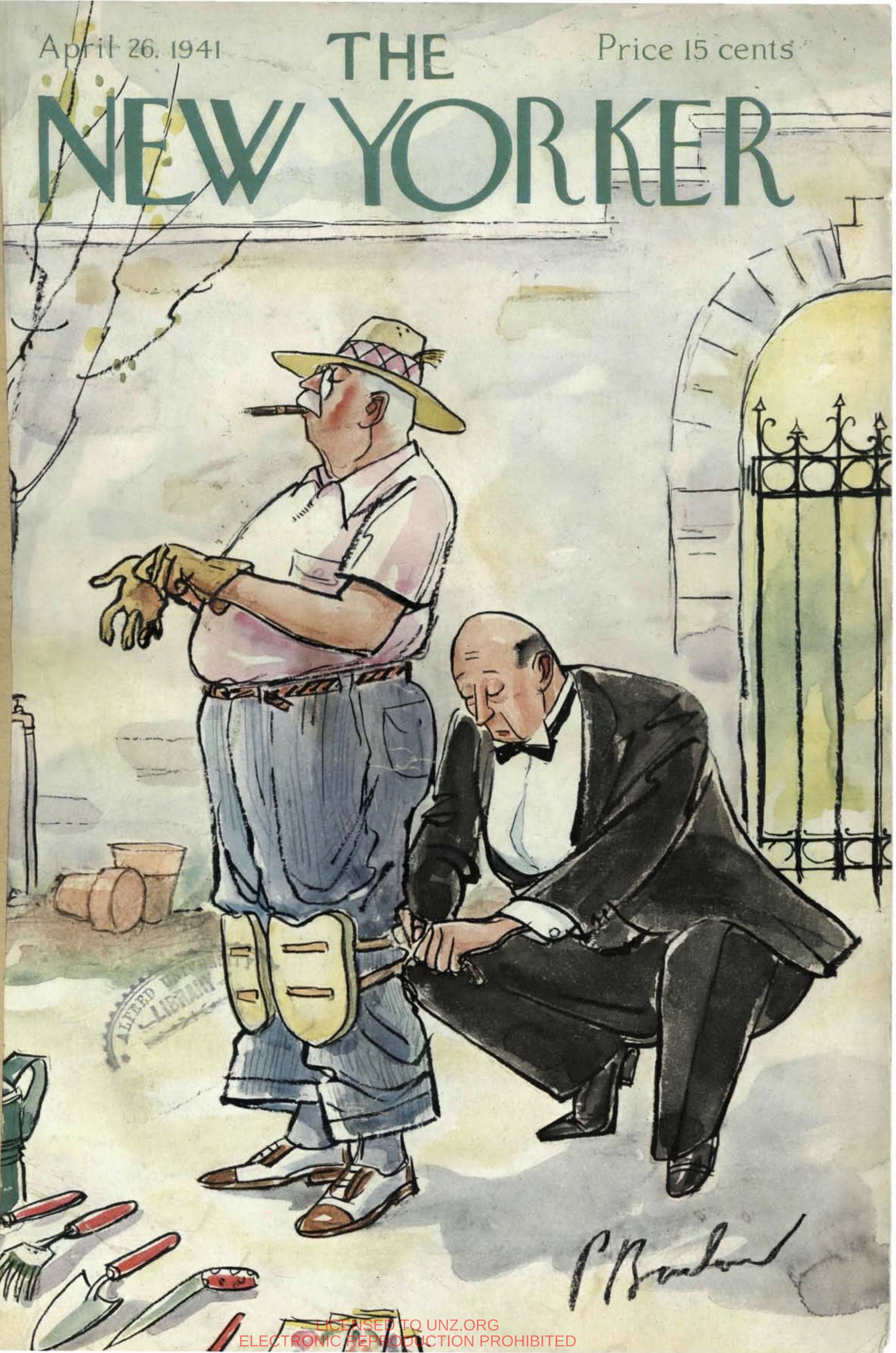
April 26, 1941

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



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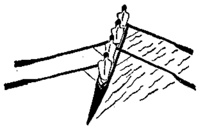
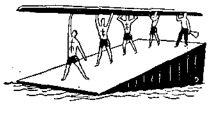


# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE



## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Arsenic and Old Lace**—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is just about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., April 27, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

**Charley's Aunt**—Remarkable direction and a fine performance by José Ferrer make this old relic something you're almost certain to enjoy. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Claudia**—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but get a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Corn Is Green**—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., May 1, at 2:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

**The Doctor's Dilemma**—Bernard Shaw exposing medical and artistic morality on one and the same stage. A first-rate revival, with Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, Bramwell Fletcher, and Cecil Humphreys. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

**Flight to the West**—A planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York debate the struggle against Fascism. Elmer Rice's play has its eloquent moments, although nothing much happens. Sylvia Weld, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe are among those who appear. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., April 26.)

**Life with Father**—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Man Who Came to Dinner**—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**Mr. and Mrs. North**—Mrs. North solves two murders and also puts the Homicide Squad in its place. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast in this excellent dramatization of a mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**My Sister Eileen**—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Native Son**—A lot about Communism and one murder have been omitted from this version of Richard Wright's novel, but it is still a brutal and fascinating play. Orson Welles has done a superior job of directing, and Canada Lee heads a very fine cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

**Old Acquaintance**—Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible in John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies. Pleasant and civilized, though a trifle thin in spots. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Closes Sat., May 3.)

**Out of the Frying Pan**—A high-spirited farce having to do with the problems confronting boys and girls who want to get on the stage. A bit of professional assistance might improve it, but it is pretty funny just the same. Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael help a lot. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 3. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE EASTERN STANDARD THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 26, AND DAYLIGHT SAVING AFTER THAT DATE.**

**Separate Rooms**—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

**Tobacco Road**—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

**Watch on the Rhine**—Lillian Hellman's eloquent story about a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**The Beautiful People**—William Saroyan's new comedy, with Eugene Loring and Don Freeman, staged and produced by the author. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Hellz-a-Poppin**—Olsen and Johnson are leaving the cast of this perpetual free-for-all on Sat., April 26. Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton will take over their rôles the following night. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

**It Happens on Ice**—No more Joe Cook but still plenty of lovely skating and several new numbers. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

**Lady in the Dark**—Gertrude Lawrence, skipping back and forth between her psychoanalyst's office and the dreamworld, is superb in Moss Hart's musical fantasy, which otherwise might be rather tiresome. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs, and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

**Louisiana Purchase**—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A fine musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Meet the People**—The girls and the music in this Hollywood revue are both attractive enough, and it all adds up to a pretty good time, even if a lot of it is familiar and some of it dull. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

**Pal Joey**—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* character transplanted to a musical comedy in which he remains the perfect heel. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Leila Ernst are prominent in the dirty work. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Panama Hattie**—Ethel Merman in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

### MISCELLANY

**Gilbert and Sullivan**—The Savoy Opera Guild presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury," Thurs. Eve., April 24, and "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Tues. and Thurs. Eves., April 29 and May 1, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.) . . . The Blue Hill Troupe presenting "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer," Thurs. and Fri. Eves., April 24-25, at 8:45. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. For tickets, call SA 2-5915.)

**Jewish Theatrical Guild**—A non-sectarian benefit for actors, with Eddie Cantor in charge of things: Sun. Eve., April 27, at 8. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

**Ambassador,** Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is dignified but nice, with Larry Siry's orchestra playing nice, dignified music. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

**Café Pierre,** 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—An ingratiating sort of place, where people seem to like to get together in the evening—early or late. Bob Knight's orchestra.

**Copacabana,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A pleasant addition to the local tropics, with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Very much the same as it's always been, with almost exactly the same faces. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

**Féfé's Monte Carlo,** 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—Still one of the best, it won't surprise you to hear. Tito Guizar is singing there now, and Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dancing.

**Larue,** 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A luxurious spot for an hour or an evening. Joseph C. Smith's orchestra will be replaced by Val Ernie's on Wed., April 30. Eddie Davis's orchestra will stay on.

**Park Lane,** Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Harold Spierer's orchestra, playing for dinner dancing in the Tapestry Room, will be replaced by William Scotti's on Fri., May 2.

**Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul Haakon is in the Persian Room at the dinner hour, the De Marcos are there at supper, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band are around all evening. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

**Rainbow Room,** R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The show in Radio City's aerial nook includes Mili Monti, Matty Malneck's orchestra, and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra keeps right on playing in the informal Rainbow Grill.

**St. Regis,** 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an ice show headed by Dorothy Lewis and Hazel Franklin, and there's Hal Saunders' orchestra, too. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

**Savoy-Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is practically a fixture in the Café Lounge, where Emile Petti's orchestra will replace Bob Grant's on Fri., May 2.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The hardy perennial for hardy people. Music by Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

**Versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one on the East Side, with a touch of Broadway about it. Joe E. Lewis is there now, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 3. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE EASTERN STANDARD THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 26, AND DAYLIGHT SAVING AFTER THAT DATE.**

and Antonio are dancing in the Sert Room. Xavier Cugat's orchestra provides the music.

**Supper Clubs**—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a bandbox of a place, with Mildred Bailey, Brenda Forbes, and other capable performers.... SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy has a fine collection of robust songs and Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen contribute their share of swing.... BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence singing sly songs every night, except Mon.... PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

**Miscellaneous**—At LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Danny Kaye and, naturally, a rumba band.... LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by George Sterney's orchestra.... ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy.... MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too.... CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Jack Gilford and such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra.... LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): one flight down, with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra.... CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically part of Carnegie Hall.... BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Clyde Lucas's orchestra.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Will Hollander's orchestra, at the dinner hour only.... PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Gene Krupa's orchestra.... ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.... ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Ford Harrison's orchestra.... WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded retreat, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra.... BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the Revuers. Closed Mon.... JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

●

**Broadway Atmosphere**—At the BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere, with Carmen Amaya.... HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place.... 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.... DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard are all in the Billy Rose show.... GAY WHITE WAY, B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big place has Gus Arnheim's orchestra and a show.

**Mostly for Music**—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, Ammons and Johnson, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon.... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, etc., playing every night, except Mon.... KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Maxine Sullivan, the Clarence Profit Trio, and Frank Newton's band are on hand nightly, except Tues.... HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Babe Russin and his orchestra, with the bar patrons for an audience.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio are helping launch this new place. Fill-in band Tues.

**Foreign Flavor**—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873).... Polish: POLISH RESTAURANT, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816).... Russian: KRETCHMA, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784).... Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and CLUB GAUCHO, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

## ART

**American and British**—A set of excellent Milton Averys and some swiftly done drawings of Londoners under fire head a large group exhibition: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**Bellows**—Lithographs and drawings, showing that the old master was pretty good after all, especially in his less pretentious moments: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10.

**Benton**—New paintings, in his first showing in two years: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**Blatas**—Oils, smudgily Soutinesque in treatment but forceful and well-organized: French Art, 51 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern P'kway—The eleventh biennial water-color exhibition, including many lively papers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

**Castellón**—Paintings and drawings by an artist who combines Renaissance feeling with surrealist motivation: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., April 30.

**Dali**—Recent paintings by this always unpredictable artist and World's Fair impresario: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 19.

**Dove**—New paintings, deeper in color but as whirly and fanciful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 17.

**European**—Rather scattered but occasionally interesting collection of post-Renaissance paintings from Van Cleve to Tiepolo: Koetser, 71 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**French**—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57: drawings and water colors, some of them superb, by Braque, Léger, Picasso, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.... MATISSE, 41 E. 57: small paintings by modern members of the Paris school, plus a set of superlative ink and pencil drawings by Henri Matisse. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**Gallatin**—Quietly tasteful, unpretentious abstractions: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**Grosz**—An artist who has been specializing in still lifes now turns his attention to nudes: Walker, 108 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.

**Groups**—At the DOWNTOWN, 43 E. 51: a spring exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a variety of contemporary Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.... DREY, 11 E. 57: French and American flower paintings in a selection that ranges from Courbet to Picasso and from Glackens to Speicher. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.... LILIENFELD, 21 E. 57: an exceptionally sturdy landscape by B. J. O. Nordfeldt leads a mixed collection of Europeans and Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: the annual midseason retrospective, featuring good pieces by Nassos Daphnis, Lebduska, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.... KRAUSHAAR, 730 5 Ave., at 57: circus scenes by Guy Pène du Bois, Henry Schnakenberg, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**Independents**—This year marks their twenty-fifth anniversary, and, with age, respectability seems to be creeping in. Still worth seeing, though: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Sat., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 7.

**Marsh**—New oils, water colors, and black-and-whites: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 10.

**Metropolitan Museum**, 5 Ave. at 82—A slightly bric-a-bracky but occasionally interesting exhibition of paintings, porcelain, etc., illustrating the influence of the China Trade on American and European art (through Sept. 21); also, a large and generally excellent loan collection of contemporary American painting, destined for South American showing (through Sun., April 27). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

**Mexican**—Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros, as well as a number of younger, less well-known modern painters: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., April 27.

**New York Historical Society**, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76—Large exhibit of works—from seventeenth-century prints to modern paintings and drawings—having to do with New York subjects. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 18.

**Ozenfant**—Mostly new paintings by one of the leaders of the purist abstractionists: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10. . . . His long-talked-of large oil, "Biological Life": Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 10.

**Pach**—First show in ten years of oils by a veteran of the modernist movement in America: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10.

**Peirce**—Family life in Maine, this artist's usual subject, here seems pleasanter than ever: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**Pissarro**—A beautifully selected exhibition of twenty-nine paintings, covering his work from 1864 to 1901: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., April 30.

**Rouault**—Thirty-eight paintings, most of them from the recent loan show at the Boston Institute of Modern Art. An important exhibit: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.

**Sculpture**—International exhibition, featuring works by Maillol, Bourdelle, Manship, Zorach, and many others: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 9.

**Whitney Museum**, 10 W. 8—Memorial exhibition of paintings, water colors, and drawings by Jerome Myers. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

**Whorf**—Water colors, mainly of sea scenes, done with his accustomed frankness and dexterity: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.

**Here and There**—At the MACBETH, 11 E. 57: paintings by Orland Campbell. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., April 28.... PARZINGER, 54 E. 57: religious art in sculpture, painting, and other media. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 10.... HARLOW, KEPPEL, 670 5 Ave., at 53: oils and black-and-whites by Forain. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.... UPTOWN, 249 West End Ave., at 72; oils by Charles Harsanyi. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., May 1.... GRAND CENTRAL, Hotel Gotham, 5 Ave. at 55: paintings and pastels by Randall Davey. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 26.... ACQUAVELLA, 38 E. 57: paintings by Lucien Adrion. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., April 30.... FINDLAY, 69 E. 57: oils, lithographs, and etchings by Alexander Z. Kruse. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10.... PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: paintings by J. M. Hanson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 3.... KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: fifteenth- and sixteenth-century engravings, etchings, and woodcuts. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 16.

## MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 24, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 25, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., April 26, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., April 27, at 3; Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., May 2, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., May 3, at 8:45. (Soloists: Serkin, April 24-27; Horowitz, May 1 and 2.)

**New York City Symphony**—McArthur conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., April 27, at 8:45.

**National Orchestral Association**—Barzin conducting this group's orchestra and singers in Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi": Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., April 28, at 8:45.

**Paul Robeson and Benny Goodman**—In a concert of Russian music, assisted by Vytautas Bacevicius,

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Vivian Rivkin, and others: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., April 29, at 8:45.

**Downtown Glee Club**—Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., April 30, at 8:30.

**N.Y.U. Glee Clubs and Orchestra**—Town Hall, Wed. Eve., April 30, at 8:30.

**Swing Concert**—John Kirby's orchestra, Herman Chittison, and others: Museum of Modern Art, Wed. Eve., April 30, at 9. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

## OPERA

**Salmaggi Company**—"Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., April 26; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sun. Eve., April 27; "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 3; at 8:30. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At the **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thurs. Aft., April 24, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. Aft., April 25, at 3:15, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., April 26-27, at 3. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. Aft., April 24, at 3; Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., April 25, at 3, and Sat. Aft., April 26, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Giants, Sun. Aft., April 27, at 3; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Mon. through Thurs. Afts., April 28-May 1, at 3; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., May 2, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 3, at 2:30. . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. St. Louis, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., April 29-May 1, at 3:15; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. Aft., May 2, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 3, at 3.

**Crew**—On **sat. aft., april 26**—Columbia-Navy, Harlem River: freshmen at 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 6. . . . Rowe Cup, Harvard-M.I.T., Cambridge: freshmen at 4; junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 4:45. . . . Pennsylvania-Rutgers, Philadelphia: freshmen at 4:20; junior varsity at 4:40; varsity at 5. . . . Yale-Syracuse, Derby, Conn.: junior varsity at 5; varsity at 5:30.

**sat. aft., may 3**—Blackwell Cup, Pennsylvania-Columbia-Yale, Philadelphia: freshmen at 3:30; junior varsity at 4; varsity at 4:30. . . . Compton Cup, Harvard-M.I.T.-Princeton, Cambridge: freshmen at 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 5:45. . . . Navy-Cornell, Annapolis: freshmen at 2; *junior varsity at 2:30; varsity at 3.*

**Horse Show**—Harrison, N.Y., Sun., April 27, at 10 A.M.

**Hunt Races**—Maryland Hunt Cup, Glyndon, Sat. Aft., April 26, at 4. . . . Virginia Gold Cup, Warrenton, Sat. Aft., May 3, at 4. . . . Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Broad Axe, Pa., Sat. Aft., May 3, at 4:15.

**Racing**—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2:15 P.M.; through May 10. The Wood Memorial, April 26. The daily double will get a tryout Mon. through Sat., April 28-May 3. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:05 and 1:40 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:20 and 1:40 P.M. on other weekdays.) . . . Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Sat. Aft., May 3. (Special trains: from Penn. Station, Thurs. Aft., May 1, at 4:45, arriving at Louisville the next morning at 10:30, C.S.T.; also Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 1-2, at 4:55, arriving at Louisville the next morning at 10:45, C.S.T.; from Louisville, Sat. Eve. at 8:45, C.S.T., arriving New York, Sun. Eve. at 6:55. Regular planes leave LaGuardia Field daily at 12:55, 3:45, and 6:15 P.M., arriving at Louisville at 5:45, 7:45, and 10:08 P.M., C.S.T.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**The Circus**—The *Ringling* show, with a double order of gorillas and Norman Bel Geddes trimmings: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through May 4.

**Public Balls**—The Red, White, and Blue Ball, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., April 25, at 8. . . . The Community Service Society's waltzing party: Pierre, Fri. Eve., April 25, at 10. . . . The Tip Top Ball, for the Stony Wold Sanatorium: Plaza, Fri. Eve., April 25, at 10:30.

**Photography**—The yearly exhibition of news pictures and other work by members of the Press Photographers' Association: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sun., April 27.

**Narcissus Show**—The yearly spring salute of the Horticultural Society of New York: 598 Madison, at 57. Mon., April 28, from 2 to 10 P.M., and Tues., April 29, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

**Costume Exhibition**—American wedding dresses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through August 30.

**Auctions**—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Mrs. Henry Walters' collection of art, furniture, books, and manuscripts, including paintings by Rubens, Rousseau, Corot, Millet, Fragonard, Romney, and Inness; bronzes by Rodin, Barye, and Manship; *Brussels, Beauvais, Aubusson, and Gobelin tapestries*; Sèvres and Minton porcelains; and rare editions of Shakespeare, Shelley, Thackeray, and Voltaire, among others: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., April 24-26, at 2; Thurs. and Fri. Eves., April 24-25, at 8:15; Wed. through Sat. Afts., April 30-May 3, at 2; and Wed. and Thurs. Eves., April 30-May 1, at 8:15.

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 3. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE EASTERN STANDARD THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 26, AND DAYLIGHT SAVING AFTER THAT DATE.**

## MOTION PICTURES

**Back Street**—Margaret Sullavan at her best as the tragic lady who loved but was not wed—all very teary, but effective. The second screen version to be made of Fannie Hurst's novel. With Charles Boyer. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., April 26. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., April 25-26. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 30-May 1.)

**Blackout**—A British film, with Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt, which uses the excitement of present-day London life for the innocent entertainment of thrill-lovers. A prize melodrama. (Little *Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Fri. through Mon., April* 25-28. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., April 26. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., April 29-30.)

**Citizen Kane**—Orson Welles himself in the movie which he has produced and directed, and which already has caused a hysterical commotion. (Palace, B'way at 47; opening Thurs. Eve., May 1, at 8:30; daily thereafter at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

**Fantasia**—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse, interpreted by Stokowski with his Symphony Orchestra, by Deems Taylor in a professorial rôle, and, of course, by Walt Disney at suitable moments. Very grand and exalted. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

**Go West**—Life on the wild plains depicted by the Messrs. Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. All performed with considerable zest. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., April 26. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., April 26-28. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., April 30.)

**The Great Dictator**—Charlie Chaplin's curious and somewhat wonderful travesty of the European political situation. With Paulette Goddard and Jack Oakie, and certainly unique. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., April 30. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., April 29-May 3.)

**The Lady Eve**—About one of those scheming girls with no conscience, and altogether pretty lively. Written and directed by Preston Sturges, and presenting Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., April 28. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., April 25-27.)

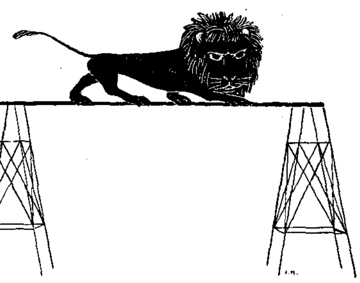
**Meet John Doe**—Frank Capra's latest diatribe—very loud, very long—in honor of the plain American citizen and his homely ways. With Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, and Edward Arnold. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri. Aft., April 25.)

**Mr. and Mrs. Smith**—Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery directed by Alfred Hitchcock in a somewhat commonplace comedy of marriage which doesn't in any way resemble other Hitchcock films. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., April 24. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., April 26-28.)

**Night Train**—The big thriller of the season. A superb affair, made by the British, about spies and so on. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., April 24. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 25. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., April 28. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Tues., April 29.)

**Pépé le Moko**—The French picture, with Jean Gabin, from which came our "Algiers." A little worn and faded around the edges, but still effective. (World, 153 W. 49.)

**The Sea Wolf**—Ida Lupino, John Garfield, and Edward G. Robinson in a new adaptation of the old Jack London story. Violent and exciting. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and *Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., April* 30.)



**Strawberry Blonde**—From "One Sunday Afternoon," the play of the dentist and his troubles and triumphs. Engagingly presented, with Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, and a lot of old-time tunes. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and *Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., April 24.* . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., April 30-May 1. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., May 2-3.)

**That Hamilton Woman!**—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in the big costume piece which would somewhat innocently present the famous romance of the beautiful Emma and her Lord Nelson. (Radio City Music Hall, *6 Ave. at 50; through* Wed., April 30.)

**Tobacco Road**—With just a hint here and there of what the play and the novel managed to give us. A mild version of Erskine Caldwell's poor whites and their special South. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., April 24. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 26. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. and Sat., April 25-26.)

**Ziegfeld Girl**—The grand, magnificent days of yore when the New Amsterdam Theatre was at the height of its glory. With Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

## REVIVALS

**As You Like It** (1936)—Shakespeare. With Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., April 29-30.)

**The Baker's Wife** (1940)—Rabelaisian and French. With Raimu. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., April 29-30.)

**Chaplin Comedies** (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

**Goodbye, Mr. Chips** (1939)—Robert Donat is the English schoolmaster. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., April 24.)

**Grand Illusion** (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Eric von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. *through Fri., April 30-May 2.)*

**The Great McGinty** (1940)—Brian Donlevy as a crooked politician. With Muriel Angelus. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., April 26-29.)

**His Girl Friday** (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sun. through Wed., April 27-30.)

**Love Affair** (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 25.)

**Mayerling** (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 29-May 1.)

**My Favorite Wife** (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., April 30-May 1.)

**Pygmalion** (1938)—The Shaw play. Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., April 30-May 1.)

**Seven Sinners** (1940)—Marlene Dietrich and the Navy in the South Seas. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., April 27-29.)

**She Married Her Boss** (1935)—Claudette Colbert is the secretary and Melvyn Douglas is the boss. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., April 29-30.)

**A Slight Case of Murder** (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., April 30-May 2.)

**The 39 Steps** (1935)—Alfred Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., April 25.)

**Vivacious Lady** (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 26. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., April 27-28. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sun. through Wed., April 27-30.)

**Note**—*The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53,* is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: On **thurs., april 24:** four 1914 Chaplin films. **fri., april 25:** four 1915 Chaplin films. **sat., april 26:** "The Thin Man," Myrna Loy and William Powell. **sun., april 27:** "What! No Beer?," Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. **mon., april 28:** "Bombshell," Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. **tues., april 29:** "Million Dollar Legs," Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. **wed., april 30:** "Trouble in Paradise," Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall.

# TO SPEAK AND YET BE SILENT

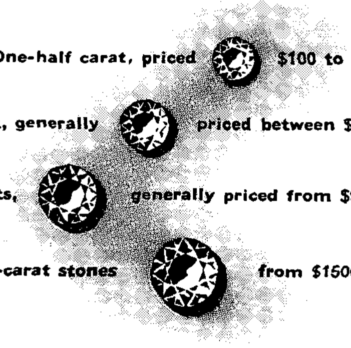
There is a time in each man's life when flowers cease to be mere casual social gestures, and become fragrant messengers of things unspeakable for very beauty.

The most precious utterances of men's lives are often spoken thus, with symbols. That is why the thin brown ghosts of blossoms still slip silently from the pages of old diaries . . . why a woman listening to music will suddenly grow luminous-eyed as if the melody had echoed from her heart-strings.

But fortunately for men and for the women who love them, all symbols are not so fragile; all beauty not so fleeting. In the deathless fires of his engagement diamond a man may set his truest, most ecstatic message to blaze in changeless glory. The diamond itself should be a fine one and its selection will require the advice of an experienced jeweler. For carat weight is not enough to judge by. Color, absence of imperfections, brilliance of cut must also be considered. The cost will be surprisingly low when one considers the thought his diamond will repeat in undiminished radiance on every day of every year to be. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, and Associated Companies.

PAINTING BY BERNARD LAMOTTE, M.L., FROM THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

*Current Prices of Unmounted Quality Diamonds. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Size alone does not determine values. Purity, color and excellence of cutting affect the price. Many reliable jewelers will arrange payments for fine stones over an extended period.*



**One-half carat, priced $100 to $250**

**One carat, generally priced between $325 and $600**

**Two carats, generally priced from $900 to $2000**

**Three-carat stones from $1500**

# There's Something in the air!

**CADILLAC FOR 1941** *with Body by Fisher, interior by Fleetwood, makes fine-car luxuries more widely available. For instance, the moderately-priced Cadillac Series Sixty-one sedan has a front seat five feet wide; the finest Bedford cord or Broadcloth upholstery; foam rubber seat pads; a dome light that flashes on automatically when you open any of the doors. And* remember:

***Only the New 1941 Body by Fisher Has All These Features:*** New "Flair-flow" streamlining with slanted windshield; double-curved back window. Doors hinged at front for greater safety. Crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation. Planned Vision with stronger, clearer Safety *Plate* Glass all around.

THESE bright spring days *inspire many an invitation to go* places. And what extra incentives there are, when you have a car with Body by Fisher! The extra comfort awaiting you in its wider, roomier interior! The extra smart impression its sleek new styling makes! The extra security you get from its newly reenforced Unisteel Turret Top construction! It's these "extras" motorists have in mind when they say, "Body by Fisher is '41's guide to better value"—which leads you, of course, to a General Motors car.

UNISTEEL TURRET TOP

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**ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC**

# AT THE MOVIE HOUSES

Coming Attractions

## THURSDAY, APRIL 24, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 4, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

## THE BIG HOUSES

**Astor**, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—"I Wanted Wings." Ray Milland, William Holden; at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight and Sun. at 6 P.M.

**Broadway**, B'way at 53 (CI 6-5353)—**FANTASIA**, Walt Disney full-length film; at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; also Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—**ZIEGFELD GIRL**, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"A Girl, a Guy and a Gob," Lucille Ball, George Murphy.

**Globe**, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Sat., April 26: "Missing Ten Days," Rex Harrison. . . . From Sat., April 26: "Strange Alibi," Arthur Kennedy.

**Palace**, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope.

**Radio City Music Hall**, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., April 30: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Fri. Aft., April 25: **MEET JOHN DOE**, Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Arnold. . . . From Fri. Eve., April 25: "The Flame of New Orleans," Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young.

**Roxy**, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Not announced.

**State**, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., April 30: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," Mickey Rooney.

**Strand**, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"The Great Lie," Bette Davis, George Brent.

## FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

**Belmont**, 125 W. 48 (BR 9-0156)—"The King of the White Elephant."

**5th Avenue Playhouse**, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—**CHAPLIN COMEDIES**, six short revivals.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—Thurs., April 24: **GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS**, revival, Robert Donat, Greer Garson. . . . Fri. through Mon., April 25-28: **BLACKOUT**, Valerie Hobson, Conrad Veidt; also "This Thing Called Love," Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas. . . . From Tues., April 29: **MAYERLING** (French), revival, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also "Peg of Old Drury," revival, Anna Neagle, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

**Thalia**, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—"The Virgin Bride" (French, formerly called "Mademoiselle Ma Mère"), Danielle Darrieux; also "School for Husbands," Rex Harrison.

**World**, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—**PÉPÉ LE MOKO** (French), Jean Gabin.

## EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Thurs., April 24: **MR. AND MRS. SMITH**, Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery; also "Little Nellie Kelly," Judy Garland. . . . Fri. and Sat., April 25-26: **BACK STREET**, Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer; also "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello. . . . Sun. through Tues., April 27-29: "Spring Parade," Deanna Durbin, Mischa Auer; also "The Bank Dick," W. C. Fields. . . . From Wed., April 30: **MY FAVORITE WIFE**, revival, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant; also **PYGMALION**, revival, Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller.

**Gramercy Park**, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., April 26: **TOBACCO ROAD**, Charley Grapewin, Elizabeth Patterson, Marjorie Rambeau; also **VIVACIOUS LADY**, revival, Ginger Rogers, James Stewart. . . . Sun. through Tues., April 27-29: "Dark Journey," revival, Vivien Leigh, Conrad Veidt; also "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Laraine Day, Robert Young. . . . From Wed., April 30: "Footsteps in the Dark," Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall; also "Flight from Destiny." Geraldine Fitzgerald, Thomas Mitchell, Jeffrey Lynn.

**Loew's 42nd Street**, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., April 24: **NIGHT TRAIN**, Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison; also "That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . Fri. through Sun., April 25-27: **THE LADY EVE**, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "Rage in Heaven." Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery. . . . Mon. and Tues., April 28-29: "The Texas Rangers Ride Again." Ellen Drew, John Howard; also "Phantom Submarine," Anita Louise. . . . From Wed., April 30: "Nice Girl?," Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Robert Benchley; also "Scotland Yard." Nancy Kelly, John Loder.

**Lexington**, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Mon., April 28: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary." Mickey Rooney; also "Road Show," Adolphe Menjou. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), revival, Raimu; also "The Great Train Robbery." Bob Steele.

**Trans-Lux 52nd Street**, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Sat., April 26: "Footsteps in the Dark." Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall. . . . Sun. and Mon., April 27-28: **VIVACIOUS LADY**, revival, Ginger Rogers, James Stewart. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: **BLACKOUT**, Valerie Hobson, Conrad Veidt.

**Normandie**, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., April 24: **STRAWBERRY BLONDE**, Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney. . . . Fri. through Sun., April 25-27: "He Stayed for Breakfast," revival, Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Mon. and Tues., April 28-29: "Flight from Destiny," Geraldine Fitzgerald, Thomas Mitchell, Jeffrey Lynn. . . . From Wed., April 30: **BACK STREET**, Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer.

**Sutton**, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., April 25: **LOVE AFFAIR**, revival, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also "The Kiss of Fire" (French), Viviane Romance, Michel Simon. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 26-28: "Arizona," Jean Arthur, William Holden; also "Honeymoon for Three," Ann Sheridan, George Brent. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS**, revival, Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas; also "Lucky Night," revival, Myrna Loy, Robert Taylor.

**R.K.O. 58th Street**, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

**Plaza**, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Mon., April 28: **NIGHT TRAIN**, Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison; also "Waiting for Baby," Robert Benchley short. . . . From Tues., April 29: "That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda.

**68th Street Playhouse**, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Fri., April 25: **THE 39 STEPS**, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat; also "Down Argentine Way," revival, Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . Sat. through Tues., April 26-29: **THE GREAT MCGINTY**, revival, Brian Donlevy, Muriel Angelus; also "Virginia," Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray. . . . From Wed., April 30: **GRAND ILLUSION** (French), revival, Eric von Stroheim, Jean Gabin; also **A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER**, revival, Edward G. Robinson.

**Loew's 72nd Street**, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Mon., April 28: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," Mickey Rooney; also "Road Show," Adolphe Menjou. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), revival, Raimu; also "The Great Train Robbery," Bob Steele.

**Colony**, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Sat., April 26: "Arizona." Jean Arthur, William Holden; also "Dr. Kildare's Crisis," Lionel Barrymore, Lew Ayres. . . . Sun. through Tues., April 27-29: **SEVEN SINNERS**, revival, Marlene Dietrich; also "One Night in the Tropics," Allan Jones, Abbott and Costello. . . . From Wed., April 30: **STRAWBERRY BLONDE**, Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney; also "Dancing on a Dime," Robert Paige.

**Trans-Lux 85th Street**, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Sat., April 26: **BLACKOUT**, Valerie Hobson, Conrad Veidt. . . . Sun. and Mon., April 27-28: "Footsteps in the Dark," Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: **AS YOU LIKE IT**, revival, Elisabeth Bergner, Laurence Olivier.

**R.K.O. 86th Street**, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife." Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

**Loew's 86th Street**, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., April 25: **NIGHT TRAIN**, Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison; also "That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 26-28: **GO WEST**, the Marx Brothers; also "Come Live with Me," Hedy Lamarr, James Stewart. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: "The Face Behind the Mask," Peter Lorre; also "The Devil Commands," Boris Karloff.

**Orpheum**, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., April 28: **THE LADY EVE**, Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "Rage in Heaven," Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: "The Texas Rangers Ride Again," Ellen Drew, John Howard; also "Phantom Submarine," Anita Louise.

## WEST SIDE

**8th Street Playhouse**, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Tues., April 29: **NIGHT TRAIN**, Margaret Lockwood. Rex Harrison. . . . From Wed., April 30: "That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda.

**Sheridan**, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., April 28: **THE LADY EVE**, Barbara Stanwyck. Henry Fonda; also "Rage in Heaven," Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: "The Texas Rangers Ride Again," Ellen Drew, John Howard; also "Phantom Submarine," Anita Louise.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Thurs., April 24: **STRAWBERRY BLONDE**, Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney: also "Sleepers West," Lloyd Nolan. . . . Fri. and Sat., April 25-26: **TOBACCO ROAD**, Charley Grapewin, Elizabeth Patterson, Marjorie Rambeau; also "She Couldn't Say No," Roger Pryor. . . . Sun. through Wed., April 27-30: **VIVACIOUS LADY**, revival, Ginger Rogers. James Stewart; also **HIS GIRL FRIDAY**, revival, Rosalind Russell. Cary Grant.

**R.K.O. 23rd Street**, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell. Dick Powell.

**Terrace**, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., April 26: **GO WEST**, the Marx Brothers; also "Come Live with Me," Hedy Lamarr. James Stewart. . . . Sun. and Mon., April 27-28: "Second Honeymoon," revival, Loretta Young, Tyrone Power; also "Espionage Agent," revival, Brenda Marshall, Joel McCrea. . . . From Tues., April 29: **THE GREAT DICTATOR**, Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard; also "Blondie Plays Cupid," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.

**Ziegfeld**, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3-37)—Through Mon., April 28: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary." Mickey Rooney; also "Road Show," Adolphe Menjou. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), revival, Raimu; also "The Great Train Robbery," Bob Steele.

**Beacon**, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Through Tues., April 29: **NIGHT TRAIN**, Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison; also "That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . Wed., April 30: "Up in the Air," Frankie Darro; also "Dangerous Cargo," Robert Newton.

**77th Street**, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Tues., April 29: "This Thing Called Love," Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas; also "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Laraine Day, Robert Young. . . . From Wed., April 30: **GO WEST**, the Marx Brothers; also "Come Live with Me," Hedy Lamarr, James Stewart.

**R.K.O. 81st Street**, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino. Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

**Loew's 83rd Street**, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., April 30: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," Mickey Rooney; also "Road Show," Adolphe Menjou.

**Schuyler**, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., April 25: "Trail of the Vigilantes," Franchot Tone; also "A Little Bit of Heaven," Gloria Jean. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 26-28: **MR. AND MRS SMITH**, Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery; also "Convoy," Clive Brook. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello; also "Remedy for Riches," Jean Hersholt.

**Stoddard**, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE GREAT DICTATOR**, Charlie Chaplin. Paulette Goddard; also "Blondie Plays Cupid," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.

**Riverside**, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

**Carlton**, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Thurs., April 24: **TOBACCO ROAD**, Charley Grapewin, Elizabeth Patterson, Marjorie Rambeau; also "Dancing on a Dime," Robert Paige. . . . Fri. and Sat., April 25-26: **BACK STREET**, Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer; also "Captain Caution," Victor Mature. . . . Sun. through Wed., April 27-30: "Footsteps in the Dark," Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall; also "Flight from Destiny," Geraldine Fitzgerald, Thomas Mitchell, Jeffrey Lynn.

**Olympia**, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Mon., April 28: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," Mickey Rooney; also "Road Show," Adolphe Menjou. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), revival, Raimu; also "The Great Train Robbery," Bob Steele.

**Nemo**, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino. Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

**Hamilton**, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

**Loew's 175th Street**, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., April 28: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," Mickey Rooney; also "Road Show." Adolphe Menjou. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 29-30: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), revival, Raimu; also "The Great Train Robbery." Bob Steele.

**Coliseum**, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., April 30: **THE SEA WOLF**, Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson. John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell.

# Double Breath-taker

## MOVIES PAY RECORD PRICE FOR NEW COSMOPOLITAN SERIAL

SARATOGA TRUNK
BY EDNA FERBER
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

VARIETY March 26, 1941

### WB's $175,000 for Edna Ferber's Still-to-Be-Serialized 'Saratoga Trunk' Sets Another New High

Edna Ferber yesterday (Tuesday) recaptured the record she held for 10 years for top price paid by Hollywood for a novel, when Warner Bros. bought her latest, 'Saratoga Trunk,' for approximately $175,000. That exceeds by $25,000 the record recently established when Paramount paid $150,000 for Ernest Hemingway's 'For Whom the Bell Tolls.' RKO's $110.000 for Miss Ferber's 'Cimarron' had been the previous high.

Ferber deal became doubly a breath-taker for the industry because the author achieved what no other writer has been able to do on a film sale in recent years. She won a clause which provides that the film rights revert to her at the end of five years. Paramount was in the bidding for the story almost to the end, but backed out at the rights-reversion clause with the price so high.

Another factor which made the sale at the fabulous price remarkable is that the story hasn't yet been completely published. It's running as a serial in Cosmopolitan, but only one installment of the six has appeared to date.

**1,850,000 FAMILIES READ IT FIRST IN** *Cosmopolitan*

THE NEW YORKER

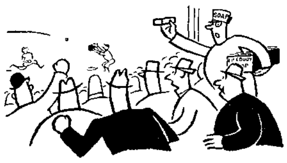
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Magazine — Courtesy of [illegible]

## *Notes and Comment*

WE always enjoy those sudden little touches of graphic imagery that keep turning up in Italian, Japanese, and Russian political articles. Last week, for instance, a writer in Il Duce's *Tribuna* was talking about the Russo-Japanese pact. "One may add that no matter what happens Tokio is sure of not being threatened from the rear," he wrote. "It is therefore in a position to face the situation in the Pacific with its hands free." Sounded awfully funny to us.

WE listened to the opening game on the radio, being in no shape to grapple with the B.-M.T. It wasn't really much of a game. Schumacher walked eight men and when he got through the Dodgers were ahead, four to nothing; then, however, Wyatt gave five hits in one inning and so, in the end, the Giants won, six to four. The interesting thing to us was that Red Barber and Al Helfer, who broadcast the games, are going to plug Lifebuoy Soap this year. Lifebuoy, as you probably know, is supposed to eliminate a social handicap particularly liable to afflict baseball fans, who often get overexcited and wave their arms. We don't know how the advertisers made out last year, when Barber and Helfer were going on about a couple of other products, but we have very serious doubts about this campaign. The typical Brooklyn rooter is a very strange and passionate and single-minded character. When the boys are out there breaking his heart, we don't believe he gives a damn how sweet he smells.



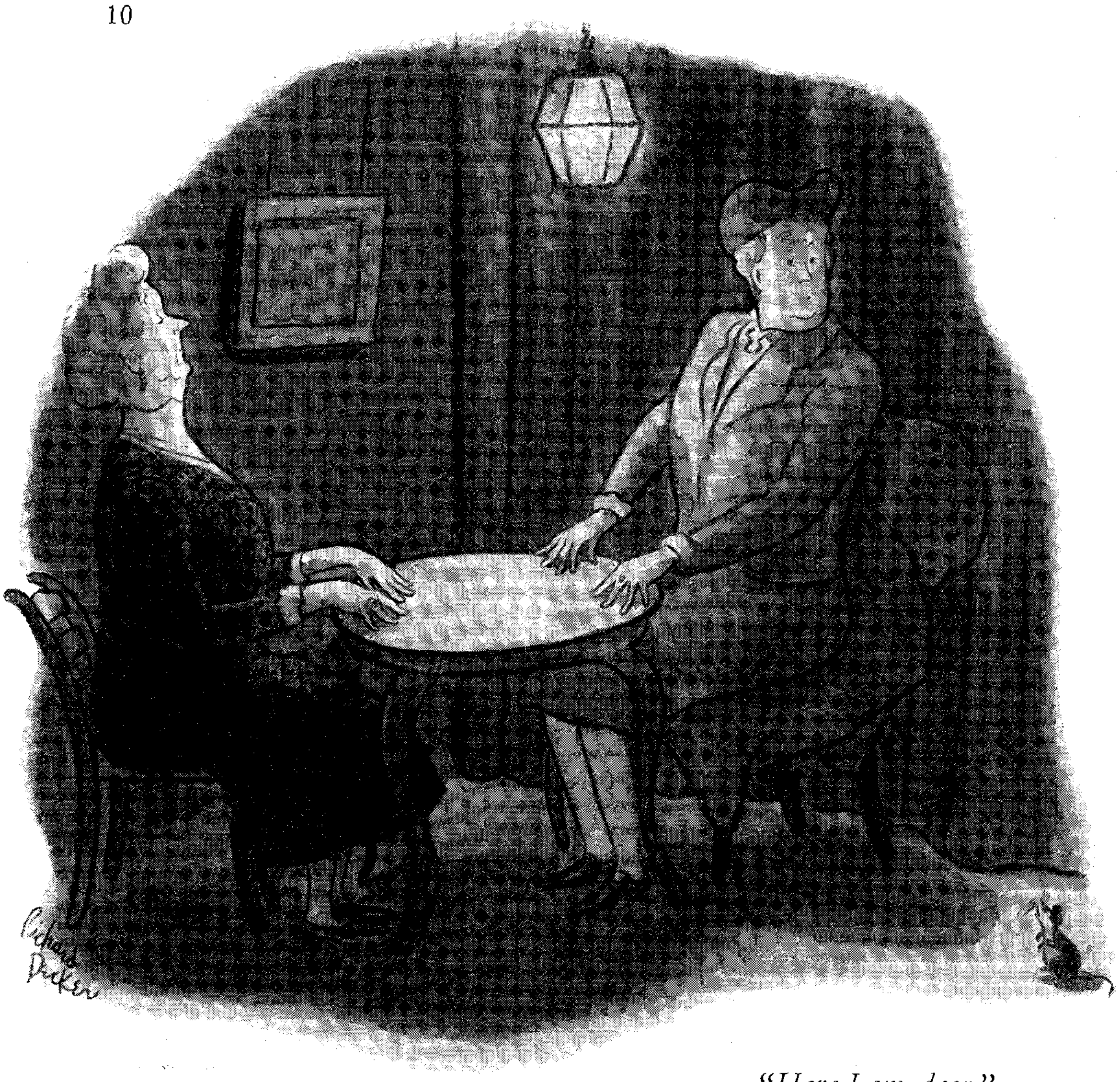
LOCALLY, the week was an encouraging one for the writers of temperance tracts. A frisky young blonde in green riding breeches and a yellow sweater went horseback riding in Central Park, and was taken off to the police station when a cop found her galloping along with her arms around the horse's neck. The horse, as the *Daily Mirror* pointed out, was sober. Up at Ossining two young men who were holding a machine gun and getaway car for a couple of escaping convicts dropped into a nearby tavern for just one drink. By the time they came out, the jig was up. People had better watch what they're doing, if they don't want prohibition back.

"BACK of war is the wrong kind of politics," we were told Easter Sunday by the Reverend Samuel M. Shoemaker, a local divine, "and back of the wrong kind of politics is the wrong kind of economics, and back of the wrong kind of economics is the wrong kind of moral standards, and back of the wrong kind of moral standards is unbelief." While we were wondering what was back of unbelief, and what was back of *that*, unexpected help came from science, via the press. "When a person falls into quicksand," we learned, "his natural tendency is to swim or keep afloat, as in water. What he should do is remain quiet, allow himself to go down feet first, with his arms outstretched." From now on, when determined people start giving us the inside dope on history, we know what to do. We're just going down quietly, arms outstretched, feet first, without a struggle.

LAST week the *Times* repeated an advertisement it printed once before, about a year ago. This piece is headed "The Greatest Beauty Secret of Them All!" and the secret turns out to be that all the girls have to do is read the *Times*—no powder, no diet, no messing around with the hair; just a pleasant hour with the Ochs kiddies and the old mush will be a joy forever. The whole thing is rather horribly put by a character in the advertisement described as "the quiet chap in the tweed suit." "Curious thing about beauty," muses this nasty job, and, boy, we can almost hear him. "You'd think that a pretty face and figure are all a girl would need to be beautiful. But most men will agree that it takes more. Today, a woman has to *know* something . . . real beauty is *more* than skin deep." Not only is this one of the dullest remarks in the history of letters but we don't believe a word of it. Today, in our opinion, too many women, from Miss Dorothy Thompson on down, know too damn much, and, as far as we can see, their faces and figures haven't been noticeably improved by it, either. In a spirit of pure inquiry, we called up the six most beautiful dolls we know and asked them what papers they read to get so appetizing. Three, we discovered, read the *Tribune*, one each the *Times* and *Daily News*, while the last and most spiritual beauty of them all never gets up until six o'clock at night and doesn't read anything until around eleven, when she buys the next day's *Mirror* and slowly spells out Winchell's stuff.

BEAUTY SHOPPE
SPECIAL TODAY
THE NEW YORK TIMES

WE'VE just read a story from Iowa City, Iowa, which reports that a man at the university out there says that "the rhythm of a name determines to a great extent the personality of an individual." This man, a professor of English, cites, as nearly as we can make



*"Here I am, dear."*

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out, the old and new personalities of Adolf Hitler, who later got to calling himself *Der Führer.* Always ready with our little bottle of testing acid, we put down the first names we happened to think of whose rhythms were quite a lot like "*Der Führer*" and "Adolf Hitler," and we're afraid the Professor hasn't got hold of anything very hot. Opposite "*Der Führer*" we've got "Queen Mary" and "Lon Chaney," and opposite "Adolf Hitler" there's "Aldous Huxley" and "Mary Pickford."

## *Street Scene*

ONE of the quietest episodes that occurred along Broadway last Saturday night was the attempt of a young man to pick up a young lady, and her rejection of his attentions. "If you don't go away, I'll scream," she told him, conventionally enough. Well, he *didn't* go away, and she *did* scream. She plopped flat on her back in front of the Paramount and sent up a thin soprano screech. The man walked on, nervous but apparently not alarmed. A crowd formed about the supine lady. She screamed a few times more, just to make sure her assailant was definitely gone, then rose to her feet and continued up Broadway. There was a cop on the corner, directing traffic, but he paid no attention to these goings-on. The man who reported them to us asked the cop if he had seen what went on, and the cop said he had. "Happens every now and then," he added.

## *Bolt Hole*

AS you may have heard, the Allerton House for Women, over on East Fifty-seventh Street, now has an air-raid shelter, the first practical one in town. Unable to decide whether this bolt hole indicated serious worry about bombs or merely the normal, healthy desire of a hotel to get its name in the newspapers, we reached a compromise with ourself: we decided to write a piece about this air-raid shelter and then swear off. We positively will never write another piece about an air-raid shelter in New York, unless we get raided. The Allerton House shelter, then, is reached by ducking through a small door behind the newsstand in the lobby and going down two flights of iron stairs to a sub-basement. At the bottom of the second flight, some forty-five feet underground, we found the shelter, and its creator, Mr. Samuel G. Lea. Mr. Lea, a soft-spoken fellow in brown overalls who ordinarily functions as the Allerton's chief engineer, told us that the germ of the idea came from the New York Fire Department, which several months ago advised all hotel men to mark their exits more plainly, in anticipation of possible air-raid panics. The Allerton, no hotel to do things by halves, decided that it would be more hospitable to provide shelter on the premises, and gave Mr. Lea carte blanche.

Never having built a bomb shelter before, Mr. Lea first did some thoughtful research in back numbers of *Life,* the *Illustrated London News,* and other picture magazines. He picked out a nice big basement storeroom, sixty by forty-five feet, cleared it out, and reënforced the walls and ceiling with concrete. He furnished it with some beds, half a dozen writing desks, about forty chairs, and a pile of magazines. A dumbwaiter shaft has been closed off and part of it converted into a medicine cabinet. We peered into it and discovered that Mr. Lea has foreseen many emergencies, though not necessarily all; the cabinet contained Epsom salts, rubbing alcohol, spirits of ammonia, a batch of wooden tongue-depressors, and a case of surgical instruments. Mr. Lea also dug up, heaven only knows where, a couple of oxygen tanks, which can, he assured us, be filled with oxygen on short notice. There are batteries for running the lights in case the hotel's electric system gets out of order, and kerosene lamps for use in case the batteries don't work.

There are also cups and saucers, packages of Saltines, and a plentiful supply of Sanka coffee, which does not keep you awake. Scattered about the shelter are a dozen copies of "The Four Apes," by Alfred Kreymborg; Mr. Lea got them somewhere, but he can't remember now. On one wall is a small banner reading "God Bless America."

One of the Allerton bellhops told us that he and his colleagues were doing a nice business showing the shelter to people who just come in off the street and ask to see it; about twenty a day, he said. All the Allerton ladies have had a peek, of course, and several of the frivolous younger ones have spent an occasional evening there, brewing Sanka and reading "The Four Apes." The place is tidied up every day by a chambermaid.

## *Complaint*

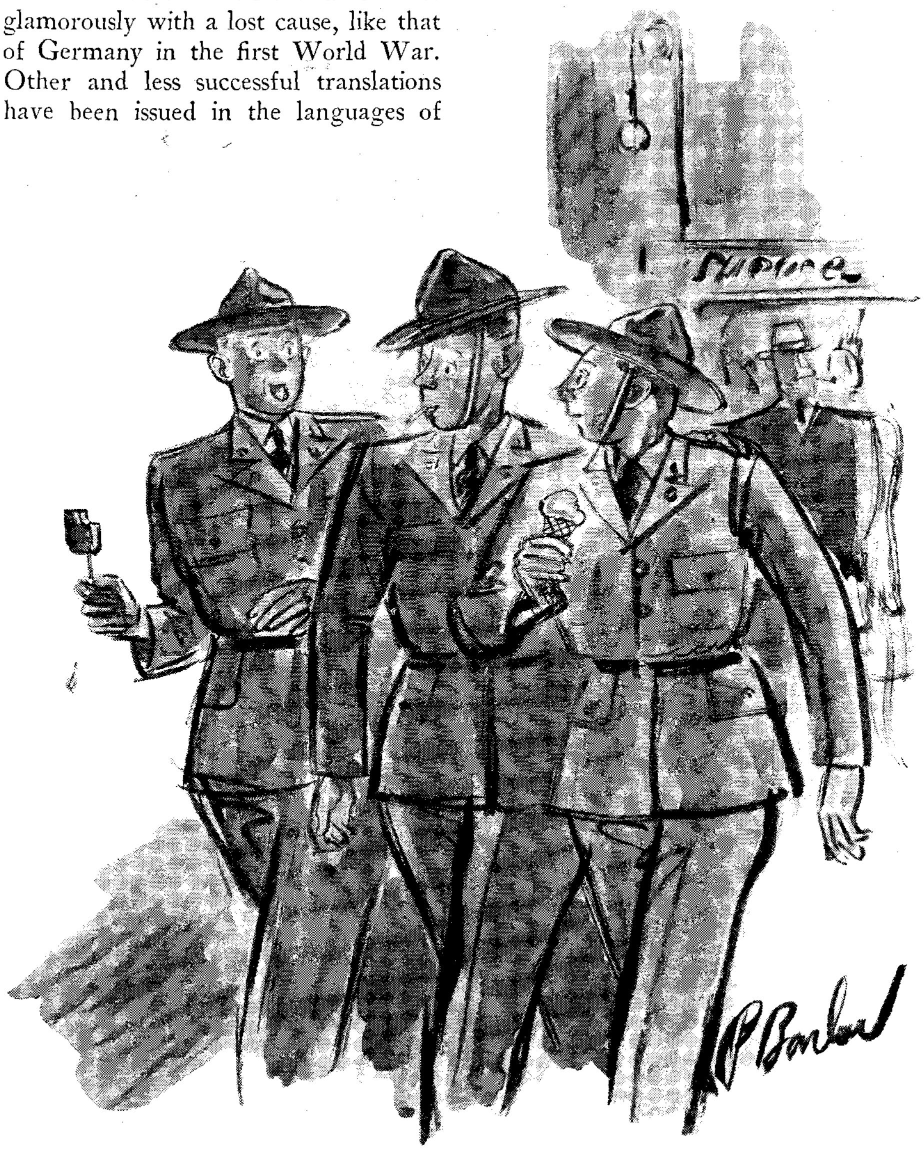
FOR all his parks and playgrounds, Commissioner Moses doesn't yet seem to have made the city entirely satisfactory to youth, from a recreational standpoint. At any rate, we present the case of a West Side youngster of eleven or twelve who, while proceeding up Eighth Avenue in the Forties last Thursday afternoon, tired of kicking an empty beer can ahead of him and engaged in an investigation of the night-deposit box of a big and impressive bank. This resulted in his getting his hand caught in the slot and the sounding of an automatic alarm that brought what seemed to be three or four police emergency squads into the district. They converged upon the lad from all sides, stealthily. When the first bold cop reached his side, the boy looked him steadily in the eye and said, "Well, we city children have to play somewhere."

## *"Gone" But Not Forgotten*

"GONE WITH THE WIND" continues to bring its author, and many other people, a modest profit, like a field of oil wells. Whenever the Macmillan Company finds itself running out of copies, it prints another ten thousand. This is ten times the size of the average reprint, but, of course, "Gone" is ten times the average novel. It has been through six editions in this country: the regular three-dollar trade edition (forty-one printings, totalling 1,308,750 copies); a $1.49 edition (five printings, 338,000 copies); a two-dollar edition (14,350 copies); a sixty-nine-cent edition, illustrated with scenes from the motion-picture version, which sold 1,072,050 copies in three printings; a batch of 133,950 copies run off for the exclusive Book of the Month Club; and a de-luxe two-volume edition, limited to a thousand copies, bought up by the residents of Atlanta at $7.50 a set. The total score is 2,868,100 copies. The only edition in print now is the three-dollar one.

It was some figures we heard about the movie of the book that got us started on the subject of "Gone with the Wind" again. We will get to these presently, after a little more on book publication. "Gone" has been translated into eighteen languages. The German version has been the most popular of these. The Germans have bought half a million copies, a considerable fraction of them since the war started. Miss Mitchell can spend the royalties any time she cares to go over to Germany and collect them. At Macmillan's, they think the Germans like the book because it deals glamorously with a lost cause, like that of Germany in the first World War. Other and less successful translations have been issued in the languages of Brazil, Chile, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Hungary, Italy, Latvia, Norway, Poland, Rumania, Sweden, and Bulgaria. Pirated editions have appeared in Holland, Japan, and Egypt in translation, and in China in English. Macmillan's has brought suit, rather hopelessly, against the Dutch publishers and is letting the rest slide. Seems Japanese and Chinese literary piracies are taken as a matter of course. Anyhow, the Japanese publisher didn't quite ignore Miss Mitchell. He sent her a kimono and a Japanese doll. The British editions have added up to half a million copies. A request was received from South Africa for permission to issue the book in Afrikaans with the locale changed to the Boer country. This was turned down.

As for the movie of "Gone," it is far and away the biggest money-maker in history. On an investment of $52,000 for the story rights and $4,200,000 for



"Let's call ourselves the Three Musketeers."

the production, it has grossed more than $32,000,000. Thirty-odd per cent of this stayed at home with the theatre owners, and the rest went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the company that produced the picture, Selznick International. M-G-M is the distributor of the picture and, as well, has a gratifying interest in the production, having put up $1,000,000 and Clark Gable. The details of the splitup of the profit of around $15,000,000 plus the additional heavy revenue expected in the next year, we know not, but one of the principal beneficiaries is John Hay Whitney of N.Y.C., who is generally assumed to have put up about four-fifths of what Selznick International put up. With his divvy, he will certainly break interesting new ground in the upper reaches of the income tax. The government, of course, is making the biggest cleanup. When it is all over, it will have got enough out of corporation taxes, amusement taxes, income taxes, and the rest to pay for a couple of new destroyers.

## *Fifth Column*

THE disorder of our world was reflected, in a sad, funny way, in the disordered brain of an old fellow, an alcoholic with delusions of persecution, who was recently brought into the psychiatric clinic of a local hospital. His persecutors, he told the staff, were a band of little men, only two feet tall, who followed him day and night, spying on him and plotting his downfall. And that wasn't all. None of the little men were citizens of the United States.

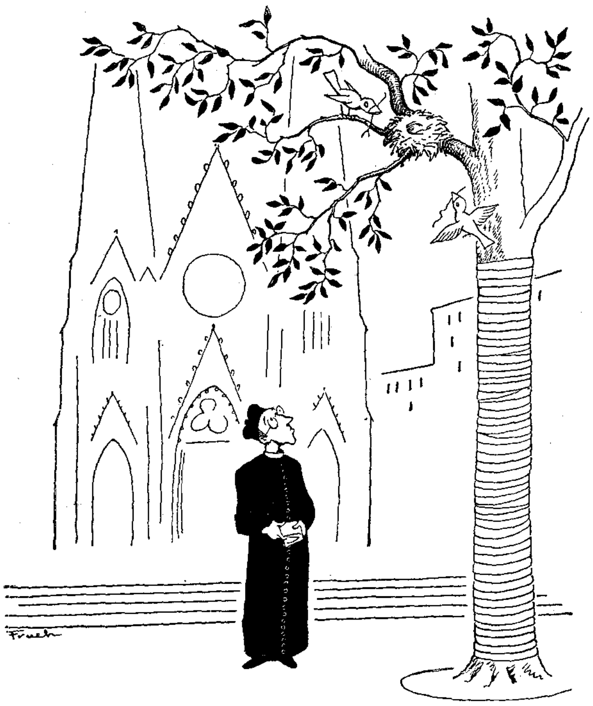
## *Captain Mollynooks*

WE stopped in at the Ritz the other morning and had a talk with Captain Edward H. Molyneux, the British dress designer, whom we found to be a clean-shaven, keen-faced man in his forties, with no definite conviction as to how his name should be pronounced. "I pronounce it Mollynew," he said, but a moment later he referred to a "Mollynooks model" without batting an eyelash. He also told us that the trade often pronounces it either the French way or "Mollyno," and that as far as he is concerned it doesn't make any difference. "I suppose the name was originally French," he said vaguely, "but there is a large Molyneux family in England." Although Captain Molyneux rose politely to receive us, his left ankle was encased in a plaster cast, and he could place no weight on the foot. The day before he took the Clipper over here, he fell down a steep flight of steps in the British Consulate in Lisbon, breaking two bones in the ankle. He got temporarily fixed up at a Portuguese hospital and on arriving here was advised by Cole Porter, an old friend, to consult Dr. John J. Moorhead. "He saved Cole's life," said Captain Molyneux admiringly, referring to the surgeon's treatment of a fearful set of leg fractures Porter sustained a few years ago, "and he's done wonders for me." The Captain said that by the time he takes the Clipper back early next month he expects to be walking normally.

Captain Molyneux's affliction had prevented him, at the time of our talk, from accomplishing much of the main purpose of his visit, an investigation of the American market for British textiles to learn what British exports in the way of silks, woollens, tweeds, and so on, are most likely to give England American dollar credits. He had seen a few leading retailers, however, and was planning to see more. On his return he will report his findings to the Board of Overseas Trade in London. He said that his own business is booming, as far as exports go, and that his London house is sending as many garments to the United States as his Paris one did before the war.

The Captain, who was born in London, started designing dresses in his teens for Lucile, a London *maison de couture* owned by Lady Duff-Gordon. During the last war he served as an infantryman in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, was wounded several times, and ended up a captain. In 1919 he opened his own shop in Paris, expanding until he had subsidiary houses in Monte Carlo, Cannes, Biarritz, and London, several factories, and over two thousand employees. He left Paris two days before it fell and got out of Bordeaux the day France surrendered. "When I arrived in London," he said, "there were cables from Bergdorf, Carnegie, and Bendel saying they'd take anything. I'll never forget that, never." His French director still runs the Paris house, as well as a perfume business Molyneux had there. The Captain is glad that his old employees are still kept busy, even though he has no connection with these establishments at the moment.

Captain Molyneux is an amateur painter and owns an important collection of French art. He has brightened up his living room at the Ritz with a Monet and a Cézanne which he had loaned to the World's Fair. In London, he lives at Claridge's, and sleeps in his bedroom every night. He has never visited the hotel's excellent shelter, since he has claustrophobia. He has installed a steel shelter, sleeping a hundred, under his shop but has never used this either. One wall of the shop, which is opposite the American Embassy on Grosvenor Street, was damaged recently by a bomb. He told us that he and all his friends have put out a good many incendiary bombs with sand. "The nights were tricky in the beginning," he said, "but now I sleep through it all quite easily."

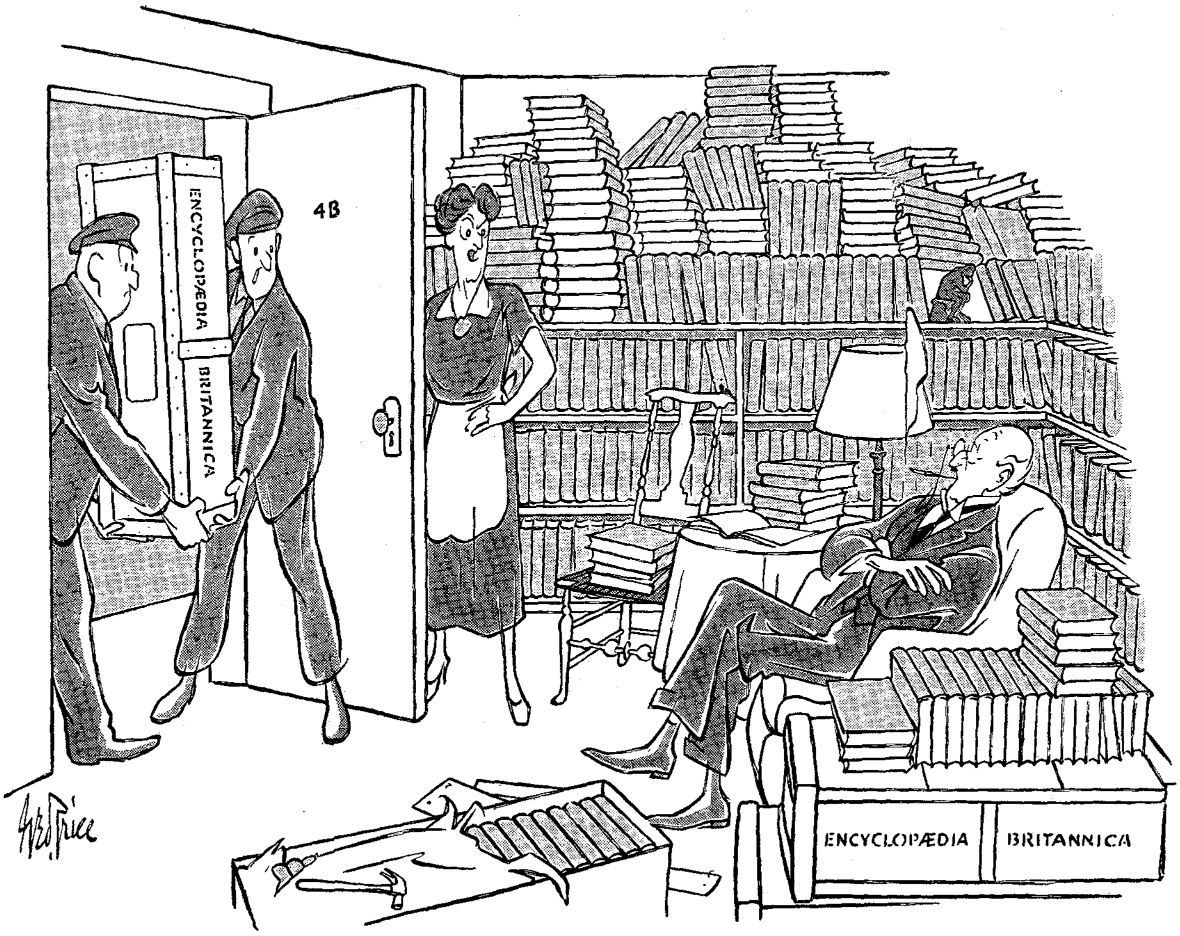


## *Golden-Rule Days*

A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance was going up Fifth Avenue by bus late in the afternoon and became conscious of a stir on the seat ahead of him, which was occupied by two pert misses. "We can't go back to the Stork Club," one of them was saying. "We'll be late." "I can't help it," the other said. "I've *got* to go back. What would Mother think if I came home without my homework?"

## *Terrific*

WE got a mimeographed circular letter from Mr. S. A. Scheier announcing—nay,



*"All right, you're smarter than John Kieran. Let it go at that."*

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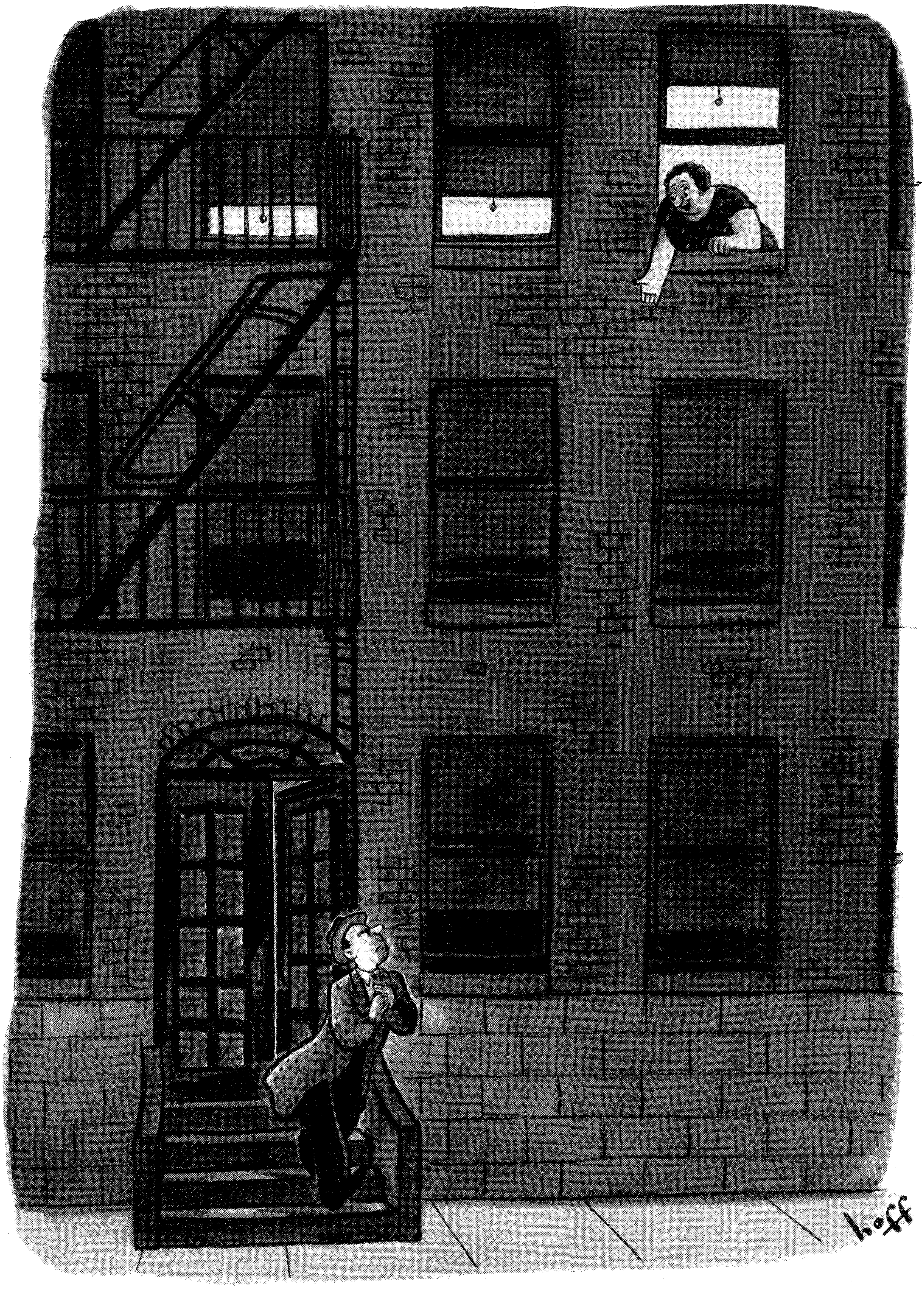
shrieking—the sale of the Gag File, "the largest collection of gags and jokes ever to be offered for sale to a limited public—at a price so out of line with its true worth as to make it a 'must' with those who know the value of humor. Find that ONE funny line that makes the PERFECT scene," urged Mr. Scheier. "If you're in vaudeville . . . if you draw cartoons . . . if you sell publicity . . . if you write dramatic material . . . here it is." We set out to see Mr. Scheier and found him in a frantically decorated apartment on West Fortieth Street. This, he told us, is the town hideout of Ole Olsen, of the "Hellz-a-Poppin" firm. "Olsen is a patron of the File," said Mr. Scheier, striking out across a cluttered living room like a man cutting his way through underbrush. We followed, passing a bearskin rug and a Japanese valet, and arrived before a five-foot green metal filing cabinet. "The File," said Mr. Scheier, with a wide gesture. "It's terrific." The Gag File contains half a million hilarious items, he told us, and a limited edition of 125 mimeographed booklets of 100,000 jokes, the cream of the collection, is being sold at $50 each. Mr. Scheier collected the jokes personally, over a period of years, plucking them from radio shows, magazines, and five libraries of joke books which he purchased complete. He was a radio gagman once. He has long been a bosom pal of Olsen's, and Olsen is a sort of partner in the File. The File contains no old jokes—old, that is, like "Why does a chicken cross the road?" and so forth. As Mr. Scheier was telling us all this we became aware that a midget was staring at us from the doorway. "Friend of Olsen's," said Mr. Scheier. "Name is Stormy."

Stormy glared at us for some time and then climbed briskly onto a sofa and seemed to lose himself in a dreamworld of his own. "The File has twenty-five thousand guaranteed sock gags," said Mr. Scheier, adding that perhaps the choicest sock products were to be found under the heading "Indians." "Indian gags kill me," he said. "They're my specialty." He pulled a card from the file, apparently at random, just as our attention was distracted by the arrival of a jaunty, wide-mouthed gentleman who proceeded to change his pants in a far corner of the room. "That's Olsen," said Mr. Scheier. "Now, here's a terrific Indian gag. Fellow says to another fellow, 'I want you to meet Miss Watha.' Other fellow says, 'Hi-ya, Watha.' " Mr. Scheier laughed so hard he had difficulty getting the card back. "Honest to God," he said, "those Indian gags kill me." At this point the Japanese valet showed in a troupe of photographers and a tall, stringy brunette. The brunette sat down, the midget sat on her lap, and the photographers took pictures. "Olsen is a genius," said Mr. Scheier. "Always something going on."

Under such conditions, Mr. Scheier read us several more choice Indian jokes, permitting us to write them down. Fellow says, "Look at the Indian with a caboose on her back." Other fellow says, "You mean papoose." First fellow says, "No, caboose. She's a kleptomaniac." Indian says, "Where do you buy hot dogs?" Other Indian says, "Custer's last stand." Attracted by Mr. Scheier's laughter at these jokes, and others, Mr. Olsen stepped over. "Know the one about the man whose doctor told him to take something good and warm," he asked, "and he took the doctor's overcoat?" Olsen bent practically double. "Terrific," said Mr. Scheier.

## *Precaution*

FOR reasons that have to do with the establishing of a credit balance in this country, an English manufacturing firm recently shipped over here two large boilers. The American consignee, naturally nervous about shipping risks, wrote a letter suggesting that the boilers be sent over in separate vessels. Back came a reply from the English firm: they had not thought it necessary to ship the boilers in separate vessels, but they *had* painted them different colors.



*"She didn't know what she was saying, Mr. Kalish. Please believe me."*

# ACT I, SCENE 2

THE whole effect was theatrical: the half-empty glasses on the table, the opened bottle of champagne wrapped in a white napkin and set in a bucket of melting ice, the soft glow of the lamps, and Dave in a dressing gown of dull-green silk, leaning against the mantelpiece, looking as though he'd speak if someone would only give him the right cue. It was hard to believe that the champagne had not been ginger ale or that when they had gone in the other room together they had not stepped off into the wings, hurrying to their dressing rooms to change their costumes for the next scene.

She had never been in a room like this one, and it seemed incredible to her that a man could live here. It was exactly right for such situations as this, but it was impossible to imagine what it would be like before breakfast or in that enervating half-hour before lunch. She felt that once she closed the door behind her, stagehands would come and roll the scenery about, that the room would disappear and another, homier one take its place. Something called "Mrs. Crumbie's flat. The following morning."

It had looked exciting and strange when she had first come, but now, as she stood at the door ready to leave, it seemed artificial and she was anxious for the curtain to fall. She wondered if it would ever become familiar enough so that she could lie back with her feet on the couch and scatter sections of a newspaper on the floor or leave papers of matches on the mirrored surface of the low, round table. She became curious about Dave, about what he did when he was alone, where he sat in those moments when he wanted to go quietly to pieces by himself. As far as she could see, there was not one comfortably disordered corner in which to sit and fall apart for a while.

It was a room entirely for the present, and it was as though, once it had been completed, Dave had been carried in, new and shiny, dressed in impeccable evening clothes, with a whole wardrobe for any occasion packed in a trunk like a set of doll's clothes. There was not a personal thing in the room, not a flower, not even a litter of magazines. On the table with the mirror top, a bowl of white porcelain tulips sat, their stems firm in porcelain moss, and over the mantel hung an oil painting of some white peonies against a background of jade green.

Yet she was glad she had come. Being with Dave, coming to his apartment, had given her the same sensation as acting in a play in which she was the leading lady and he was her leading man. A play so cleverly written by some sophisticated Englishman that it fooled the audience every night into believing that the elegant, satisfying little love scenes were real. It was a pity that there had to be more to it than sitting on the couch, sipping champagne, saying scintillating and cryptic things. But in this atmosphere she found it easy to ignore the rest and to think of herself as a rather mysterious figure who appeared from nowhere in particular to stay, gracious and witty, for a few hours before vanishing in the night, leaving behind some sort of subtle fragrance. She was grateful for the cool, impersonal room and the nebulous quality that Dave had for her. By closing the door, she could shut them out of her mind, one as impartially as the other. She was so convinced that this particular scene had ended and the curtain was about to fall that it was something of a shock when Dave spoke to her.

"Sure you don't want me to take you home?" he asked.

Her voice was irritable. "No," she said hastily. "No." Then, realizing that she had stepped out of the character she had created for herself, she added, "I thought I would like to walk. And think."

"Well, don't think too much," he told her. But he smiled, and she knew it pleased him to imagine her walking home through the night, thinking about him.

She was filled with a terrible impatience to get away. She thought of the book she had started the night before, and the way her bed looked with the little table next to it and the lamp with the blue-and-white dotted-swiss shade. She wanted to open the door and go out without another word, but a sense for the fitness of the situation prevented her doing this. When Dave walked toward her, she forced herself back into her rôle of leading lady.

"When am I going to see you again?" he asked. She was surprised to notice that he seemed a little anxious. His anxiety was out of place with the sophisticated mood she had set, and she was not pleased at the thought of his waiting for her, wondering when it would be all right to call her. She hoped he would not begin to have a heavy touch.

"Oh, soon," she answered vaguely, and turned toward the door.

"How soon?" he persisted. "Tomorrow? The day after? When?"

"I can't think now," she told him.

"I'll call you tomorrow," he said.

"Tomorrow?" she repeated. "I'm not sure where I'll be. I may have to go out early."

"Suppose I call you around noon," he said. "And if you're not there, I'll try later."

"All right," she answered. "All right."

She looked once more around the room, at the low couch with its delicate end tables, at the cool, pure stripes of the window draperies, at the incredible unreality of everything.

"Goodbye," she said, and held out her hand.

He leaned toward her as though he were going to kiss her, but she opened the door quickly and made him take her hand instead.

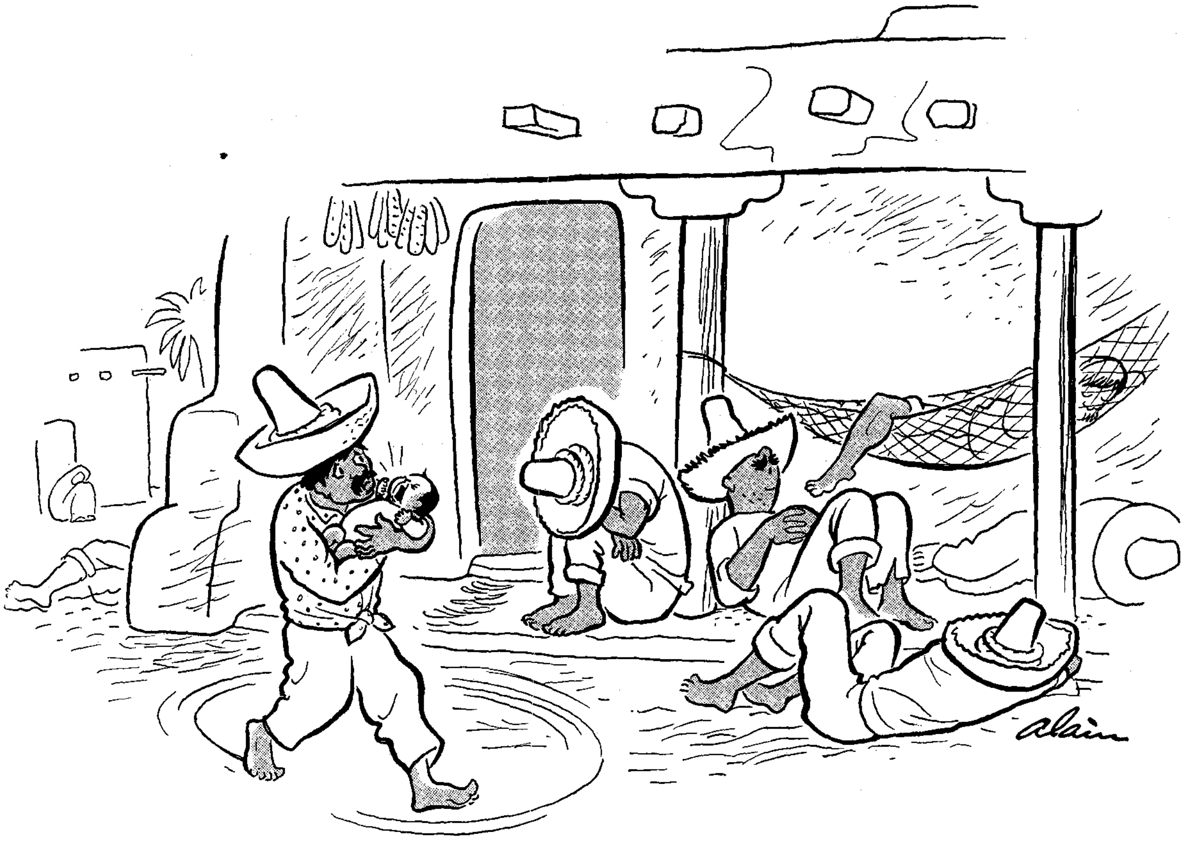
"Goodbye, darling," he said.

OUTSIDE, she stood for a moment at the entrance of the apartment house and looked across at the Park and up at the sky. The air was clear and cool. She started walking briskly down the Avenue to her home ten blocks away, smiling when she thought of the evening, deciding that except for the moment at the end, when Dave had been a little too clinging, it had been almost perfect. Yet it amused her faintly to think that it was Dave who was anxious. Men were always going on about how such things should be. They were always complaining that women did not take romances as lightly or as sensibly as men. Pleasant interludes were all they were; brief moments of no consequence.

She felt independent and entirely free as she hurried along. She shook off the spell of the episode and became herself again. A breeze had sprung up and her short black veil blew against her face and her skirts whipped about her legs. She unbuttoned her coat and took off her gloves as a gesture of relief from the strain of looking exquisite and desirable for so many hours.

It was late and the sound of her heels on the pavement was so loud that she was aware immediately when other footsteps joined hers. They were heavy, urgent footsteps, but as they drew nearer they slowed down until their pace matched hers.

She began to walk more quickly and



then, realizing that the man behind her was still keeping pace, she came almost to a standstill, to allow him to pass if he would. He was walking a step or two behind her, and from the corner of her eye she could see his legs in dark trousers and his black, shiny shoes. Quickening her steps again, she counted the blocks to her home, seven of them. In the quiet of the streets she could hear him breathing, and for two blocks they walked in silence. The sound of his footsteps was like the pursuit in a dreadful nightmare. Then he began to speak to her, his voice only a breath that mingled with the wind in her ears. Although she could barely distinguish his words, what he asked was clear enough.

She tried to gather her courage to turn and denounce him, but the things he whispered were so shocking that she felt she would die if she had to look at his face. It was impossible to pretend not to notice his low, insistent tones. There was a question in them that called for an answer.

A woman and a man approached them from the opposite direction, walking arm in arm. They were laughing and animated. She watched them draw near with a sense of relief and thought of running to them, saying "Help me. This man is following me. He's annoying me." But even as she thought this, the idea of appealing to strangers was abhorrent to her. She remembered the things people said under such circumstances. Things like "If a man tries to pick up a woman, rest assured she's done something to make him think he can." These people might look at her strangely and the man who stayed so close to her might even laugh and swear the lady must be mistaken. Then she would be the slightly comic character of the woman who fancies the worst. He drew nearer, and when the couple passed, he was almost walking at her side. She kept her face rigidly ahead and he dropped back once more, talking incessantly, saying the same things over and over, as though he found a vicious pleasure in them. She reasoned with herself that he couldn't hurt her, that she was safe and would soon be home, but she walked faster and faster until her progress became a flight. As in a dream, she felt that once she could reach the corner and turn into her own street, he would vanish. She was out of breath and her legs ached, but she did not slacken her pace.

As she reached the corner, she turned, and in a moment of sickening terror she began to run. He did not follow her. Above the pounding of her feet on the sidewalk, she could hear him laughing. His laughter was soft and penetrating and malicious.

She was trembling so that it was some time before she could open the door to her own apartment. In the dark she smelled its sweet, familiar scent of perfume, clothes, and cleanliness. She groped for the light and turned it on, and then sank down, spent and exhausted, on the couch. But she found it impossible to sit still, and as though to reassure herself that she was really home again, she began to move about uneasily, like a cat who has come to a strange place. She stood in front of the bookshelves and read the titles of the books, she laid her hand gently on the piano and fingered small ornaments on the table. She went from lamp to lamp, turning each on until everything in the room was bright and clear.

In her bedroom she turned back the spread on her bed, folding it carefully, arranging the pillows with precision. She took off her hat, her coat, and then her dress, because they reminded her too sharply of her rout. She avoided the mirror over her bureau, as though to look at a face, any face, even her own, was too much to stand. Carefully she went through the routine of getting ready for bed, but as she went about the room, her terror clung to her and she could not shake it off.

At last she sat down on the edge of her bed and, reaching for the telephone, dialled Dave's number. It was some time before he answered, and his voice sounded sleepy and pleased. "Darling," he said. "What's the matter?"

She could not bring herself to tell him. "I was just feeling lonesome," she explained. "And I wanted to tell you that I got home safe and sound."

"I wish you were here," he told her.

"I wish I were, too," she said. "Talk to me a little."

She tried to picture his room as it had looked when she left it, and she held the phone tightly, concentrating on his cool, matter-of-fact voice, shutting everything out but the stage on which she had played so short a time ago. She sat without stirring, like an animal paralyzed with fright, hoping that Dave would go on talking and talking, afraid to make the slightest move lest her own familiar room fall to pieces under her feet.

—Sally Benson

# DAYS OF INNOCENCE

## IV—THE GOSPEL OF SERVICE

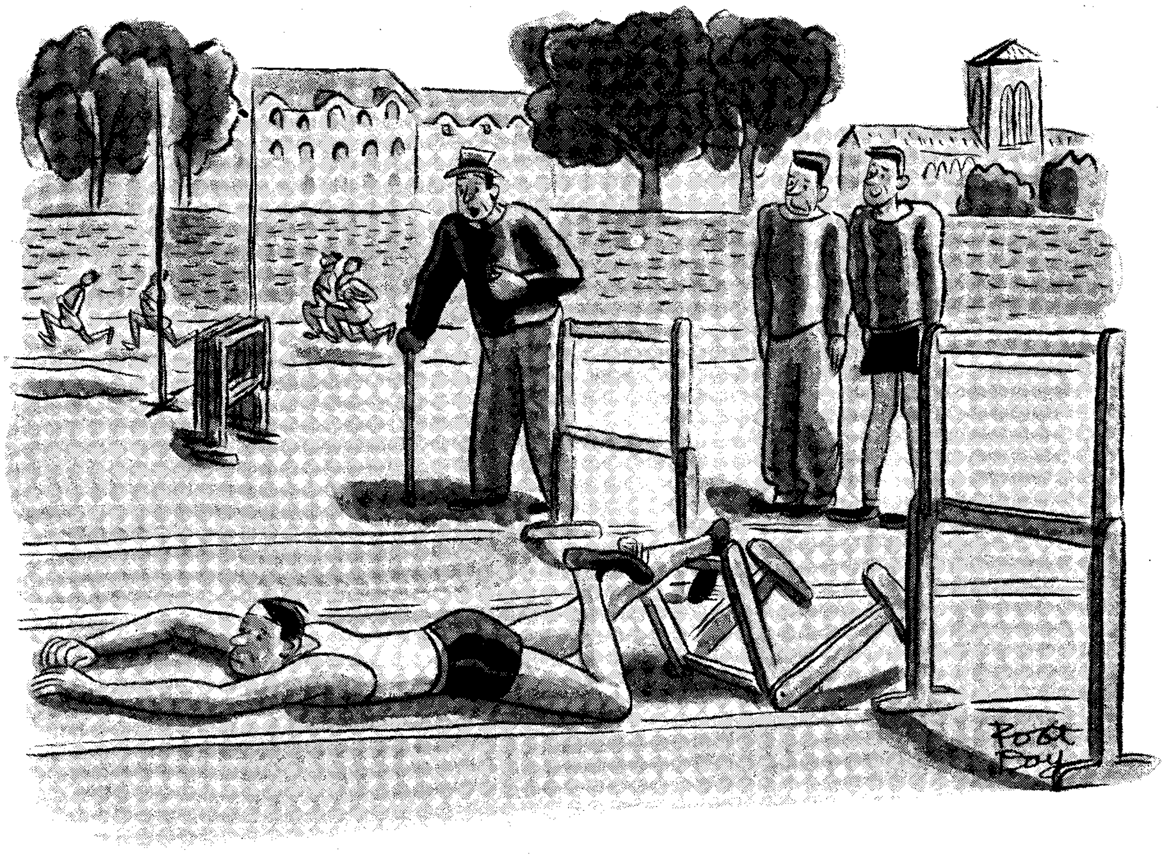
IT was in the month of May, 1901, that I first began to cherish doubts that the passion to serve humanity really amounts to anything. The scene of my nascent heresy was the town of Jacksonville, Florida, whither I had been sent by a trusting city editor in Baltimore to cover the great fire of May 3rd, the largest blaze in American history between the burning of Chicago in 1871 and the burning of Baltimore itself in 1904. The Jacksonville fire, as the encyclopedias report, destroyed no less than 2,361 buildings, covering 198 city blocks and 450 acres; when I arrived on its scene by train, all set to load the wires with graphic prose, there seemed to be nothing left save a fringe of houses around the municipal periphery, like the hair on a friar's head. Only one hotel was left standing and, so far as I could discover, not a single other public convenience of any sort, whether church, hospital, theatre, livery stable, jail, saloon, barbershop, pants-pressing parlor, or sporting house.

What set me to questioning the itch to serve was not this scene of desolation but the gross imbecility of the public effort to aid its ostensible victims. In every American community of Christian pretensions, North, East, South, and West, busybodies began to collect money and goods for their succor the moment the first bulletins came in, and by the time I reached what was left of the Jacksonville railroad station the first relief shipments were on their way. My own paper (which was then owned by Wesley M. Oler, a devout Methodist who later went to New York and became president of the Ice Trust, and a character almost as execrable to lovers of mankind as Hitler or Genghis Khan) started a communal subscription at the drop of the hat and had amassed half a carload of eleemosynary supplies before I started South. My city editor favored me from hour to hour with dispatches recording the progress of this philanthropy. The first one, I recall, announced that the boys at the Pimlico race track had contributed a hundred second-hand horse blankets, and on its heels came one reporting that the saloon-keepers of Baltimore had matched them with a hundred cases of Class C and Class D Maryland rye.

When I took these dispatches to the Mayor of Jacksonville, I expected (at least officially) that he would burst into tears and bid me thank the good people of Baltimore for their generosity, but what he actually did was to laugh. I must confess that, at thought of the horse blankets, I had to smile myself, for it was warm spring weather in Jacksonville and most of the dispossessed householders, white and black, were camping gaily in their erstwhile back yards and refreshing themselves by paddling in the St. Johns River. The Mayor was amused but not surprised, for he had telegrams on his desk showing that many other Northern cities were even more idiotic than Baltimore. St. Paul, it appeared, was sending a couple of bales of old fur coats and Boston was loading a car with oilstoves. Moreover, even some of the nearby towns, though they should have known better, had contributed supplies almost as insane. Thus, a large box of woollen mittens had already come in from Montgomery, Alabama, and Winston-Salem, North Carolina, had sent a supply of heavy woollen underwear fit almost for arctic explorers.

But it was the Maryland whiskey, not the Pimlico horse blankets, that really flabbergasted the Mayor. He was far from a prohibitionist, but the fire had given him plenty of headaches and he did not welcome the new one provided by those hundred cases of rye. What would he do with them when they arrived, supposing they escaped the hobos and railroad men on the way? If he distributed them as medical supplies, every white man in Jacksonville would be in a state of liquor within an hour, and probably half of the blackamoors. If he put his town cops to guarding them, he would lose his police force, which was sorely needed. And if he asked for a detail from the Florida militia, which was flocking into town from the swamps to the southward, there would be a military drunk of a character unparalleled since Sherman's march to the sea, with a good deal of promiscuous shooting.

I had no suggestion to offer His Honor, and left him. I wrote a column and a half on the picturesque embers of the fire and then went to inquire of the railroad men when the car from Balti-

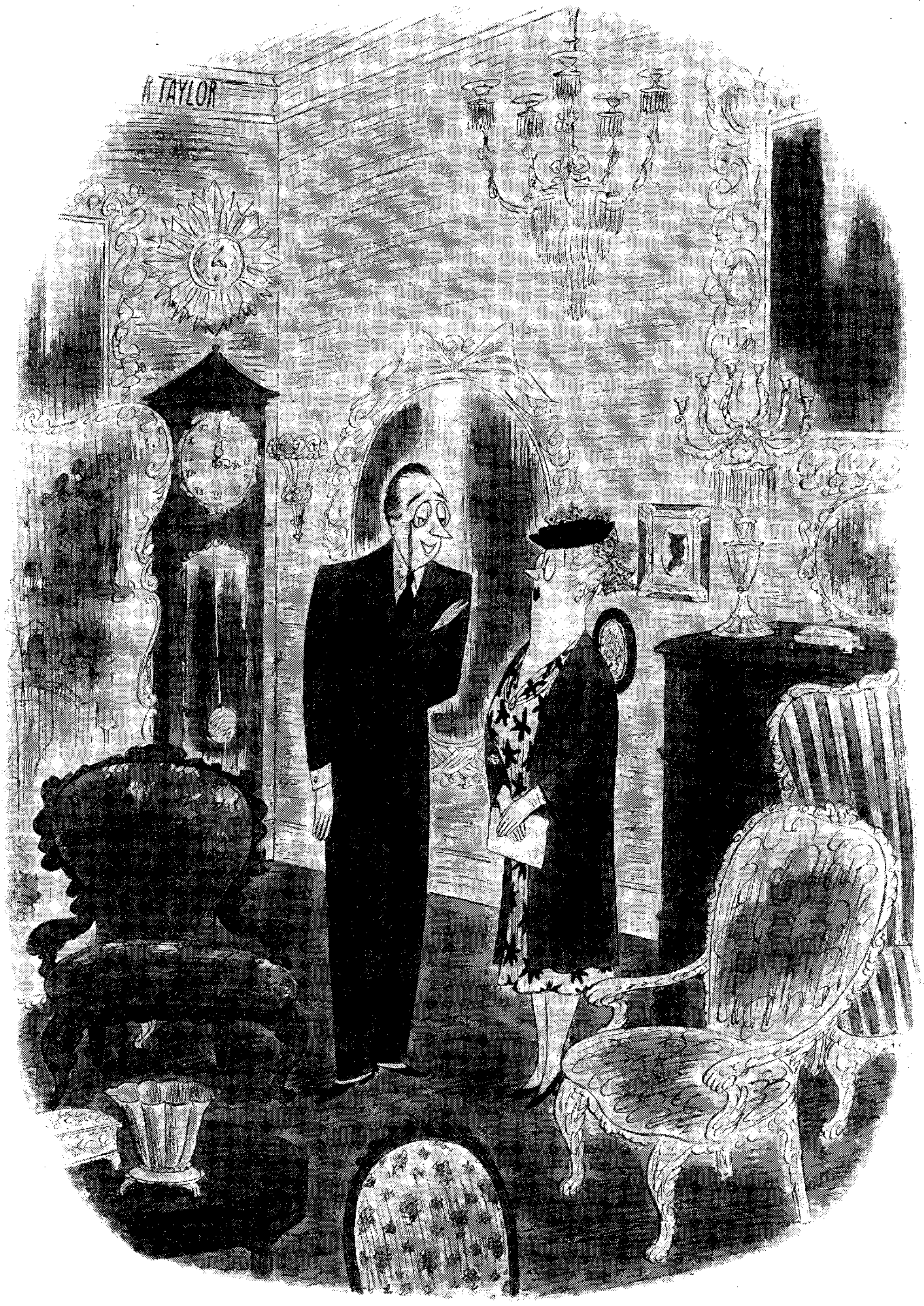


*"That's better, Burch. The thud wasn't half so sickening this time."*

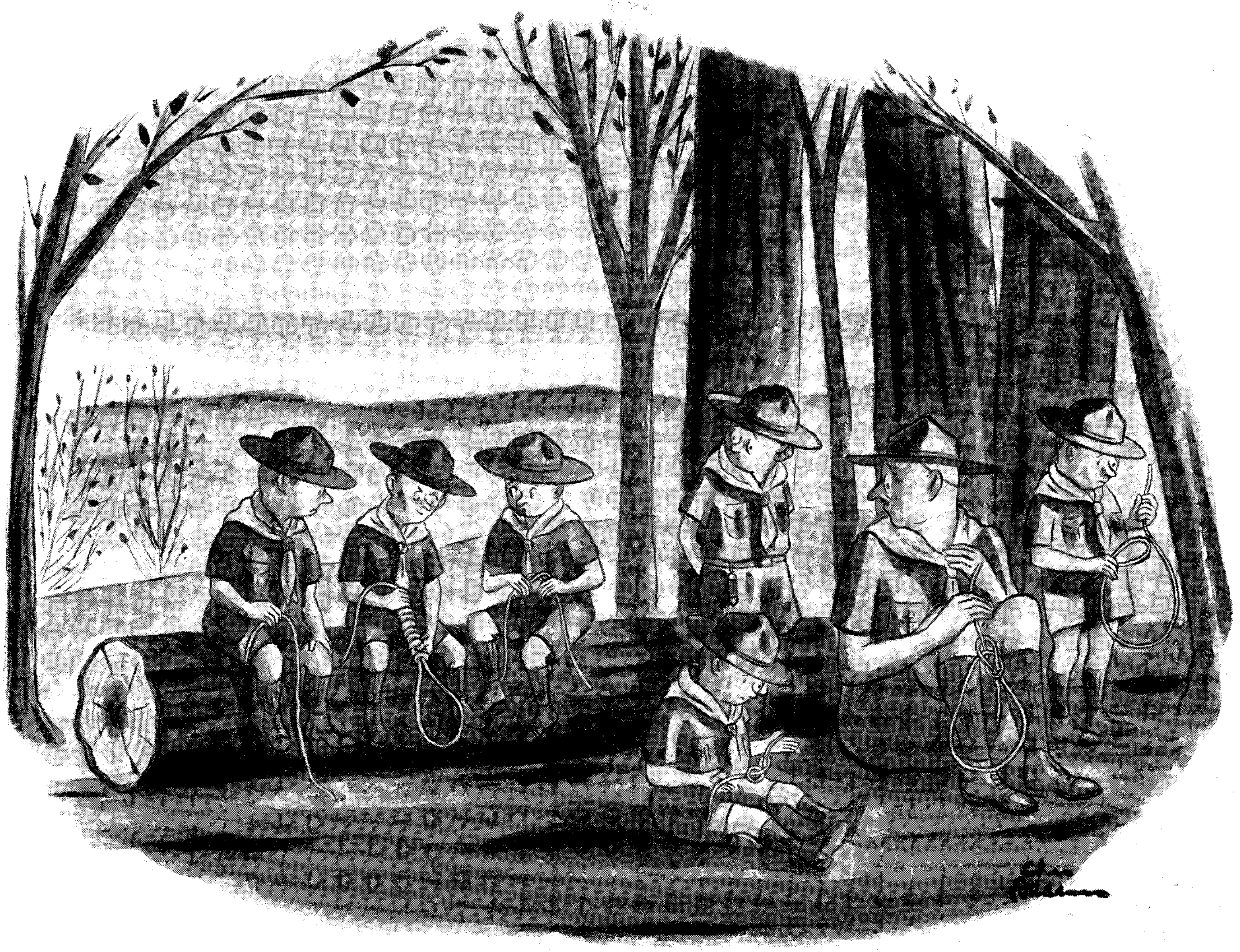
more could be expected. The railroad men knew nothing of it and had never even heard of it. Indeed, it was not until hours later that I got a bulletin from Baltimore saying that it had started. In the same bulletin came news that it was now two cars instead of one. The second, it appeared, was loaded mainly with medical and chirurgical matériel, including a bale of splints, a carboy of sulphuric ether, half a ton of bandages, a crate of wooden legs, and twenty potter's-field coffins in shooks. Inasmuch as no one, so far as I could learn, had suffered anything worse than a few singes in the fire and all the other survivors appeared to be in robust health and excellent spirits, this shipment had a somehow irrational smack, but worrying about what to do with it was the Mayor's grief, not mine, and I confined myself to trying to find out when it would arrive.

THE Mayor, when I saw him again that evening, was not as put out about the medical supplies as I expected, for he said that the militiamen from the Everglades would undoubtedly begin shooting one another anon, and it would probably be handy to have the splints and coffins, if not the wooden legs. But when I told him (as I had just been advised by a later bulletin) that the freight of the medical car included a dozen cases of champagne, he immediately took a graver view of the situation and in fact showed a considerable disturbance. This seemed unreasonable to me, for I believed the cops and militiamen, all of them unschooled in the ways of the Northern Babylons, would probably take to their heels in alarm the moment the first champagne cork popped, but when I said so to the Mayor he replied that a moral question was involved—in brief, that champagne was still regarded by the decent people of Florida as a carnal drink and that having it on his hands might embarrass him politically almost as much as having a trunk full of tights. I could see this point of view and even sympathize with it, though I was young at the time, so I proposed to His Honor that he commandeer the champagne the instant it arrived, swathe it in some of the horse blankets from Pimlico, and lock it up in the catacombs under his City Hall for such future reference as human ingenuity and the course of events might suggest. Whether or not this was actually done, I do not know to the present day, as the narrative following will show.

It was now late at night, and I began to think about a place to sleep. As I have said, there was only one hotel left standing, and when I got to it I found that it was swamped by guests, some of them newspaper reporters like myself, but most of them insurance adjusters, brick and lumber salesmen, and agents for fire-extinguishers. They were sleeping five and six in a room, and all the upstairs corridors were full of cots. Every one of the armchairs in the lobby had been grabbed by a sleeper, and others were snoring on the dining-room tables. The night clerk, a very affable fellow, received my importunities politely but shook his head. Finally he had a bright idea. Between the lobby and the dining room there was a small ladies' parlor and in it was a grand piano, with a heavily embroidered spread covering it. Why not remove the spread, roll it up for a pillow, and then turn in *under* the piano? I'd thus have the whole space beneath the instrument to myself, a larger area than anyone else had, and I'd be protected from the hoofs of guests stumbling through the parlor in the dark. The idea seemed magnificent, and in five minutes I was berthed behind the pedals and sound asleep.



*"Modernism, if I may make a suggestion, Madam, is becoming just a little dated."*



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Unhappily, I was not destined to have an easy night, for soon after I turned in a squad of soldiery took up post on the veranda outside the parlor window to guard a burned bank across the street, and their simian clatter made me toss and moan, dead tired though I was. But the worst was reserved for 3 A.M. or thereabout. The goofs had brought a primeval machine gun with them, and one of them, thinking he saw ghouls in the ruins of the bank, suddenly turned it on. With the sounding board of the piano directly above my head, I got the full force of the reverberation—indeed, I got a great magnification of it. It took on the proportions of the blowing up of a battleship, and when I fetched up with a start my head banged the hull of the piano and I got a bump that stuck to me until I was back in Baltimore. The kindly night clerk patched me up with vinegar and butcher paper from the kitchen, but I slept no more that night.

ALL the next day I devoted to badgering the railroad men about the two relief cars, and all of the day following, with occasional pauses to file installments of my thriller on the ruins. The cars, unhappily, could not be found and no one knew anything about them. Meanwhile my city editor bombarded me with demands for the Mayor's statement of Jacksonville's gratitude. Rather curiously for so matter-of-fact a man, the Mayor raised scruples about giving one to me. What if the cars never arrived at all? What if they were wrecked somewhere along the line and the whole world learned that they had not got in? Inspired and goaded by the city editor, I labored with His Honor furiously, and in the end he compromised with his conscience by requiring me to swear that if he gave me a statement, I would not send it until the cars actually arrived. I agreed at once and, following a conference with his advisers, he produced the document.

It turned out, after all that backing and filling, to be simply a carbon of one that had been dispatched to Savannah, Atlanta, New Orleans, and various other cities, with the name of Baltimore inserted in blanks left for the purpose. It began by saying that the people of Jacksonville were completely overcome by the astounding generosity and loving-kindness of the (Baltimore) philanthropists and would never forget it so long as the pleasant and mutually profitable business relations between Jacksonville and (Baltimore) continued. It went on in this vein for five or six hundred words and then closed with some sly remarks about the salubriousness of the Florida climate and the incomparable flavor of the citrus fruits. This was before the great Florida boom, so there was no mention of real-estate opportunities, but the tenor of it was certainly very complacent and I heard, when I got home, that some of the horse-lovers of Pimlico, on reading it, said they wished they had kept their blankets.

Armed with the statement, I spent the evening in the railroad yards searching for the two cars of supplies, and not finding them. Along about ten o'clock the fireman of a switching engine told me that he had seen a couple of cars on a siding about a mile out of town, and I hoofed there to have a look. I got to the

Richard Decker

*"Where's the invasion?"*

• •

place all right and even found the cars, only to learn that they were two old wrecks loaded with razorback-hog hides from Waycross, Georgia. I turned sadly away and started down the long, long trail back to stricken but contented Jacksonville. I had gone hardly a third of the distance when a yahoo militiaman jumped from behind a gondola and jammed his bayonet into my façade. He was taking his stance to shove it through me when I managed to yell. This set him to yelling too, and in a moment two more privates, a corporal, and a sergeant arrived, and finally a lieutenant rushed up. It appeared that the yahoo charged me with looting, though there was nothing within half a mile that any sensible man would loot. I demanded trial on the spot, and it was presently in progress, with the lieutenant serving as judge advocate. He was an ill-favored fellow, and if he is still alive today, he is probably playing in "Tobacco Road," but he knew something about the rules of evidence and so acquitted me with honor and even offered me a chew from his plug as a solatium.

THERE ensued three days and two nights of furious hunting for those cars, gladdened on the afternoon of the third day by a telegram from the Seaboard's division superintendent at Savannah saying that they had been found on a siding near a water tank called Jones. I tried to wire to Jones but was told that there was no operator there, or, indeed, anything save the tank itself and an old man who spent his time plugging its leaks with rosin. I laid off the third night and had a fair sleep, and then spent the next morning writing a long piece describing the grateful whoops and gloats of the starving and shivering Jacksonville populace as the cars rolled in and the supplies were distributed. I figured on filing this palpitating prose the instant they actually arrived or were reported below the Georgia frontier, but when they failed to turn up at six o'clock I filed it anyhow, and was encouraged two hours later by a complimentary telegram from the city editor.

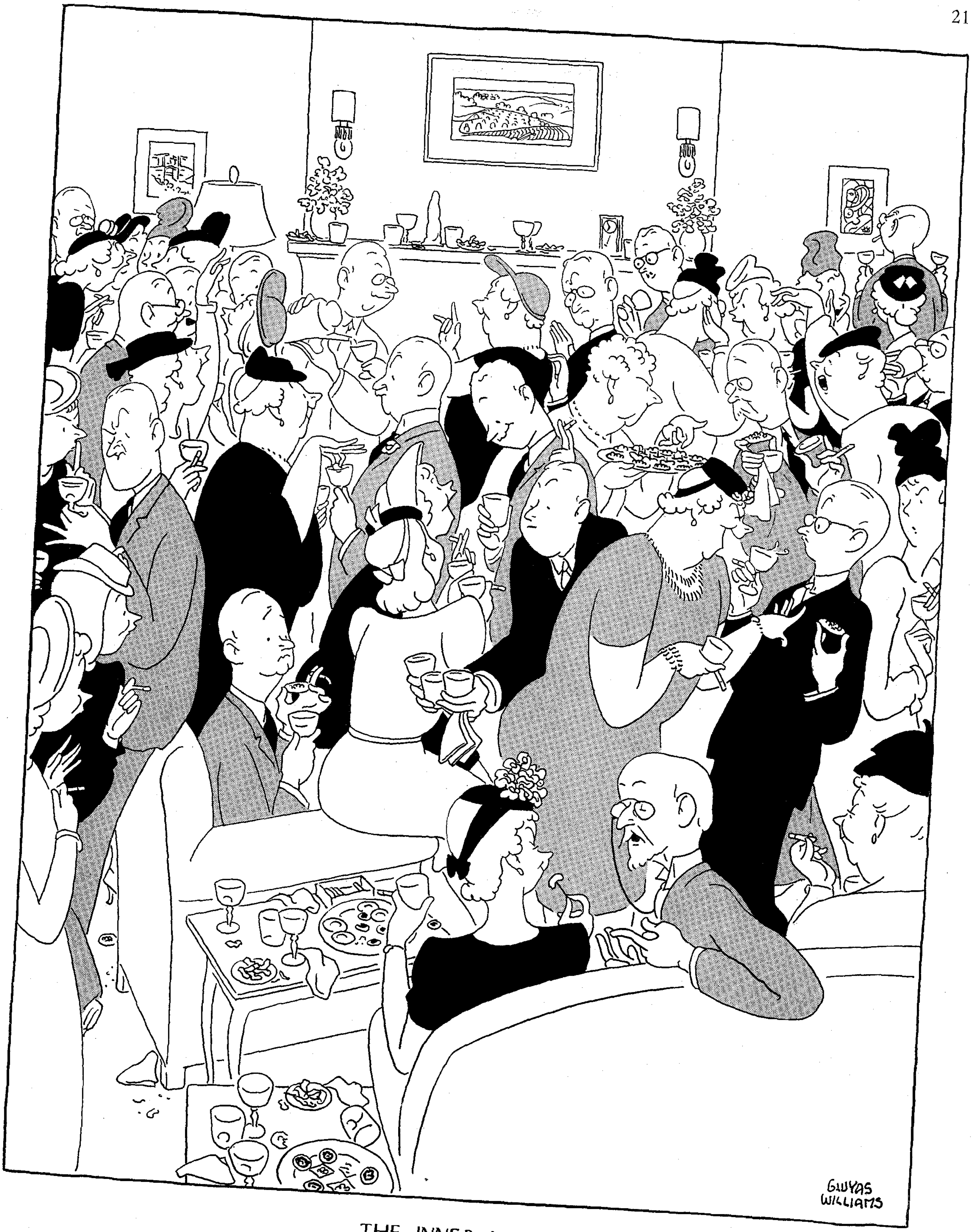
Bucked up by this appreciation, I decided to put in another night in the yards looking for the cars. When I got there no one had seen them or heard anything about them. But while I stood talking with the yardmaster, wondering whether I had better give up, they suddenly appeared from nowhere, directly before our eyes. They were running next to the caboose of a way freight, and how they got there I never learned. The door of one hung by a single hinge, but when they came to a halt I could find no sign that they had been burgled, and the railroad men showed no predatory interest in their contents. On both sides of each car were muslin banners (or what was left of them) reading:

BALTIMORE MORNING HERALD
RELIEF TRAIN FOR
JACKSONVILLE FIRE SUFFERERS

The railroad men snickered quietly at the words "train" and "sufferers" and began pulling the signs down—as I gathered from their talk, to make shirts for their children. I filed the Mayor's long-delayed statement before turning in and slept late the next morning, for my mission of mercy was over. At noon or thereabout I dropped into His Honor's office, and he promised to do something about the cars as soon as he could come round to it—that is, if the anthropoid militiamen did not seize them meanwhile and spirit them away to the Everglades. He even suggested politely that if I would stick around a day or two longer, one of the bottles of Maryland rye would be mine for the asking. But I needed sleep more than stimulants and, what is worse, I was lathering for a square meal, for the catering arrangements in Jacksonville, even before the fire, were much less elaborate than they are today, and I was tired of canned pork and beans. That night I boarded a train for home, and the next day, at a meal stop called Norlina, near the border between North Carolina and Virginia, I got down a platter of victuals that still sticks in my mind after forty years. It was, in quality, superb, for it consisted principally of chicken fried to perfection, with hominy cakes. In quantity, it was colossal. The half-hour allowed for devouring it sufficed to dispose of only about a third of it. The rest, according to the custom of travellers in that remote age, I stuffed into my pockets, and I was still eating when we crossed the James River.

A YEAR later I was sent back to Jacksonville to concoct some more prose—this time on the rehabilitation of the town. I found, as I expected, that the fire had been the luckiest act of God in all its history. The marsh that used to lie between it and the channel of the St. Johns River, generating mosquitoes and malaria, was now filled in with the debris, and dozens of new warehouses were going up. A little while later Congress ordered the nineteen-foot channel dredged to twenty-four feet, and then to thirty. During the next decade the population of Jacksonville more than doubled, and today it is a metropolis comparable to Nineveh or Gomorrah in their prime, with the hottest night clubs south of Washington and so many indigenous salvage crews of one sort or another that their philanthropic operations sweep from Pensacola to Lake Okeechobee.

—H. L. MENCKEN


GLUYAS WILLIAMS

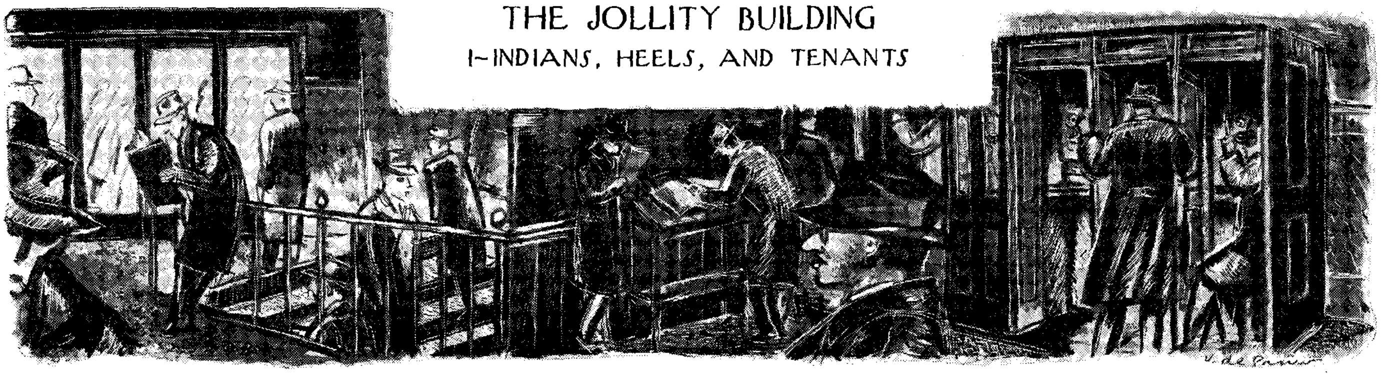
THE INNER MAN

*Cocktail Party*

# PROFILES

## THE JOLLITY BUILDING

### I—INDIANS, HEELS, AND TENANTS



IN the Jollity Building, which stands six stories high and covers a half of a Broadway block in the high Forties, the term "promoter" means a man who mulcts another man of a dollar, or any fraction or multiple thereof. The verb "to promote" always takes a personal object, and the highest praise you can accord someone in the Jollity Building is to say "He has promoted some very smart people." The Jollity Building—it actually has a somewhat different name and the names of its inhabitants are not the ones which will appear below—is representative of perhaps a dozen or so buildings in the upper stories of which the small-scale amusement industry nests like a tramp pigeon. All of them draw a major part of their income from the rental of their stores at street level, and most of them contain on their lower floors a dance hall or a billiard parlor, or both. The Jollity Building has both. The dance hall, known as Jollity Danceland, occupies the second floor. The poolroom is in the basement. It is difficult in such a building to rent office space to any business house that wants to be taken very seriously, so the upper floors fill up with the petty nomads of Broadway—chiefly orchestra-leaders, theatrical agents, bookmakers, and miscellaneous promoters.

Eight coin-box telephone booths in the lobby of the Jollity Building serve as offices for promoters and others who cannot raise the price of desk space on an upper floor. The phones are used mostly for incoming calls. It is a matter of perpetual regret to Morty, the renting agent of the building, that he cannot collect rent from the occupants of the booths. He always refers to them as the Telephone Booth Indians, because in their lives the telephone booth furnishes sustenance as well as shelter, as the buffalo did for the Arapahoe and Sioux. A Telephone Booth Indian on the hunt often tells a prospective investor to call him at a certain hour in the afternoon, giving the victim the number of the phone in one of the booths. The Indian implies, of course, that it is a private line. Then the Indian has to hang in the booth until the fellow calls. To hang, in Indian language, means to loiter. "I used to hang in Forty-sixth Street, front of *Variety*," a small bookmaker may say, referring to a previous business location. Seeing the Indians hanging in the telephone booths is painful to Morty, but there is nothing he can do about it. The regular occupants of the booths recognize one another's rights. It may be understood among them, for instance, that a certain orchestra-leader receives calls in a particular booth between three and four in the afternoon and that a competitor has the same booth from four to five. In these circumstances, ethical Indians take telephone messages for each other. There are always fewer vacancies in the telephone booths than in any other part of the Jollity Building.

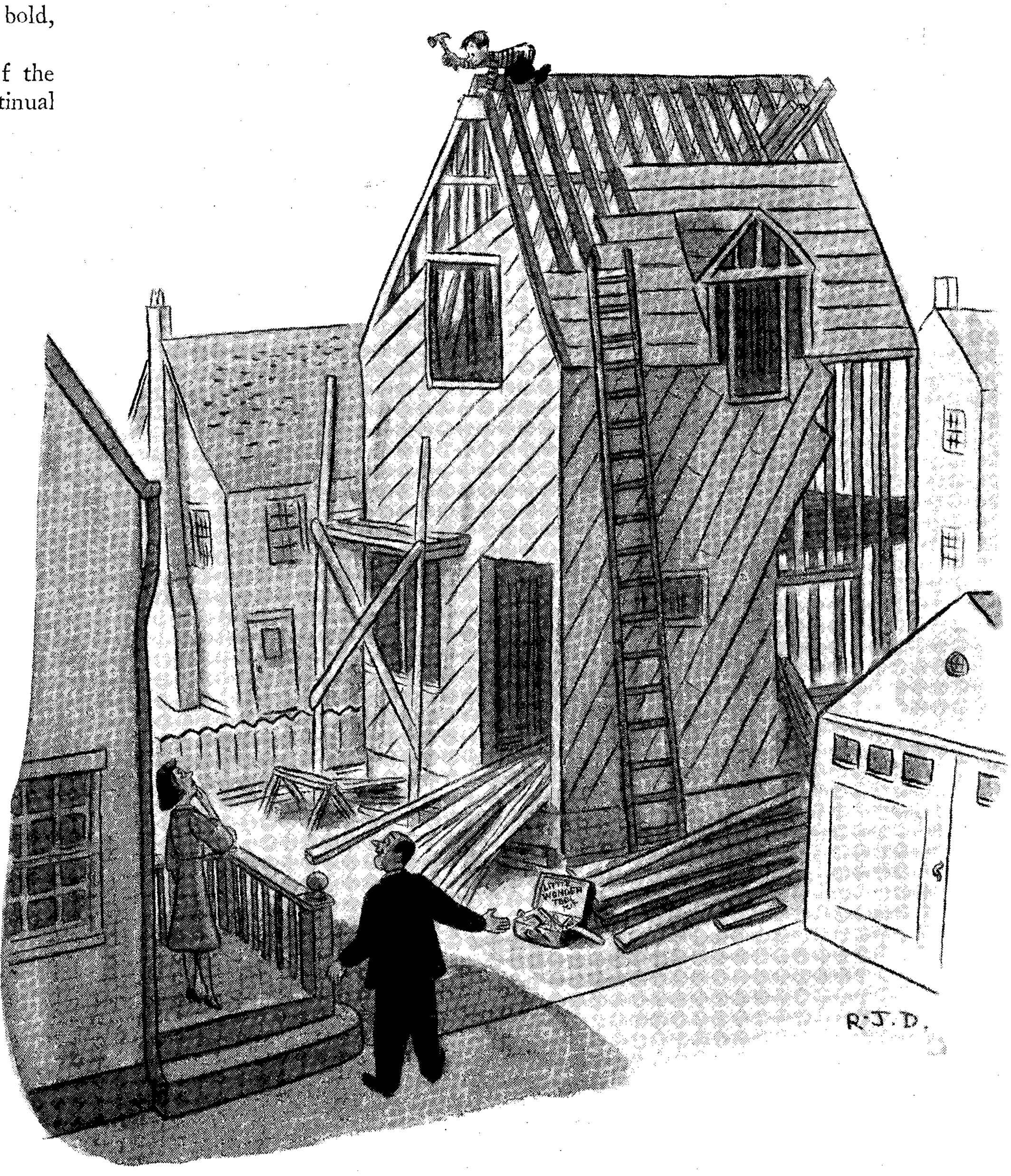
While awaiting a call, an Indian may occasionally emerge for air, unless the lobby is so crowded that there is a chance he might lose his place to a transient who does not understand the house rules. Usually, however, the Indian hangs in the booth with the door open, leaning against the wall and reading a scratch sheet in order to conserve time. Then, if somebody rings up and agrees to lend him two dollars, he will already have picked a horse on which to lose that amount. When an impatient stranger shows signs of wanting to use a telephone, the man in the booth closes the door, takes the receiver off the hook, and makes motions with his lips, as if talking. To add verisimilitude to a long performance, he occasionally hangs up, takes the receiver down again, drops a nickel in the slot, whirls the dial three or four times, and hangs up again, after which the nickel comes back. Eventually the stranger goes away, and the man in the booth returns to the study of his scratch sheet. At mealtimes, the Telephone Booth Indians sometimes descend singly to the Jollity Building's lunch counter, which is at one end of the poolroom in the basement. The busiest lunch periods are the most favorable for a stunt the boys have worked out to get free nourishment. An Indian seats himself at the counter and eats two or three *pastrami* sandwiches. As he is finishing his lunch, one of his comrades appears at the head of the stairs and shouts that he is wanted on the telephone. The Indian rushes upstairs, absent-mindedly omitting to pay for his meal. Barney, the lunch-counter proprietor, is too busy to go after him when he fails to return after a reasonable time. An Indian can rarely fool Barney more than once or twice. The maneuver requires nice timing and unlimited faith in one's accomplice. Should the accomplice fail to make his entrance, the Indian at the counter might be compelled to eat *pastrami* sandwiches indefinitely, acquiring frightful indigestion and piling up an appalling debt.

MORTY, the renting agent, is a thin, sallow man of forty whose expression has been compared, a little unfairly, to that of a dead robin. He is not, however, a man without feeling; he takes a personal interest in the people who spend much of their lives in the Jollity Building. It is about the same sort of interest that Curator Raymond Ditmars takes in the Bronx Zoo's vampire bats. "I know more heels than any other man in the world," Morty sometimes says, not without pride. "Everywhere I go around Broadway, I get 'Hello, how are you?' Heels that haven't been with me for years, some of them." Morty usually reserves the appellation "heel" for the people who rent the forty-eight cubicles, each furnished with a desk and two chairs, on the third floor of the Jollity Building. These cubicles are formed by partitions of wood and frosted glass which do not quite reach the ceiling. Sufficient air to maintain human life is supposed to circulate over the partitions. The offices rent for $10 and $12.50 a month, payable in advance. "Twelve and a half dollars with air, ten dollars without air," Morty says facetiously. "Very often the heels who rent them take the air without telling me." Sometimes a Telephone Booth Indian acquires enough capital to rent a cubicle. He thus rises in the social scale and becomes a heel. A cubicle has three advantages over a telephone booth. One is that you cannot get a desk into a telephone booth. Another is that you can play pinochle in a cubicle. Another is that a heel gets his name on the directory in the lobby, and the white letters have a bold, legitimate look.

The vertical social structure of the Jollity Building is subject to continual shifts. Not only do Indians become heels but a heel occasionally accumulates $40 or $50 with which to pay a month's rent on one of the larger offices, all of them unfurnished, on the fourth, fifth, or sixth floor. He then becomes a tenant. Morty always views such progress with suspicion, because it involves signing a lease, and once a heel has signed a lease, you cannot put him out without serving a dispossess notice and waiting ten days. A tenant, in Morty's opinion, is just a heel who is planning to get ten days' free rent. "Any time a heel acts prosperous enough to rent an office," Morty says, "you know he's getting ready to take you." A dispossessed tenant often reappears in the Jollity Building as an Indian. It is a life cycle. Morty has people in the building who have been Telephone Booth Indians, heels, and tenants several times each. He likes them best when they are in the heel stage. "You can't collect rent from a guy who hangs in the lobby," he says in explanation, "and with a regular tenant of an unfurnished office, you got too many headaches." He sometimes breaks off a conversation with a friendly heel by saying, "Excuse me, I got to go upstairs and insult a tenant."

As if to show his predilection for the heels, Morty has his own office on the third floor. It is a large corner room with windows on two sides. There is a flattering picture of the Jollity Building on one of the walls, and six framed plans, one of each floor, on another wall. Also in the office are an unattractive, respectable-looking secretary and, on Morty's desk, a rather depressing photograph of his wife. The conventionality of this décor makes Morty unhappy, and he spends as little time as possible in his office. Between nine o'clock in the morning, when he arrives and dejectedly looks through his mail for rent checks he does not expect to find, and six-thirty in the evening, when he goes home to Rockaway, he lives mostly amid the pulsating activity outside his office door.

The furnished cubicles on the third floor yield an income of about $500 a month, which, as Morty says, is not hay. Until a few years ago, the Jollity Building used to feel it should provide switchboard service for these offices. The outgoing telephone calls of the heels were supposed to be paid for at the end of every business day. This system necessitated the use of a cordon of elevator boys to prevent tenants from escaping. "Any heel who made several telephone calls toward the end of the month, you could kiss him goodbye," Morty says. "As soon as he made up his mind to go out of business he started thinking of people to telephone. It was cheaper for him to go out of business than settle for the calls, anyhow. The only way you can tell if a heel is still in business, most of the time, anyway, is to look in his office for his hat. If his hat is gone, he is out of business." A



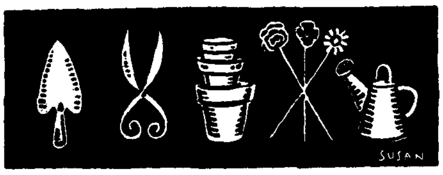
*"The Little Wonder Tool Kit people will be thrilled to hear of this."*

minor annoyance of the switchboard system was the tendency of heels to call the operator and ask for the time. "None of them were going anywhere, but they all wanted to know the time," Morty says resentfully. "None of them had watches. Nobody would be in this building unless he had already hocked his watch." There are lady heels, too, but if they are young Morty calls them "heads." (Morty meticulously refers to all youngish women as "heads," which has the same meaning as "broads" or "dolls" but is newer; he does not want his conversation to sound archaic.) Heads also abused the switchboard system. "One head that used to claim to sell stockings," says Morty, "called the board one day, and when the operator said 'Five o'clock,' this head said, 'My God, I didn't eat yet!' If there had been no switchboard, she would never have known she was hungry. She would have saved a lot of money."

As a consequence of these abuses, the switchboard was abolished, and practically all the heels now make their telephone calls from three open coin-box telephones against the wall in a corridor that bisects the third floor. The wall for several feet on each side of the telephones is covered with numbers the heels have jotted down. The Jollity Building pays a young man named Angelo to sit at a table in a small niche near the telephones and answer incoming calls. He screams "Who?" into the mouthpiece and then shuffles off to find whatever heel is wanted. On days when Angelo is particularly weary, he just says "He ain't in" and hangs up. He also receives and distributes the mail for the heels. Angelo is a pallid chap who has been at various periods a chorus boy, a taxi-driver, and a drummer in one of the bands which maintain headquarters in the Jollity Building. "Every time a heel comes in," Angelo says, "he wants to know 'Are you sure there isn't a letter for me that feels like it had a check in it? . . . That's funny, the fellow swore he mailed it last night.' Then he tries to borrow a nickel from me so he can telephone."

Not having a nickel is a universal trait of people who rent the cubicles and they spend a considerable portion of the business day hanging by the third-floor telephones, waiting for the arrival of somebody to borrow a nickel from. While waiting, they talk to Angelo, who makes it a rule not to believe anything they say. There are no booths in the corridor because Morty does not want any Telephone Booth Indians to develop on the third floor.

MORTY himself often goes to visit with Angelo and terrifies the heels with his bilious stare. "They all say they got something big for next week," he tells Angelo in a loud, carrying voice, "but the rent is 'I'll see you tomorrow.'" Morty's friends sometimes drop in there to visit him. He likes to sit on Angelo's table with them and tell about the current collection of furnished-office inhabitants. "Who is that phony-looking heel who just passed, you want to know?" he may say during such a recapitulation. "Hey, this is funny. He happens to be legitimate—autos to hire. The heel in the next office publishes a horse magazine. If he gets a winner, he eats. Then there's one of them heels that hires girls to sell permanent waves for fifty cents down, door to door. The girl takes the fifty cents and gives the dame a ticket, but when the dame goes to look for the beauty parlor it says on the ticket, there is no such beauty parlor at that address.



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## "IT'S PRETTY, FORSOOTH, BUT IS IT ART?" REMARKED THE MOPPET TO THE CRONE

I believe art is a free, restless force that resents sterile segregation and only achieves living significance when adroitly shuffled into revelatory juxtaposition.—*From a letter by P. K. Thomajan in PM.*

What is art? An epanaleptic voice answers, "What?"
George Bellows tried to put his finger on it, saying,
"Art strives for form, and hopes for beauty."
Microcephalic gropers have sought the answer,
But with your cerebricity you found it
In words translucent, opalescent, temerarious.
Wherefore, Mr. T., more power to you. Shake?

"Art is the path of the creator to his work,"
Said Mr. Emerson, the wordy Sage of Concord.
Good as he was, he clearly missed the boat.
But you, Mr. T., have found the definition
Out of your tintinnabulant cortex,
That font of sesquipedalian truth.
'Tis spring (or fall); Thomajan rides again!

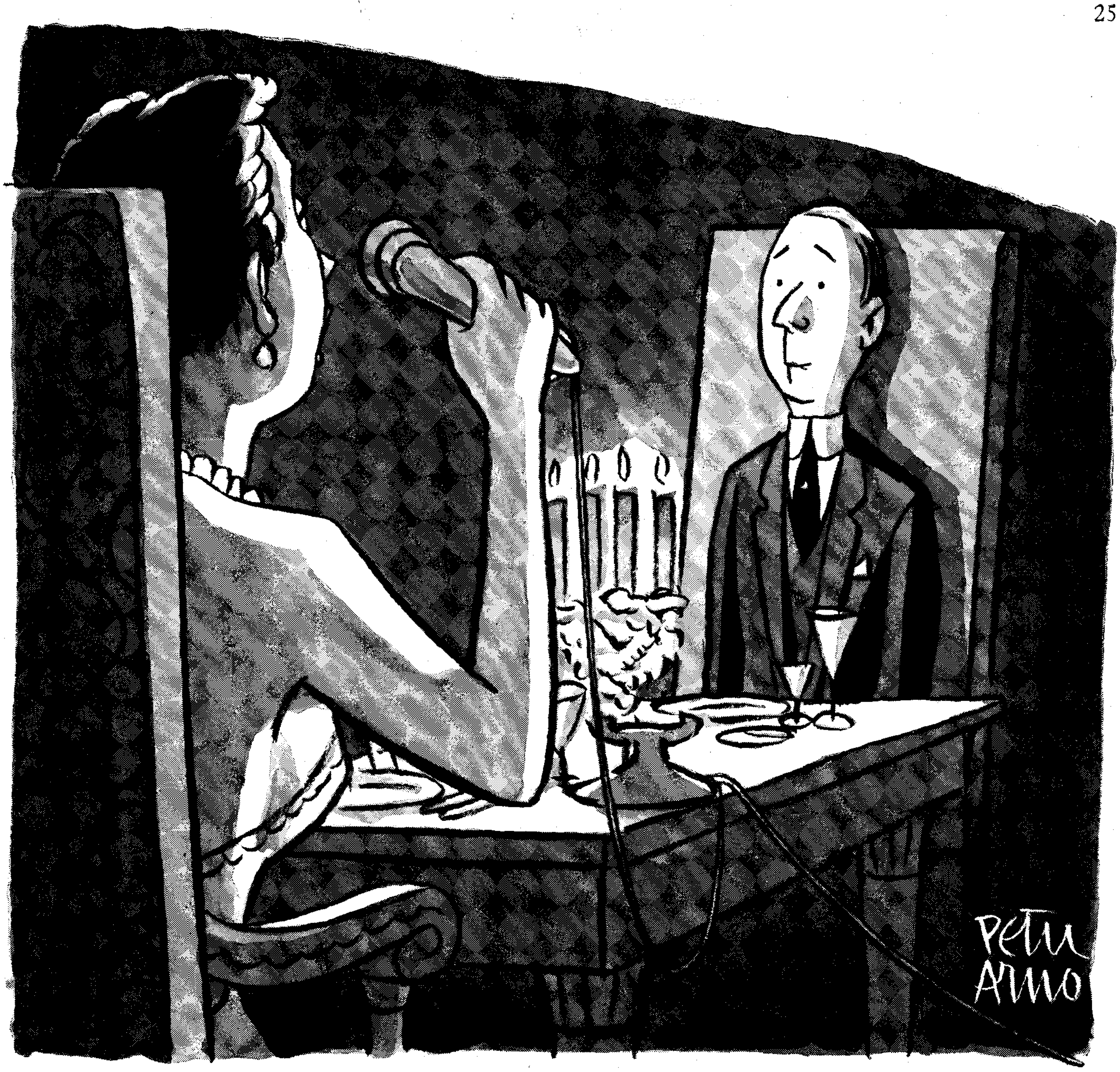
A hawk-beaked man named Huneker (J. G.) once said,
"Great art is an instant arrested in eternity."
And Miss D. Parker once called it a catharsis.
But you, Thomajan, old fellow (if I may say so),
Have integrated and agglutinated
All their feeble, fumbling, diverse notions
And sought out the great *Urgrund.* Hear! Hear!

"Art is nothing more than the shadow of humanity,"
Said Henry James on one of his bad days.
And other savants, some pseudonymous,
From prosodists to epithalamiasts,
Have reached into the ambient empyrean
And asked themselves, "Come now, what is art?"
Mayhap they were waiting for Thomajan (P. K.).

"Art is science in the flesh," said Jean Cocteau,
The sad, pale thinker on the Seine.
And H. W. Longfellow said, "Art is power,"
Thus betraying his peninsularity, although
H. W. was a master of concatenation.
Scat, you sciolists, empiricopsychological oafs!
Make way for the new champ, our boy Thomajan!

—STANLEY WALKER

* *



*"There's someone answers your description at the Morgue. Shall I say it isn't you?"*

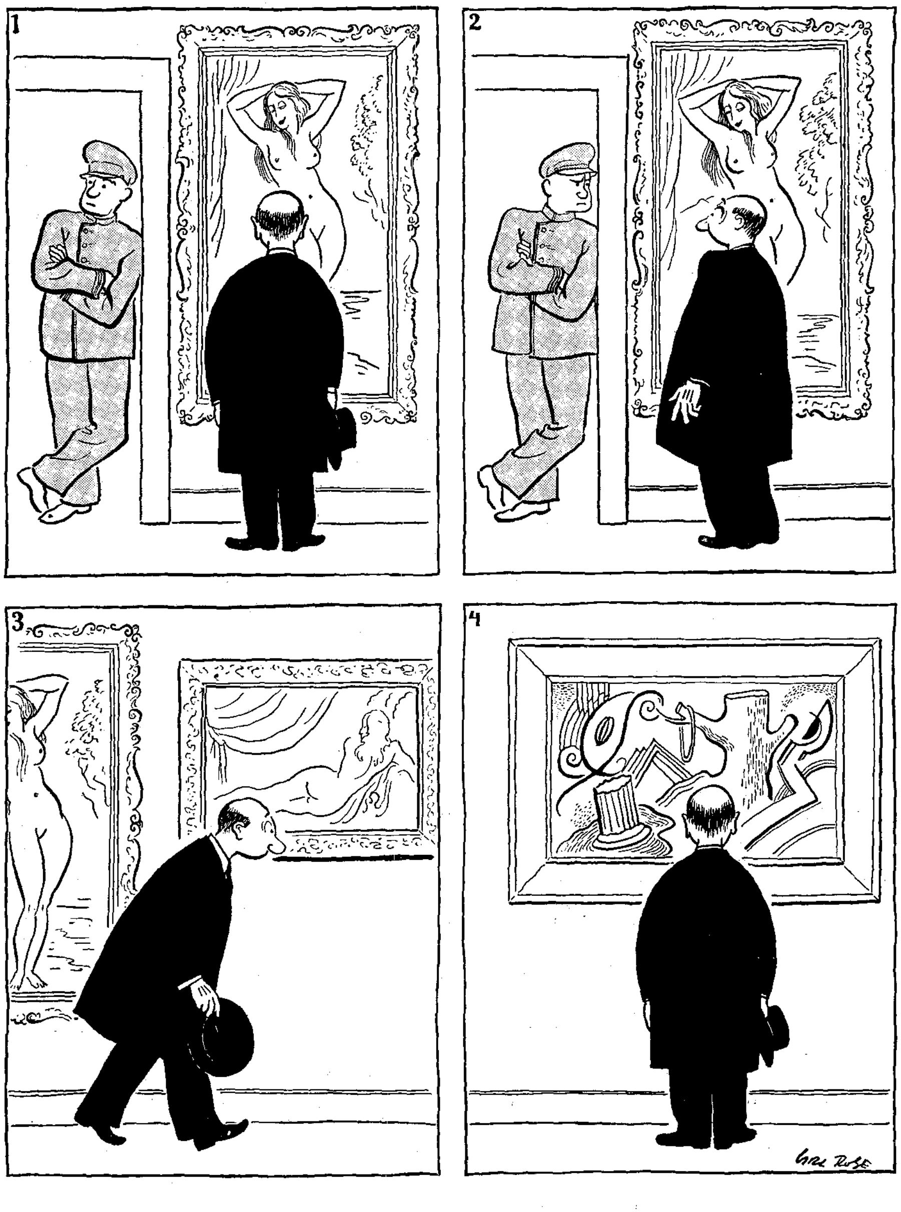
• •

"We got two heels writing plays. They figure they got nothing to do, so they might as well write a play, and if it clicks, they might also eat. Then we got a lady heel who represents Brazilian music publishers and also does a bit of booking; also a head who is running a school for hat-check girls, as it seems the hat-check profession is very complicated for some of the type of minds they got in it. Those heads who walk through the hall are going no place. They just stick their potato in every office and say, 'Anything for me today?' They do not even look to see if it is a theatrical office. If they expected to find anything, they would not be over here. What would anybody here have to offer? Once in a while a sap from the suburbs walks into one of the offices on this floor thinking he can get some talent cheap. 'Sure,' some heel says, 'I got just the thing you want.' They run down in the lobby looking for somebody. They ask some head they meet in the lobby, 'Are you a performer?' They try the other little agents that they know. The whole date is worth probably four dollars, and the forty cents' commission they split sometimes four ways."

Morty's favorite heel of the current lot is a tall, Chesterfieldian old man named Dr. Titus Heatherington, who is the president of the Anti-Hitlerian League of the Western Hemisphere. Dr. Heatherington for many years lectured in vacant stores on sex topics and sold a manual of facts every young man should know. "The line became, in a manner of speaking, exhausted," Dr. Heatherington says, "because of the increasing sophistication of the contemporary adolescent, so I interested myself in this great crusade, in which I distribute at a nominal price a very fascinating book by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and everything in it must be exactly as stated, because otherwise Hitler could have sued Mr. Vanderbilt for libel. Incidentally, I sell a lot more books than I have for years. I do particularly well at Coney Island."

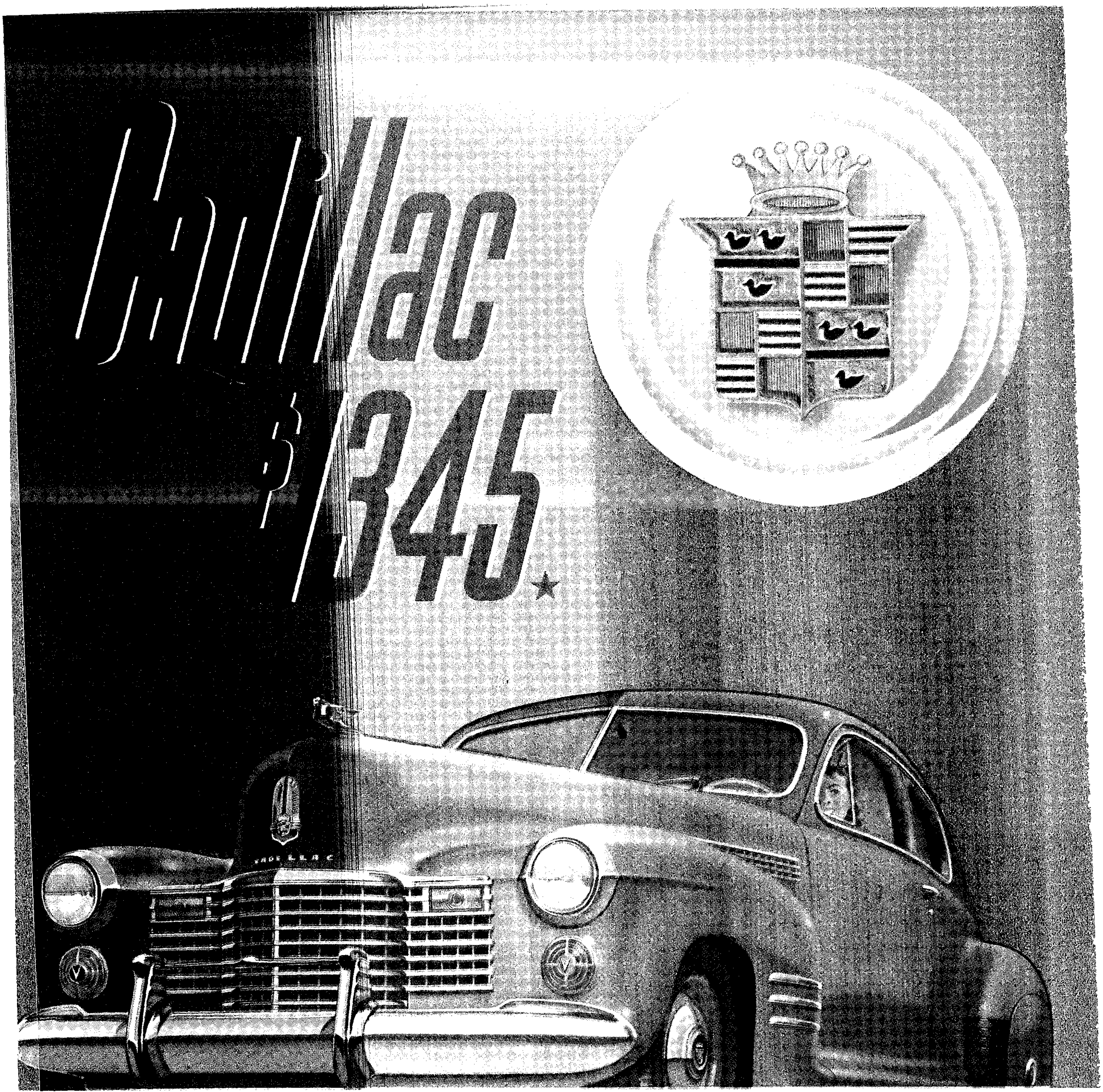
HEELS are often, paradoxically, more affluent than the official lessees of larger offices. Many fellows who rent the big units take in sub-tenants, and if there are enough of them, each man's share of the rent may be less than the $10 a month minimum rent a heel has to pay. One two-desk office on the fourth, fifth, or sixth floor may serve as headquarters for four theatrical agents, a band-leader, a music-arranger, a manager of prizefighters, and a dealer in pawn tickets. They agree on a schedule by which each man has the exclusive use of a desk for a few hours every day, to impress people who call by appointment, and the office is used collectively, when no outsiders are present, for games of rummy. All the fellows in the office receive their telephone calls on a single coin-box machine affixed to the wall. Sub-tenants often make bets among themselves, the amount of the wager corresponding to each bettor's share of the rent. The loser is supposed to pay double rent, the winner nothing. This causes difficulties for Morty when he comes to collect the rent. The official lessee always protests that he would like to pay on the dot but the other boys haven't paid him. Sub-tenants who have won bets consider themselves absolved of any responsibility, and the fellows who are supposed to pay double are invariably broke. Morty makes an average of fifteen calls to collect a month's rent on an office, and thus acquires a much greater intimacy with the tenants than the agents of a place like Rockefeller Center or River House.

Desk room in a large office has the advantage of being much more dignified than a cubicle on the third floor, but there is one drawback: Morty's rule that not more than two firm names may be listed on the directory in the lobby for any one office. Callers therefore have to ask the elevator boys where to find some of the sub-tenants. If the elevator boys do not like the sub-tenant in question, they say they never heard of him. Nor will the implacable Morty permit more than two names to be painted on any office door. Junior sub-tenants get around the rule by having a sign-painter put their names on strips of cardboard which they insert between the glass and the wooden frame of the door or affix to the glass by strips of tape. "You cannot let a tenant creep on you," Morty says in justification of his severity. "You let them get away with eight names on the door and the next thing they will be asking you for eight keys to the men's room."



MORTY's parents were named Goldberg, and he was born in the Bensonhurst region of Brooklyn. He almost finished a commercial course in high school before he got his first job, being an order clerk for a chain of dairy-and-herring stores. In the morning he would drive to each of these stores and find out from the store managers what supplies they needed from the company's warehouse. Since he had little to do in the afternoons, he began after a while to deliver packages for a bootlegger who had been a high-school classmate and by chance had an office in the Jollity Building. The name on the door of the office was the Music Writers Mutual Publishing Company. About a quarter of the firms in the building at that time were fronts for bootleggers, Morty recalls. "Repeal was a terrible blow to property values in this district," he says. "Bootleggers were always the best pay." Seeing a greater future in bootlegging than in dairy goods and herring, Morty soon went to work for his old classmate on a full-time basis. The moment Morty decided that his future lay on Broadway, he translated his name from Goldberg into Ormont. "'*Or*' is French for gold," he sometimes explains, "and '*mont*' is the same as 'berg.' But the point is it's got more class than Goldberg."

By diligent application, Morty worked his way up to a partnership in the Music Writers Mutual Publishing Company. The partners made good use of their company's name. They advertised in pulp magazines, offering to write music for lyrics or lyrics for music, to guarantee publication, and to send back to the aspiring songwriter a hundred free copies of his work, all for $100. The Music Writers Mutual agreed to pay him the customary royalties on all copies sold. There never were any royalties, because Morty and his partner had only the author's hundred copies printed. They kept a piano in their office and hired a professional musician for $35 a week to set music to lyrics. Morty himself occasionally wrote lyrics to the tunes clients sent in, and had a lot of fun doing it. At times the music business went so well that the partners were tempted to give up bootlegging. There were



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If you are the owner of a medium-priced motor car, there is every reason why you ought to be driving a Cadillac—*and not one reason why you can't!*

You ought to own a Cadillac because you'll never enjoy the peak pleasures of motoring until you do. The effortless and endlessly exciting performance of the most powerful Cadillac V-8 ever built . . . the living-room comfort and rich perfection of a Fleetwood-appointed interior... the unbelievable driving ease afforded by Cadillac-engineered Hydra-Matic Drive* . . . *the very human satisfaction that goes with owning the best*—these fine advantages are combined in no other car except a Cadillac.

And that's all right, *because a Cadillac can be yours.* Its price is matched by exceptional economy! Owners report 14 to 17 miles per gallon. And service rates are, in some cases, *below* those of the lowest-priced cars!

Yes, you can safely follow your real desires, this year, and come up to a Cadillac. For the first time *nothing stands in your way.*

CADILLAC-ENGINEERED
**HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE**
*OPTIONAL ON ALL MODELS AT EXTRA COST

TOMATIC
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NO CLUTCH
PEDAL

*★For the Cadillac Sixty-One Five-Passenger Coupe delivered at Detroit. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

## Talk Lockheed with a military pilot...

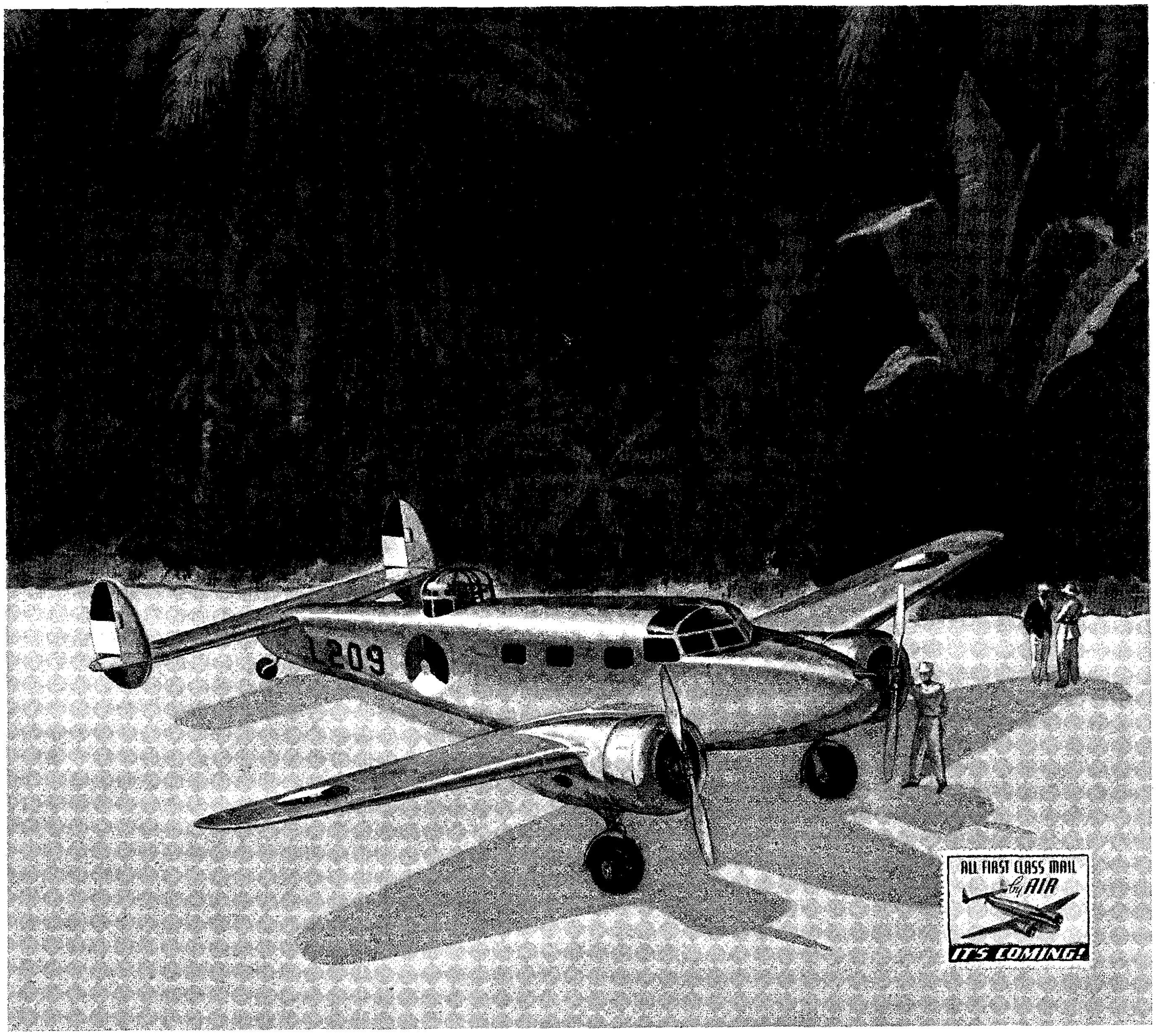
or *any* pilot for that matter. Pilots *know* airplanes. They've got to, because that's their business. And they'll tell you Lockheeds have what it takes!

All over the world you'll find Lockheeds "doing a job" and doing it well. For peace or military use they're proving their stamina, their speed and their "pilot appeal." The Lockheed Hudson was originally designed as a peace-time transport, but now, adapted as a bomber, it has distinguished itself for valor with the R.A.F. in England.

Down in the Tropics, another Lockheed serves in the colonial defense of the East Indies. The Tropics are tough on airplanes. Landing fields are often small and rough. Improved airdromes are few and far between—but there as well as here, Lockheeds have proved themselves staunch...sound...adaptable to every flying need. That's why we say—

**... for Protection today and Progress tomorrow**

## LOOK TO Lockheed FOR LEADERSHIP



LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA • REPRESENTATIVES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD so many similar publishing firms, however, that there was not a steady living in it. "But you would be surprised," Morty says now, "how near it came to paying our overhead." The volume of mail made it look bona fide. They built up a prosperous semi-wholesale liquor business, specializing in furnishing whiskey to firms in the Garment Centre, which used it for presents to out-of-town buyers. "The idea on that stuff was that it should be as reasonable as possible without killing anybody," Morty says. "It was a good, legitimate dollar." The depression in the garment industry ruined the Music Writers Mutual Publishing Company's business even before repeal and left Morty broke.

The Jollity Building belongs to the estate of an old New York family, and in the twenties the trustees had installed as manager one of the least promising members of the family, a middle-aged, alcoholic Harvard man whom they wanted to keep out of harm's way. Morty had been such a good tenant and seemed so knowing a fellow that the Harvard man offered him a job at $25 a week as his assistant. When the manager ran off with $11,000 in rents and a head he had met in the lobby, Morty took over his job. He has held it ever since. The trustees feel, as one of them has expressed it, that "Mr. Ormont understands the milieu." He now gets $50 a week and two per cent of the total rents, which adds about $2,000 a year to his income.

THE nostalgia Morty often feels for the opportunities of prohibition days is shared by the senior tenant in the building, the proprietor of the Quick Art Theatrical Sign Painting Company, on the sixth floor. The sign painter, a Mr. Hy Sky—a name made up of the first syllable of his first name, Hyman, and the last syllable of a surname which no one can remember—is a bulky, red-faced man who has rented space in the Jollity Building for twenty-five years. With his brother, a lean, sardonic man known as Si Sky, he paints signs and lobby displays for burlesque and movie houses and does odd jobs of lettering for people in all sorts of trades. He is an extremely fast letterer and he handles a large volume of steady business, but it lacks the exhilaration of prohibition years. Then he was sometimes put to work at two o'clock in the morning redecorating a clip joint, so that it could not be identified by a man who had just been robbed of a bankroll and might return with cops the next day. "Was that fun!" Hy howls reminiscently. "And always cash in advance! If the joint had green walls, we would make them pink. We would move the bar opposite to where it was, and if there was booths in the place, we would paint them a different color and change them around. Then the next day, when the cops came in with the sap, they would say, 'Is this the place? Try to remember the side of the door the bar was on as you come in.' The sap would hesitate, and the cops would say, 'I guess he can't indentify the premises,' and they would shove him along. It was a nice, comfortable dollar for me."

Hy has a clinical appreciation of meretricious types which he tries unsuccessfully to arouse in Morty. Sometimes, when Hy has a particularly preposterous liar in his place, he will telephone the renting agent's office and shout, "Morty, pop up and see the character I got here! He is the most phoniest character I seen in several years." The person referred to seldom resents such a description. People in the Jollity Building neighborhood like to be thought of as characters. "He is a real character," they say, with respect, of any fascinatingly repulsive acquaintance. Most promoters are characters. Hy Sky attributes the stability of his own business to the fact that he is willing to "earn a hard dollar." "The trouble with the characters," he says, "is they are always looking for a soft dollar. The result is they knock theirselves out trying too hard to have it easy. So what do they get after all? Only the miss-meal cramps." Nevertheless, it always gives Hy a genteel pleasure to collaborate, in a strictly legitimate way, with any of the promoters he knows. The promoter may engage him to paint a sign saying, "A new night club will open soon on these premises. Concessionaires interested telephone So-and-So at such-and-such a number." The name is the promoter's own, and the telephone given is, as Hy knows, in a booth in the Jollity lobby. The promoter, Hy also knows, will place this sign in front of a vacant night club with which he has absolutely no connection, in the hope that some

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
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LUCILE WATSON • PAUL LUKAS • MADY CHRISTIANS
"Best serious play of season."
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MARTIN BECK W. 45. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
"A ROARING MUSICAL." Atkinson, Times
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6075
Evenings at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
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WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
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THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
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SHUBERT THEATRE, W. 44th St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Most Attractive Couple on Broadway"
—Louis Sobol, Journ.-Amer.
Alfred de Liagre, Jr.,
presents
"Mr. and Mrs. North"
The Comedy Murder Hit
PEGGY CONKLIN ALBERT HACKETT
By Owen Davis from the Lockridge Stories
BELASCO W. 44. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"One of the merriest Broadway events in weeks."—Waldorf, Post
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN
WINDSOR Thea., 157 W. 48th St. PE 6-4891
Eves. 55c-$3.30. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 55c to $2.20
SUNDAY Mat. at 3. SUNDAY Evg. at 8:30

"Enormously funny—side splitting"
—Wm. Lyon Phelps
CHARLEY'S AUNT
By Brandon Thomas
With JOSÉ FERRER
CORT TH., 48th St., E. of B'way
BR 9-0046. Evgs. 8:40. 55c to $3.30
Mats. Wednesday & Saturday at 2:40

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

CENTER THEATRE Rockefeller Center America's First Ice Theatre
Sonja Henie & Arthur Wirtz present
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small hat-check concessionaire with money to invest in a new club will read the sign before someone gets around to removing it and take it seriously. If the concessionaire telephones, the promoter will make an appointment to receive him in a Jollity cubicle borrowed from some other promoter for the occasion and will try to get a couple of hundred dollars as a deposit on the concession. If successful, he will lose the money on a horse in the sixth race at an obscure track in California. The chances of getting any money out of this promotional scheme are exceedingly slight, but the pleasure of the promoter when the device succeeds is comparable to that of a sportsman who catches a big fish on a light line. Contemplation of the ineffectual larceny in the promoter's heart causes Hy to laugh constantly while lettering such a sign. A contributory cause of his laughter is the knowledge that he will receive the only dollar that is likely to change hands in the transaction—the dollar he gets for painting the sign.

Musicians are not characters, in Hy's estimation, but merely a mild variety of phoney. As such, they afford him a tempered amusement. When two impressive band-leaders in large, fluffy overcoats call upon him for a communal cardboard door sign, toward the cost of which each contributes twenty-five cents, he innocently inquires, "How many of you are there in that office?" One of the band-leaders will reply grandiosely, "Oh, we all have separate offices; the sign is for the door to quite a huge suite," Hy laughs so hard he bends double to relieve the strain on his diaphragm. His brother, Si, who lives in continual fear that Hy will die of apoplexy, abandons his work and slaps Hy's back until the crowing abates. "A suite," Hy repeats weakly at intervals for a half-hour afterward, "a huge suite they got, like on the subway at six o'clock you could get." Hy also paints, at an average price of twenty-five cents, cardboard backs for music racks. These pieces of cardboard, whose only function is to identify the band, bear in bright letters its name, which is usually something like Everett Winterbottom's Rhumba Raiders. When a Jollity Building band-leader has acquired a sign for his door and a set of these lettered cardboards, he is equipped for business. If, by some unlikely chance, he gets an engagement, usually to play a weekend in a cabaret in Queens or the Bronx, he hurries out to the curb on Seventh Avenue in front of Charlie's Bar & Grill, where there are always plenty of musicians, and picks up the number of fel-

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lows he requires, generally four. The men tapped go over to Eighth Avenue and get their instruments out of pawn. A musician who owns several instruments usually leaves them all in a pawnshop, ransoming one when he needs it to play a date and putting it back the next day. If, when he has a chance to work, he lacks the money to redeem an instrument, he borrows the money from a Jollity Building six-for-fiver, a fellow who will lend you five dollars if you promise to pay him six dollars within twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, the band-leader looks up a fellow who rents out orchestra arrangements guaranteed to be exact, illegal copies of those one or another of the big bandsmen has exclusive use of. The band-leader puts the arrangements and his cardboards under his arm and goes down to Charlie's to wait for the other musicians to come back from the hock shop. That night Everett Winterbottom's Rhumba Raiders ride again. The only worry in the world the Raiders have, at least for the moment, is that they will have to finish their engagement before a union delegate discovers them and takes away their cards. Each man is going to receive three dollars a night, which is seven dollars below union scale. —A. J. Liebling

(*This is the first of three articles on the Jollity Building. The second will appear next week.*)

•

Tulsa, Okla. (AP)—Just to save you a little tongue-twisting next fall, the name of Head Football Coach Henry Frnka of the University of Tulsa is pronounced Frnka.—*Meridian* (*Miss.*) *Star.*

Thanks, pal.

•

Wanted—Lady as assistant to dentist in South Georgia. Age 25 to 30, small to medium type, attractive and good personality. Must enjoy hunting and fishing and outdoor life. If interested enclose small snapshot in first letter. H. F., 814 Journal. —*Adv. in the Atlanta Journal.*

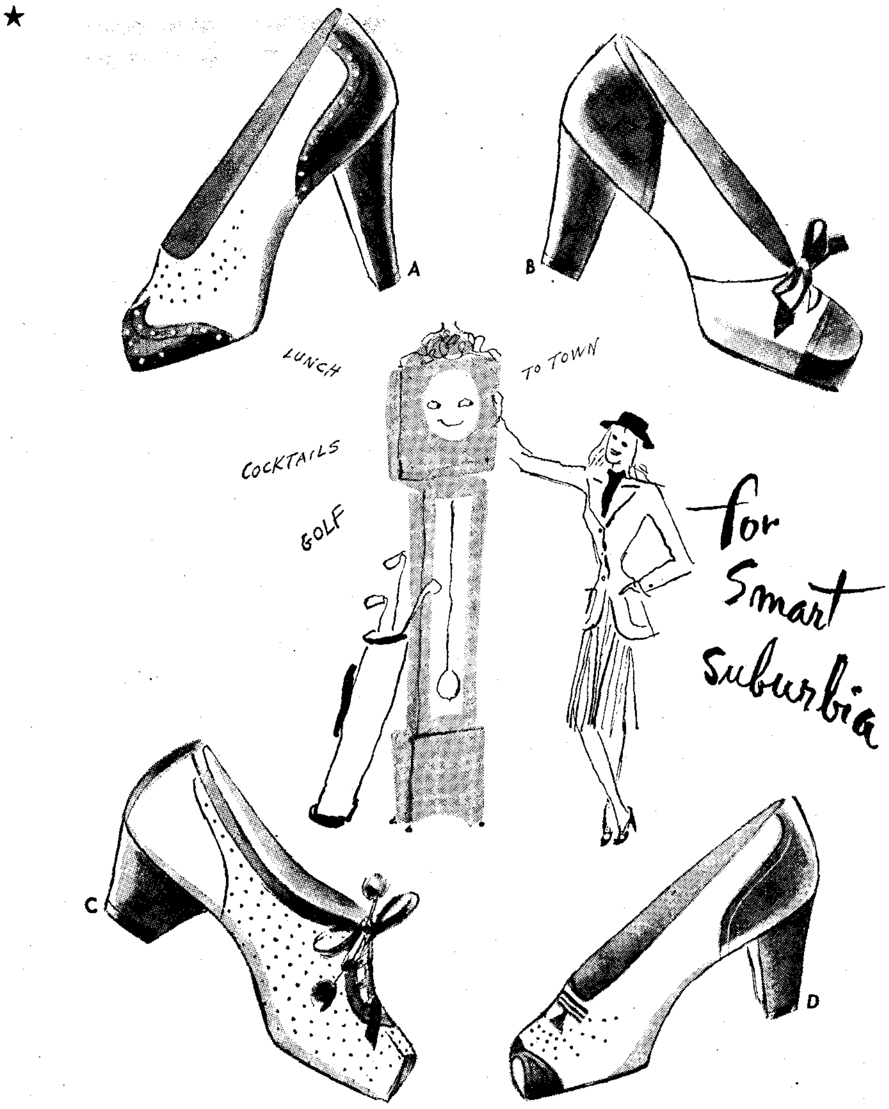
Up, girls! Track the wild caries to its lair.

•

### GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT

[*From "Another Night, Another Day," by John Klempner*]

"You'd better be off with your jaguars. Jaguars. Rat-meat. It's hard to believe. You look too clean. I can see you with a frying-pan and a spotless white waist wondering how to fry an egg. You're a Schrafft girl, vanilla sundae and a copy of the *New Yorker* propped up in front of you."



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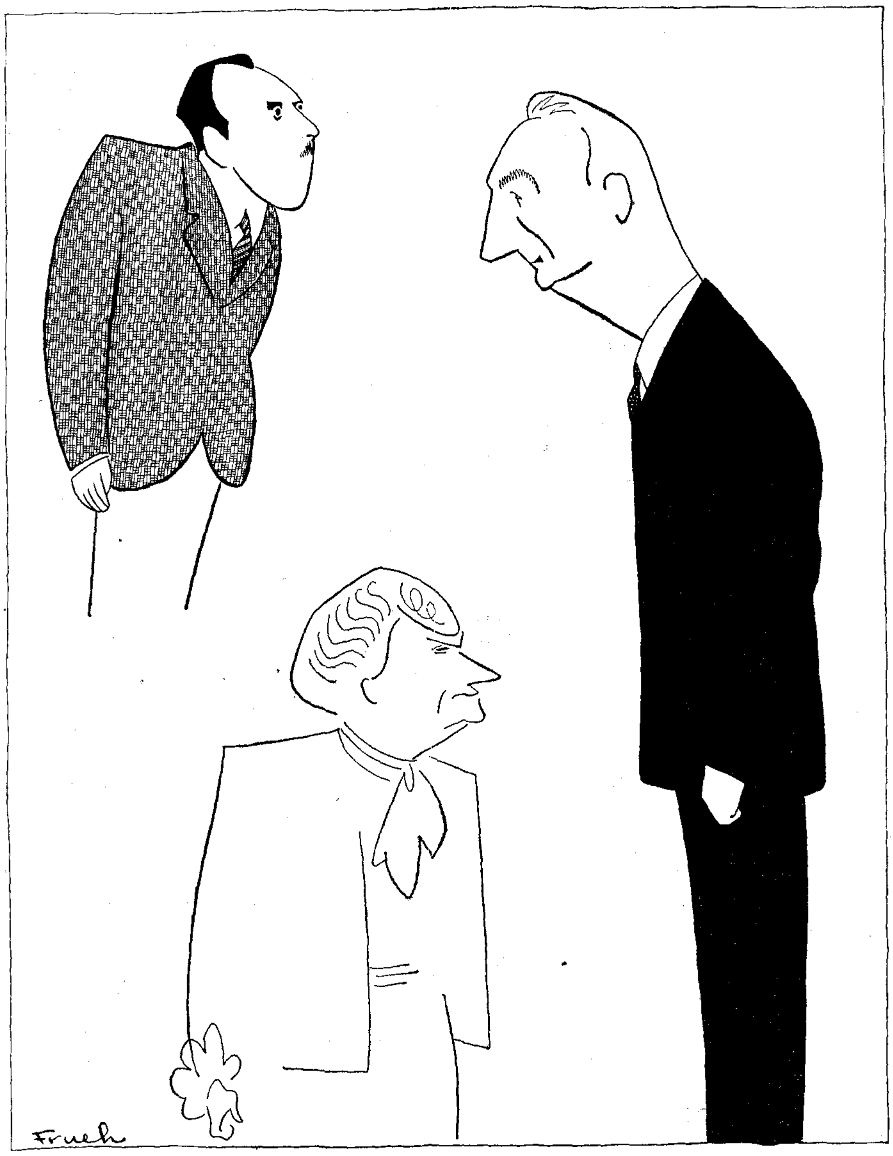
# THE THEATRE

## A PRIMER FOR CRITICS

SEVERAL weeks ago, on this platform and in a dangerously offhand spirit, I discussed some of the basic principles of dramatic criticism. These had to do exclusively with the *social* behavior of the critic at work—his proper conduct, that is, while sitting on his hands, observing the performance; his attitude toward his colleagues and the public between acts; his costume, his diet, and various other matters pertaining strictly to that half of his function which takes place in and around the theatre itself. This week, I would like to talk about the other half—the actual writing of the copy which will be printed and distributed to cultivated people everywhere. As before, there will be ten divisions, and here they are:

I—*The Critics Have a Word for It, or Behrman Is Urbane.* Because of publication deadlines, critical writing usually has to be accomplished at high speed, in a considerable lather of the spirit. This allows little time for the selection of the precise word—the adjective, in most cases, that will define the special quality of some particular talent, pinning its wings for posterity, like a bug on a cork. This midnight struggle for the *mot juste*, this terrible flogging of the static imagination, has driven many critics into retirement; those who have survived have done so by meeting the situation realistically. These farsighted writers, when they sit down to deal with a drama, are already prepared to take care of its personnel, at least as far as the adjectives go, because over the years they have chosen and memorized one definitive word for every man or woman of reasonable prominence in the theatre. Thus, of the playwrights, Mr. S. N. Behrman, as noted in the title of this section, is invariably urbane (to distinguish him from Mr. Philip Barry, who is merely witty), Mr. Eugene O'Neill is brooding, Mr. Noel Coward brittle, Miss Clare Boothe beautiful, Mr. William Saroyan antic, and so on, down to the Irish dramatists, all of whom, except Mr. Bernard Shaw, are tenderhauntingandpoetic, pronounced as one word. Mr. Shaw is impish. Of the actors and actresses, Miss Katharine Cornell, of course, is gracious; Miss Gertrude Lawrence, electric; Miss Helen Hayes, poignant; Mr. Victor Moore, lovable; and all the Barrymores, already legendary. A complete check list of these useful terms, suitable for framing, will be sent postpaid on receipt of a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Miss Carmen Miranda, for whom no adequate word has yet been coined—at least by me.

II—*Once Upon a Time, or the Sneak Preview.* In most publications, theatre reviews are supposed to take up a certain minimum amount of space, and this is often a severe test of the critic's ingenuity, for plays will sometimes come along about which he finds he has absolutely nothing to say. There are several ways of meeting this problem (one man I know seizes such occasions to discuss another play, in which he has some slight personal interest, having written it), but the most popular method is a complete synopsis of the plot, including whatever clever surprise the playwright may have thought up for his final curtain. This material can be introduced as early as the second paragraph and requires almost no preliminary gambit. "The story itself," writes the reviewer, making his mind a blank, "deals with a young couple who have come to New York from Racine, Wisconsin, where he has been employed as congestion manager in a rag works. The city is strange to them, and when she is arrested for peddling narcotics in the Barbizon-



"WATCH ON THE RHINE"

*Here we see George Coulouris, Lucile Watson, and Paul Lukas in the anti-Nazi drama at the Martin Beck. Prophecy from out on a limb: By the time you read this, Lillian Hellman's fine play will have won the Drama Critics' prize.*

Plaza and almost simultaneously discovers that she is pregnant, the husband in desperation telephones Walter Winchell. In the meantime . . ." All this, plus a paragraph saying that Miss Haila Stoddard is poignant and electric as the girl, Mr. John Emery poignant and electric as the boy, and everybody else adequate and electric in minor rôles, fills up two pages, and by 12:45 the critic is usually able to slope off quietly to a bar, his duty done.

III—*Songs of Social Significance, or God Bless Chiang Kai-shek.* Too often dramatists, a cynical crew, are in the racket merely for the dough and write plays as barren of moral or political content as Fannie Farmer's cookbook. It is up to the conscientious critic to remedy this situation. One good system involves the use of the hothouse parallel, or arbitrary coincidence, in which the writer points out that at the very instant that Mary is playing Chopin to Desmond in the conservatory forty-seven workmen are trapped in a coal mine in Tennessee. The clear implication is that Mary and Desmond ought to get right down there and dig them out, and it is certainly a stinging rebuke to the playwright and maybe even to Chopin for wasting his time on piano music. The best trick, however, is to credit the play with a secondary level on which the author's real purpose becomes apparent. The discovery that his neat little bedroom farce is in reality a ringing denunciation of capitalistic morality may astonish the innocent author, but this obviously isn't the critic's fault.

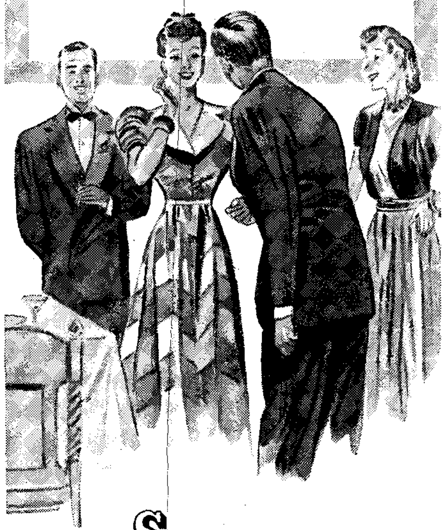
IV—*The Dissenting Opinion, or What Makes Horse Races.* It would be a very dull world, I'm sure, if everybody always saw eye to eye with everybody else, and the critic owes it to himself and his readers to come up with a startling disagreement at least once every season. Naturally, there are two choices available here. Either he can dislike and attempt to dismantle some brave and tender old piece of junk that all his colleagues are busily grooming for immortality or else he can salvage some little job that they have tossed in the ash can and jam his own personal laurels down over its ears. Both are almost equally satisfactory and if the box-office figures happen to bear him out in the end, he automatically becomes a major prophet and can ask for more dough.

V—*Tongues of Angels, or Please Come Off the Roof.* Style in the dramatic critic is a somewhat dubious blessing. Because of the rapidity with which he is obliged to compose, the writer can hardly expect to achieve both symmetrical prose and rational substance; it is either lovely balderdash or stumbling logic, seldom both. A review, for instance, that begins "Far away and very long ago, in the time of the last of the Caesars, there lived a woman whose rueful incandescence was destined to survive two thousand years" is hot stuff all right, but the chances are that it isn't going to be *about* very much. The critic in this case has decided to sacrifice information to syntax, and you can be reasonably sure that he is sitting at a desk where he can watch himself in the mirror. On the other hand, if the first sentence reads " 'Minnie Gaspard,' a drama by Adam Fox and Hugh Gimbel, directed and produced by F. Douglas Windboy, opened last night at the Bandbox, with a cast headed by Gloria Bosquette and St. Clair Cummery," you are in for some pretty grim reading, but you will probably wind up with most of the facts. Some readers love beautiful words, strung like pearls; others are simply in the market for theatre tickets and want to find out what's what. You can't please them both. It is a very tough business.

VI—*Critics Should Be Heard but Not Seen, or Please Stick to the Subject.* A poet of sinister perception, writing in this magazine, once laid his finger on a very disquieting characteristic of the reviewer at work:

> The critic leaves at curtain fall
>   To find, in starting to review it,
> He scarcely saw the play at all
>   For watching his reaction to it.

The average worker in the dark vineyard, in fact, is usually conscious of two plays—the one on the stage and the one represented by the behavior of his own arrogant and subtle mind. His temptation is to give the second a considerably better notice than the first, but this ought to be resisted. For some reason or other, readers just aren't interested in how critics arrive at their opinions. What burning memory of the past, for instance, what sad old scar makes Mr. X so skittish in the presence of plays touching on adultery is usually a matter of indifference to the public, though probably of the deepest interest to Mr. X himself. And the fact that Mr. Y, confronted with a Chinaman on the stage, is irresistibly reminded of his own travels in the mysterious East may charm fewer readers than he ever dreams. The average subscriber, mousing through a column on the drama, has no real wish to grapple with its author's personality or



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to listen to his reminiscences. He has to go through enough of that kind of stuff with his wife's friends.

VII—*The Black Arts, or Fools Rush In.* Very often, in the theatre, the curtain will go up to reveal a room differing in no important respects from a sample exhibit in the window of a furniture store, but the audience will applaud as if it had suddenly been vouchsafed a private glimpse of the powder room in the Taj Mahal. On other occasions, a female character will appear in a costume by no means as rich or peculiar as twenty to be observed in the first three rows of the orchestra, but she too will get her brief ovation. These are two of the small but exasperating mysteries that make a dramatic critic's life the burden that it is. It is up to him, in the pursuit of his duty, to comment on both scenery and costumes, but since he is neither an interior decorator nor a dressmaker, his remarks are usually very silly indeed and just serve to amuse all the pretty, sardonic ladies and the delicate young men who really know something about these recondite subjects. The only safe procedure that I can think of is a cautious retreat into generalities. "Greymalkin's settings contributed effectively to the sombre mood of Mr. Ramlett's play" is a good standard evasion when you're talking about scenery, and "Ilonka Fraschetti's gowns had a brilliant pictorial quality" ought to take care of the girls' dresses. As far as I know, neither of these statements means anything at all.

VIII—*The Hen or the Egg, or Who Does What?* To the unseasoned critic, the director's function is frequently at least as baffling as the scenery and costumes. A dramatist I know told me the other night about an unsettling experience he had during a rehearsal of his own most recent play. He was sitting in the dark auditorium beside his director when suddenly he observed that the man seemed to be on the edge of strangulation.

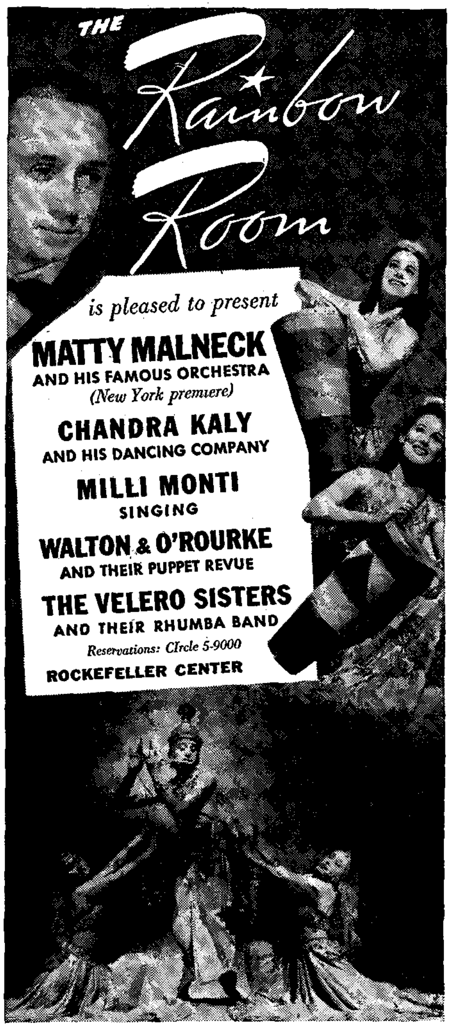
"What's the matter with *you?*" our friend asked anxiously. "You sick or something?"

"Certainly I'm sick!" yelled the director. "Look at that guy up there. Do you see what he's doing?"

The playwright looked up at the stage, where an actor was running through his part. Aside from that, he didn't seem to be doing anything in particular.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Matter with him?" gasped the director. "He is committing a cold-blooded, deliberate, ghastly, god-damn mur-



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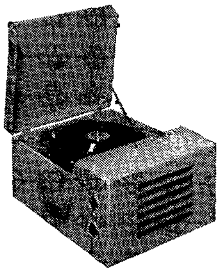

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der, that's what's the matter with him. *He's out of the triangle!*"

"Oh," said our friend.

If it illustrates anything, this aimless anecdote goes to show that there is more to the theatre than meets the casual eye, and the point where the actor leaves off and the director begins, or vice versa, is at best a matter of considerable guesswork with the critic. This problem, too, should be approached discreetly by writers who don't wish to seem uninformed to the people of the theatre, on the whole a vicious and unscrupulous crew when it comes to reprisals. "Tobias Gregg's direction, as usual, was crisp and imaginative" won't get you in any trouble, except with people who happen to think it stinks, and it is permissible to say he handles his crowds well, if there are any. Anything beyond that, however, is taking a chance, and anything at all about choreography is plain suicide.

IX—*Shakespeare and Stuff, or Hats Off, the Bard Is Passing By!* Foreign dramatists, both the quick and the dead, have to be handled with mittens, but Shakespeare is the worst, and it is a reckless critic who will admit publicly that his life would still be supportable even if he never saw another Capulet. The commentators of more than three hundred years have picked the bones of the plays themselves moderately clean, but each revival is a ringing challenge to every reviewer's theatrical erudition. Like the horrible little guessing games that sprang up all over during the prohibition era, every new performance of one of the Bard's major works calls for a complete list, with comparative analysis, of all the actors who have ever played important parts in it, and, in the profession, a critic stands or falls by the number he can reel off without stopping. This, of course, is especially true of "Hamlet," any man who hasn't seen at least seven versions of this work obviously being a literary nonesuch who ought to be out covering fires. Whether or not the public appreciates the vast amount of Shakespearean research that is done on its behalf, however, is hard to say. Once, in a spirit of sacrilege, I named my own nine favorite Hamlets, suggesting that they might get up a ball team. The list was composed of Forbes-Robertson, Mantell, Hampden, Barrymore, Gielgud, Howard, Tinker, Evans, and Chance, and after a dusty afternoon in the Library, the most scholarly of the *New Yorker* proofreaders came back to report that as far as existing records showed neither Mr. Tinker nor Mr. Chance had ever played Hamlet in his life. It may therefore

Paul Brown '41

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be that the average reader doesn't know or care much one way or the other about the glorious traditions of the English-speaking stage. The *aficionados* are something else, though. Get funny with the Swan of Avon and they will snatch you bald-headed. I know.

X—*Kneel to the Prettiest, or Oscars Aweigh!* Somewhere in town the eighteen gentlemen and the solitary lady of the New York Drama Critics Circle met this week in a smoke-filled room in a hotel. They were assembled to choose the best play of the season, presumably Miss Lillian Hellman's "Watch on the Rhine," although, as I write this, Mr. William Saroyan's entry is still snorting at the post. In a week or two another group, the Pulitzer Prize Committee, will gather for the same purpose, and their choice may well be "Claudia," a clean, high-minded little piece, very suitable indeed for elderly gentlemen of a sentimental turn of mind. In the end, if you persist in following a career which can never lead to any good and whose practitioners are usually buried by their relatives furtively and late at night, you too will be confronted with this same responsibility. There is little I can do to guide you in your moment of terror and uncertainty. "Best," as employed by the gray brothers on the aisle, is a hard word to define. It doesn't mean the play at which the largest number of people are apt to have the most fun, or even the one at which the critic himself has been lifted most effectively out of criticism and into a state which might conceivably pass for pleasure. It means, as nearly as anything so intangible can be caught in print, the drama which most closely approximates a composite picture of the critical mind; that is, it may be daring but not vulgar, original but not eccentric, witty but not cynical, indignant but not subversive, dramatic but not lurid. Obviously, a very fine play, such as "Watch on the Rhine," can fulfill all these conditions. On the other hand, an equally fine one might violate most of them. The fallacy of criticism lies somewhere in this paradox. The trouble with the whole strange business, children, is that it has so very little to do with entertainment. I think that will be all for the moment. Write on one side of the paper. Try to keep your noses clean.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Tampa Tribune*]

The many friends of Margaret Phillipoff will regret to hear that she is to be married in Miami during April.

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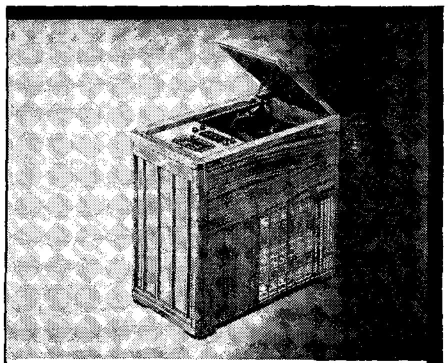

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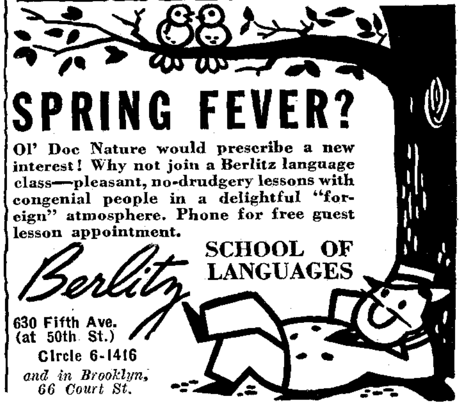

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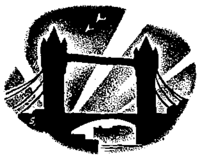
# LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 20 (BY CABLE)

NAZI successes seem to have a way of coinciding with those rare and enchanting spells when England really does look like a demi-paradise and not a waterlogged island where nine-tenths of the population have colds in the head. Last year's climatically perfect June was soured for Britons by what was happening in France; this year's April is clouded in much the same way by what is happening in Greece and North Africa, especially Greece. There are other points of similarity, too, which are distracting the attention of the English from the announcement by daffodils in the London parks and cuckoos in Surrey woods that summer is icumen in—with what seasonable unpleasantness few are anxious to predict.



In the new mood of criticism that is the inevitable hangover from the biggest optimistic jag the nation has had for many months, there has been a tendency to resent the supposedly soothing official formula, also dug up from last June's files, explaining that the rapid German advance (in North Africa, this time) would be braked very soon by difficulties of supply. Those with long memories weren't really surprised by the subsequent disclosure that *Panzer* divisions had romped to the Egyptian borders. Because there had to be a scapegoat for the deep public uneasiness and because most observers felt that Wavell didn't deserve to be it, the present machinery of news censorship has come in for a large share of the castigation. Not unnaturally people feel that they are entitled to have the facts, however unpleasant, released with the swift professional competence displayed by the German propaganda machine. Although it is gratifying to know that the British press is free, unhappily it is often through the brisk statements of the notoriously shackled enemy that Londoners first get wind of some setback, which is announced here only after the sacred pause for official cud-chewing. There was grumbling, too, over the way the presence of a considerable German mechanized force in Libya was announced abruptly to a startled public, in the manner of someone who has just discovered a sinister-looking bundle under a gooseberry bush, and the result of cloaking it in polite mystery has been to strengthen a crop of rumors as to how it got there. If tanks and the full paraphernalia for mechanized warfare could be slipped so neatly across one bit of water, the British, looking at the Channel sparkling behind barbed-wire barricades, quite naturally ask themselves whether it couldn't be done just as neatly across another bit.

ALTOGETHER, the handling of the Libyan news has been as inept as the official air-raid statements, which still breezily announce that casualties caused by this bombardment or that were "not unduly heavy." No such phrase was used, however, to describe last Wednesday's casualties, which will probably make a new and tragic record when the tired rescue squads finally finish getting the bodies out of the wreckage. Official taciturnity about the names of victims (even obituary notices inserted by relatives in the newspapers cannot give the actual date of an air-raid victim's death but only the month in which it occurred) broke down to the queer extent of allowing the release of the news that two peers and a crooner had perished. Blind fatalism was probably as good a refuge as any on that night, in which death was democratically making no social distinctions. In many cases, well-built shelters deep down beneath expensive brick and concrete proved little better than the kitchen tables under which humble families stoically crouched and listened to hell breaking loose around them. Damage was so nearly universal that owners of premises with unbroken windows, though relieved, felt a trifle guilty as they explained to less fortunate neighbors that they couldn't imagine how they had escaped. The only inspiriting thing about the whole ghastly business was to see how people took up life again next day, performing such simple acts of faith as shopping, taking in a movie, struggling to work by buses that had to go on endless detours around torn-up streets, and buying spring flowers from hawkers who set up their defiantly gay barrows on pitches glittering with powdered glass.

It would be useless to minimize the fact that the past week has been a bad one for the British, probably the worst since the collapse of France. People say "We got over it then. We shall get over it again," which isn't a hopeful statement but just a statement. Already the national talent for standing disappointment better than any other nation in the world is stiffening the public to meet further sharp losses, which seem to be regarded as practically inevitable. As a

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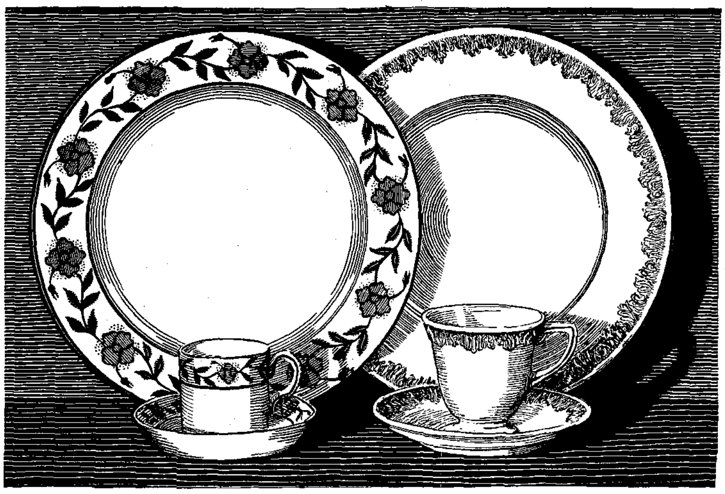

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nation, the British wear disaster more gracefully than they do victory, and the thorny crown is only a little more uncomfortable this time because of the recent shouting over the laurels which the Libyan and Eritrean conquests were making so beguilingly familiar.

Incidentally, one of the few wryly funny developments of the last apprehensive days has been the triumph of the members of the British Israel World Federation, a society which believes that the British are the lost tribe of Israel and that the world's destiny can be mapped out in a series of half-mathematical, half-mystical calculations based on the proportions of the inner chambers of the Great Pyramids. According to the British Israelites, it is written in the Pyramids that England will triumph in this war after a series of shattering blows which includes the loss of Egypt. As Wavell's troops swept toward Tripoli, it seemed as though the *Pyramids* had backed the wrong horse, so far as the fate of Egypt was concerned; now that he has had to retreat, members of the society must be having a hard time deciding whether to be British Israelite and mournfully knowing or simply British and plain mournful.

ON the whole, though, there is little to laugh at and plenty to worry about these days. There are money headaches for millions of small-income earners in the budget, which nearly all Britons, once they had got their breath back, approved of as at last being stiff enough. There is speculation over what Japan may be going to do and what Turkey may not be going to do. Overwhelmingly, there is grief over the fate of Greece. Anyone who has taken an escapist dip into Victor Hugo lately must have found a sad topicality in his poem about the Greek boy sitting alone among the sacked ruins of the island of Chios. Maybe you remember that the poet asked the boy what gift would make him smile again—whether it would be flowers, beautiful fruit, or a singing bird—and the child replied, "*Ami, je veux de la poudre et des balles.*" It is for lack not of brave hearts but of the modern equivalent of powder and shot that millions of Greek and Yugoslav and English boys today have a perfectly sound reason to be unsmiling. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

She wore a shoulder corsage of gardenias and blue shoes.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Sounds flighty.

# OF ALL THINGS

THE papers continue to give us only disheartening dispatches about the Balkan war. What this country needs is some good three-cent news.

•

If the President's words have not awakened us to the gravity of our situation, the plan to raise another three and a half billion dollars should do the trick. Taxes speak louder than words.

•

Adolf Hitler, at fifty-two, represents an amazing success story. A poor country boy by hard work and clean living becomes the most hated man in the world.

•

Only time will reveal the real meaning of the Russo-Japanese peace pact. Just whom do the two countries expect to be peaceful against?

•

France gives notice of her intention to withdraw from the League of Nations. This action brings poignant memories of the happy days when both parties were prominent.

•

Mayor LaGuardia maintains a cryptic attitude on the third-term question. This is probably good political technique, and somehow vaguely familiar.

•

Leon Henderson has been given the job of keeping prices under control. The danger is that the cost of living may go up before you can say "Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply."

•

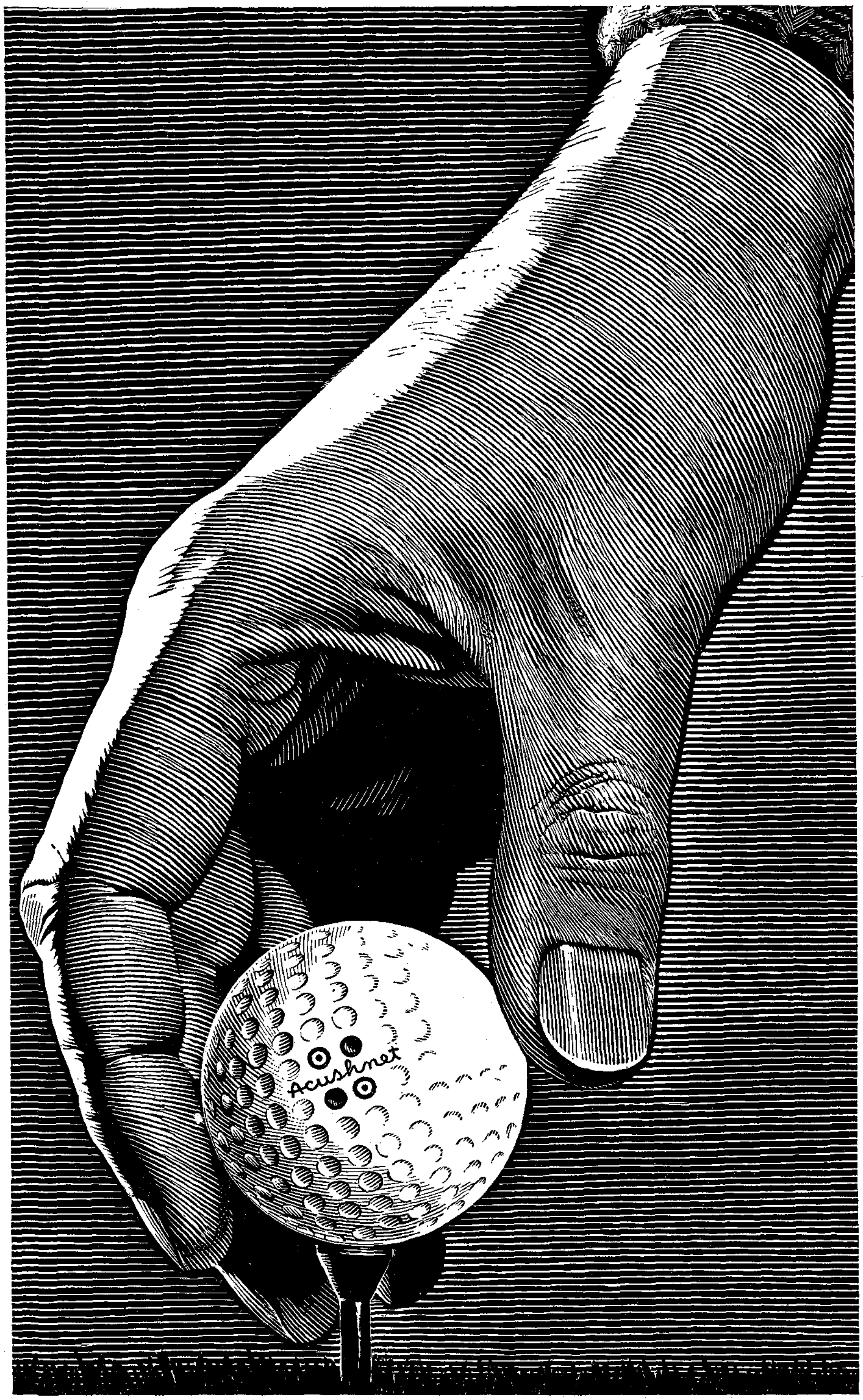
It is good news that Wendell Willkie is about to open a law office here. We like to feel that he will always be a New Yorker between campaigns.

•

The motor industry offers us an opportunity to make sacrifices in the interest of national defence. We shall be asked to get along for a while with those funny old 1942 models.

•

Yorkville is running low on certain German products. Cuckoo clocks are getting scarce, but there is still no actual suffering. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



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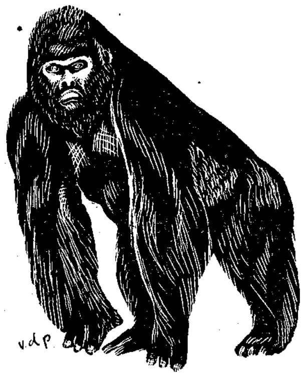
## ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS A BENEFICIAL ONE

WHEN William McChesney Martin was elected president of the New York Stock Exchange in 1938 at an annual salary of $48,000, I was delighted, because Mr. Martin, like myself, never wore a hat. For years I had been parrying the thrusts of well-meaning relatives and friends who assured me that I would never get anywhere without a hat. “Look at you!” they would say, waving their hats at me. “Don’t you ever want to be respectable?” After Mr. Martin’s appointment, their taunts subsided, although they kept remarking that even with a hat it was doubtful whether I would ever earn as much as $10,000 a year. Feeling that Martin was a kindred spirit, I followed his career attentively, and I was disturbed to read, not long after he became associated with the world of securities and exchange, that he had taken to wearing a hat. The official story was that he had done so voluntarily, but I refused to believe it. I suspected that he had been forced to yield to pressure from financial interests and that under the circumstances his relations with the Exchange would be anything but permanent. Well, he resigned last week. It has been stated, and not denied by Martin, that the primary reason for his quitting was his induction into the Army, but I regard that as merely a convenient excuse. The real reason, I’m convinced, is that determinedly hatless men simply cannot get along with stocks and bonds.

Take my case. At a large luncheon party one day early in 1939, I met a glib broker who was not only a habitual hat-wearer but was also partial to detachable cuffs, and I happened to remark that I had accumulated some petty cash from the sale of an old coin collection. He said that he knew of an excellent buy on the market. “Keep it under your hat,” he whispered annoyingly. Well, before I knew exactly what had happened I had commissioned him to get me fifty shares of common stock of the North American Company. He was so enthusiastic about the venture that I became completely muddled, and, thinking wildly that he had just consented to do me a substantial favor, I grabbed the luncheon check and insisted upon paying it—a reckless gesture which set me back only a little bit more than the total amount of my first year’s dividends.

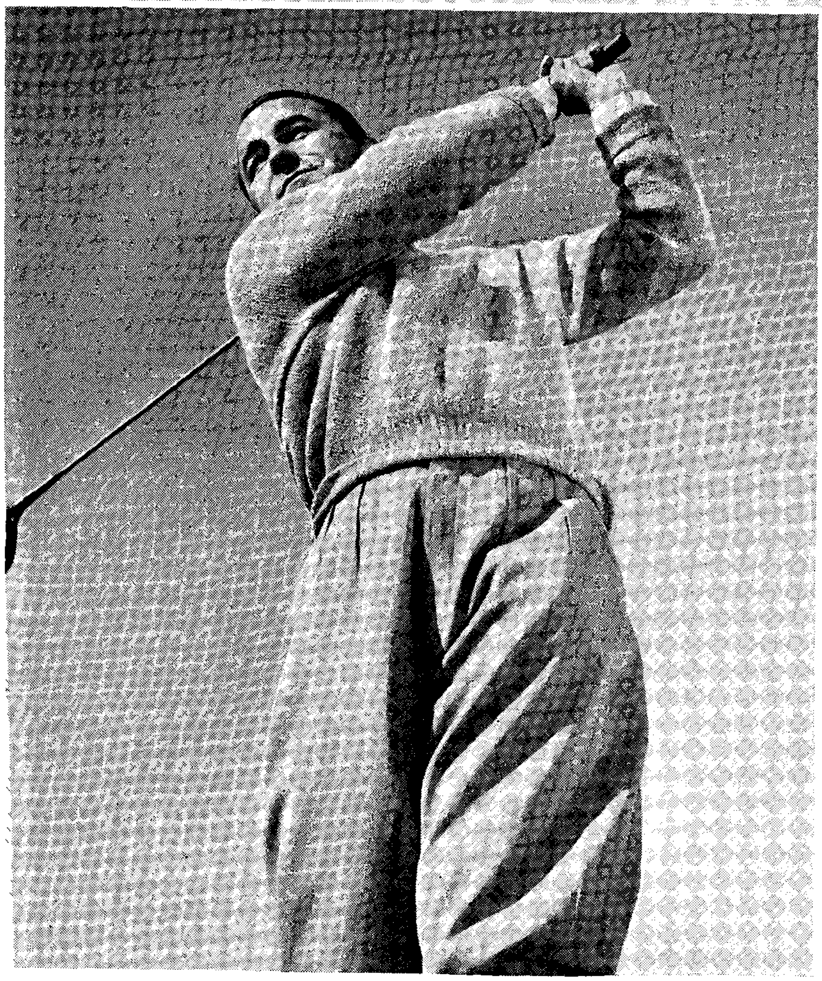


For a few months everything went all right. It’s true, of course, that the day after I acquired my stock the price dropped a point and a half and has regrettably failed to climb back, but, as any poker player will tell you, you can’t fill an inside straight every hand. I received an occasional modest dividend check, which never ceased to be a merry surprise, and I scarcely gave North American a moment’s thought until December 4, 1939, when I was informed that I was to receive, evidently in reward for the sporting interest I had shown in the company, “a special dividend . . . in the form of Certificates for Participating Units of Beneficial Ownership of Common Stock of Washington Railway and Electric Company, a subsidiary.” Reading on, I learned that each participating unit “will represent beneficial ownership of 1/40th of a share of Common Stock of $100 par value of Washington Railway and Electric Company, and the special dividend is payable at the rate of one Participating Unit for each 50 shares of North American Common Stock.” Three weeks later a beautiful, black-and-orange certificate arrived.

IT took me only a few weeks to gather that there was going to be nothing notably beneficial about my participation in Washington Railway and Electric. I was sitting around one day wondering idly how I would look in a hat when I received a dividend check for my participating unit in the amount of twenty-five cents. There was nothing small, however, about the size of the paper the check was printed on; indeed, it was so large that I had difficulty fitting it into my wallet, which is constructed to accommodate average-size checks. Finally, cramming the check in at the expense of my driver’s licence and a snapshot of an old girl of mine, I carried it to my bank and took my place in a long line of depositors, just behind a small boy who was clutching a two-dollar bill. When he got to the receiving teller’s cage, he slipped in his nest egg and said, “My uncle gave me this because I was a good boy.” “Well, well,” said the teller. A moment later my turn came. The teller

# "MY BEER IS THE DRY BEER!"

SAYS **GENE SARAZEN**



1. **Gene Sarazen,** one of golfdom's greatest, says: "Nothing under the sun beats a good round of golf for handing a man a cottonmouth *thirst.*"

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EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

2. **"My favorite approach** then," continues Gene, "is to the foaming rim of a good, cold glass of *Rheingold — the* DRY *Beer!*"

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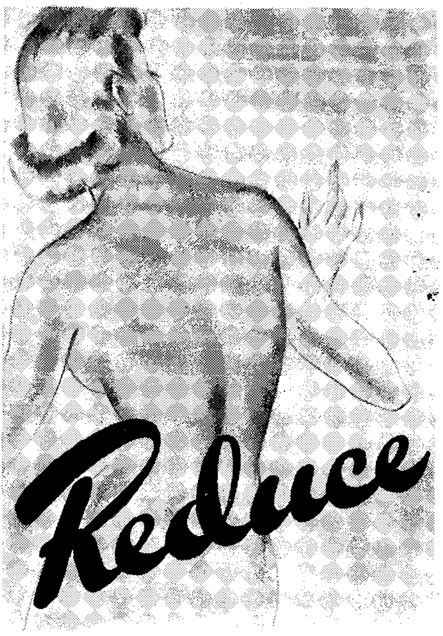
looked at my check with amazement after I had thrust it sheepishly across the counter. "*Well*," he said, "and weren't we the bad little boy this week." I slunk off dejectedly, hoping that my next check would be for some imposing amount, like seventy-five cents.

The twenty-five-cent checks kept coming. I slipped the second one surreptitiously into the back of a Department of Sanitation truck, figuring that I could thus save myself a lot of trouble and embarrassment. Then I started to fret about the effect such an action might have on the company's books, and rather than be the unwitting cause of an SEC investigation, I resolved to cash my checks. I mailed the next few to my bank in plain envelopes.

If nothing further had happened, I might have kept silent about North American and its pesky subsidiary. Things have happened, though. In the past few weeks I have received a number of upsetting communications from my companies. One of these communications bewildered me by revealing that the North American Company, despite having total assets of $302,189,789, owns only one dollar's worth of "office furniture and miscellaneous property." Another, just as confusing, disclosed that among the executives of Washington Railway and Electric are George M. Thompson, who is secretary and assistant treasurer, and Robert W. Wilson, who is treasurer and assistant secretary. An arrangement like that can hardly be beneficial to anyone, involving, as it inevitably must, an everlasting battle for occupational preëminence. I shudder to think how much participating money of mine has been wasted while Mr. Thompson, in his capacity as secretary, ordered his assistant to run downstairs and get him a pack of cigarettes just as Mr. Wilson, acting as treasurer, ordered *his* assistant to fetch him a lemon coke with fresh lemon. That's the sort of byplay that keeps a man's dividend checks down to two figures with a decimal point in front of them.

My most provoking communication was from neither of these gentlemen but from Mr. E. L. Shea, president of the North American Company, who, as we stockholders are occasionally reminded on balance sheets, nicks us for a tidy $75,000 a year. For a moment his message cheered me immensely. After a few words about the Public Utility Holding Act and North American's intention to play ball with it, he said, "It is . . . apparent that any such plan will not permit us to retain in-



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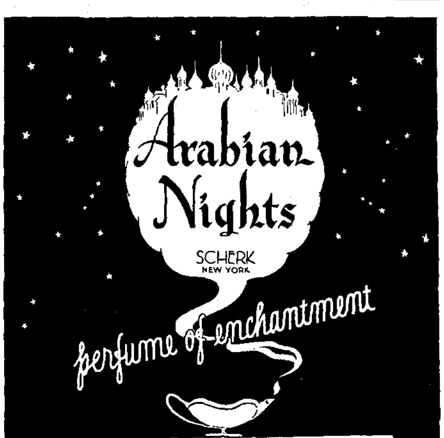

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definitely our present interest in Washington Railway and Electric Company." Fine, I thought; the chief is fixing things up at last. But the next paragraph knocked this pretty thought clean out of my head. "We believe," it said, "that the best way for the North American Company to move towards divesting itself of control of the Washington Railway and Electric Company is to pay the dividends on North American common stock for the current year in the form of quarterly distributions of Washington stock." I should have known there was a trick to it.

Now I am saddled with 2/40ths of a share of stock and entitled to receive a few square yards' worth of, I presume, fifty-cent checks, of which I am no fonder, in principle, than I am of twenty-five-cent checks. I wouldn't want to say flatly that North American is trying to pass the buck to its innocent stockholders and slyly blame the New Deal for it, but if North American didn't want to control Washington Railway and Electric itself, why the hell did it get us mixed up with it in the first place? I certainly do not deem myself competent to assist, even in a minor capacity, in the management of an electric railway, which is what I suppose I own 2/40ths of a share of common stock of. If North American persists much longer in this ungallant way, I am not going to hold myself responsible for my actions. When the Washington electric railway hurtles off the rails, tell the cops to look for a medium-size *saboteur*, slightly demented, walking along the roadbed and kicking every twentieth tie out of line. Probably be muttering savagely to himself and wearing a paper hat made of old beneficial participating units.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

## NOTE ON JONAH AND THE WHALE

The whale swallowed Jonah,
  So the story runs,
A very small mouthful;
  The whale weighed tons.

But Jonah, though tiny,
  Disturbed the great fish;
Eaten raw, Jonah
  Made a tough dish.

The whale belched forth Jonah
  After two days or three;
The tale has a moral
  Which Hitler can't see.

—IRWIN EDMAN

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A lot of people still hold onto the now-outdated idea that a car of the Buick LIMITED'S size automatically stops every time it comes to a gasoline pump.

Just to disprove that, we make this suggestion:

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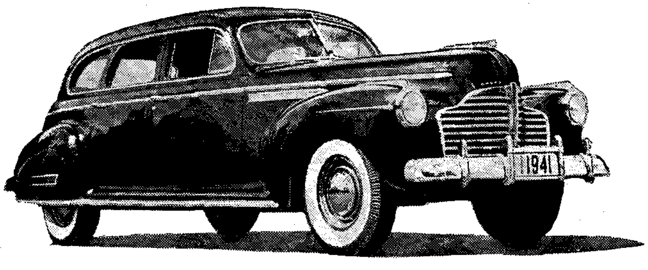

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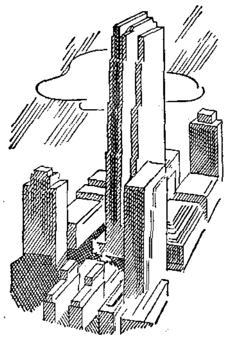

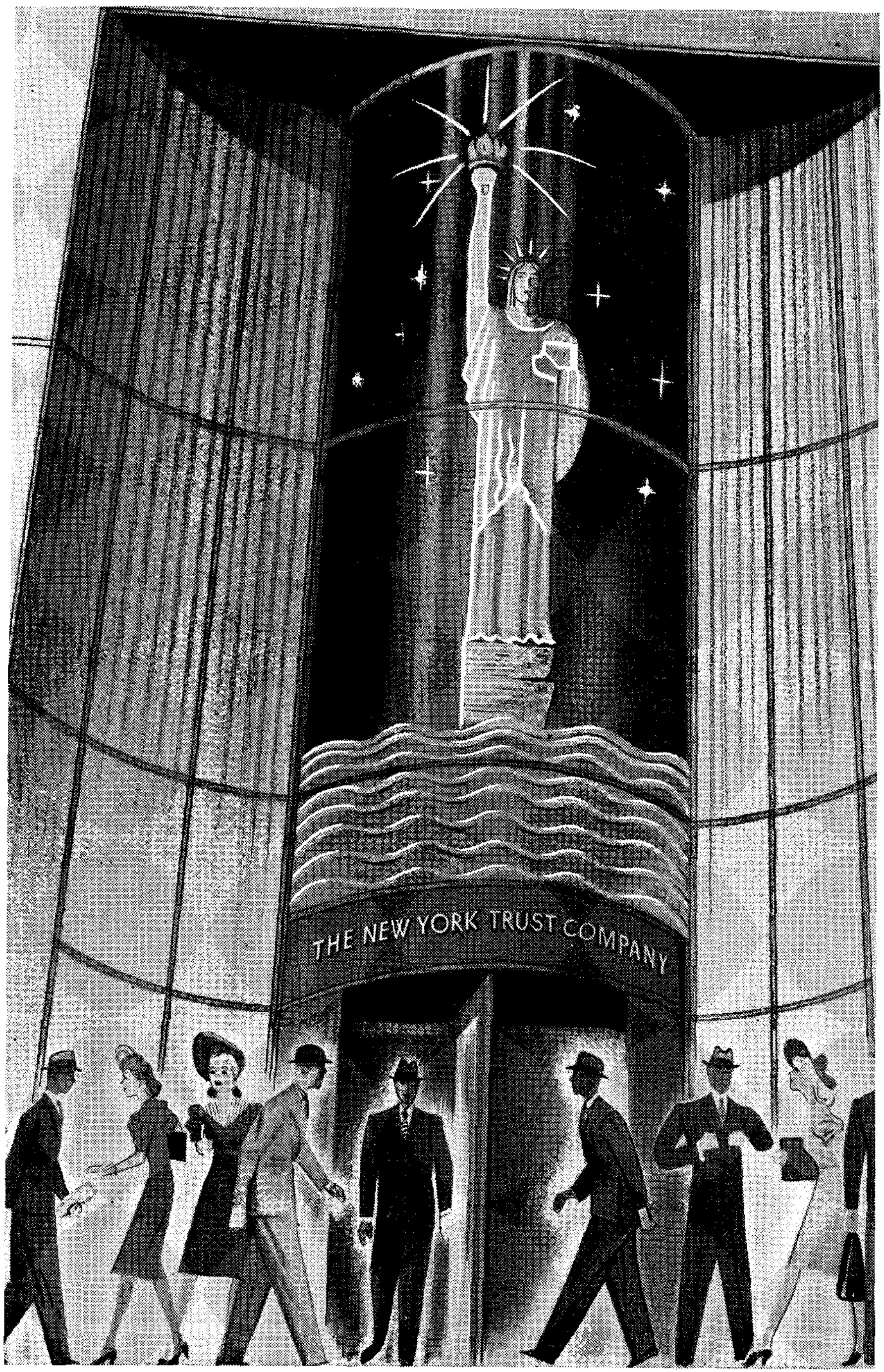
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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## EIGHTY-FIVE DAYS FROM LEXINGTON AVENUE

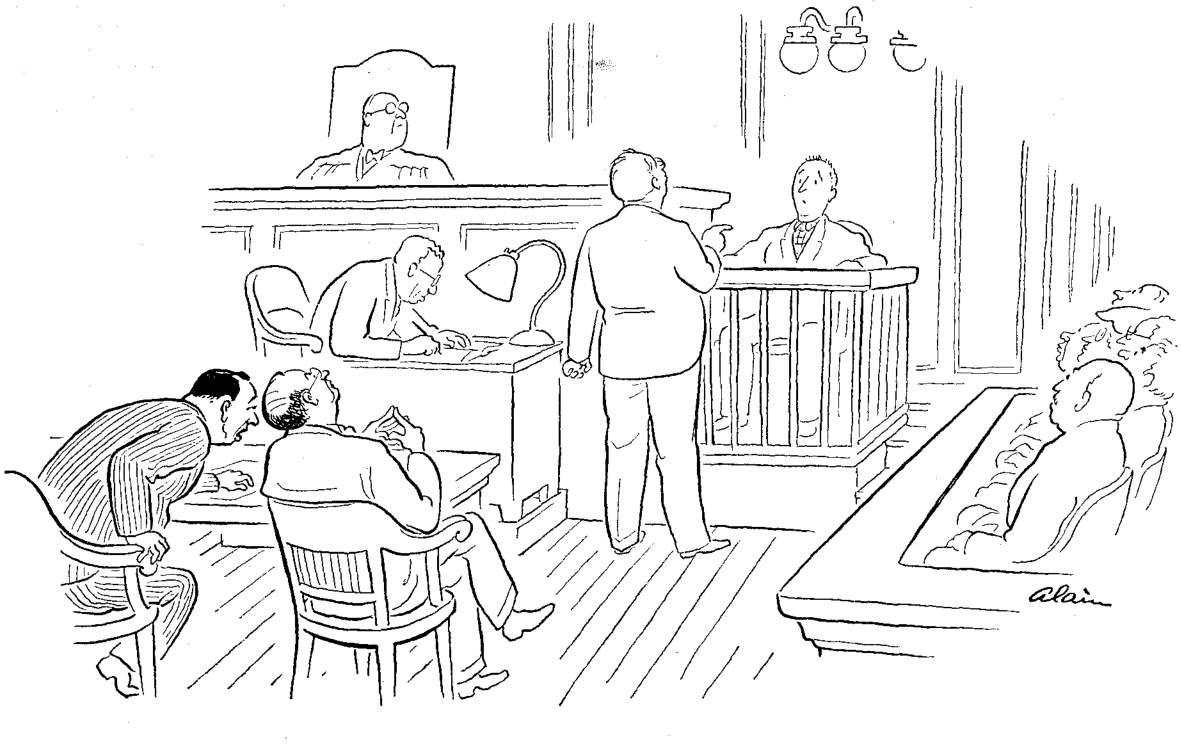
LAST November, from a base in the Lake Chad region of French Equatorial Africa, General Charles de Gaulle, the Free French leader, sent over word to the British American Ambulance Corps headquarters here that he needed twenty ambulances and twenty men to drive them. The Corps, which since last June has been raising funds at its offices on the sixth floor of the Graybar Building to send England not only auto ambulances but also amphibian airplane ambulances for rescue work in the Channel, quickly arranged to buy the twenty ambulances, which cost $950 apiece and are equipped with four stretchers and a two-way radio. To get drivers, however, was more of a problem. The Corps had never tried that before. By the middle of February, it had nevertheless managed to round up the men and had started them off on a training course in how to be an ambulance driver in Africa.

About two weeks before General de Gaulle's ambulance unit was due to sail, I visited its training school, a small, bare room a few floors below the Corps offices. I arrived there about nine-thirty in the morning and was met by one of the drivers in the unit, a man named Frederick Hoeing, who had been asked by the Corps to act as my guide. No one else was at the school. "They're all going to meet at ten o'clock over at the Advertising Club this morning, and we'll pick them up there," Hoeing said. "A club official we know gave us permission to use one of the larger rooms for a marching drill. One of the fellows who drove in France last summer says that French officers have a passion for reviews, and we don't want to look sloppy when we get to Lake Chad."

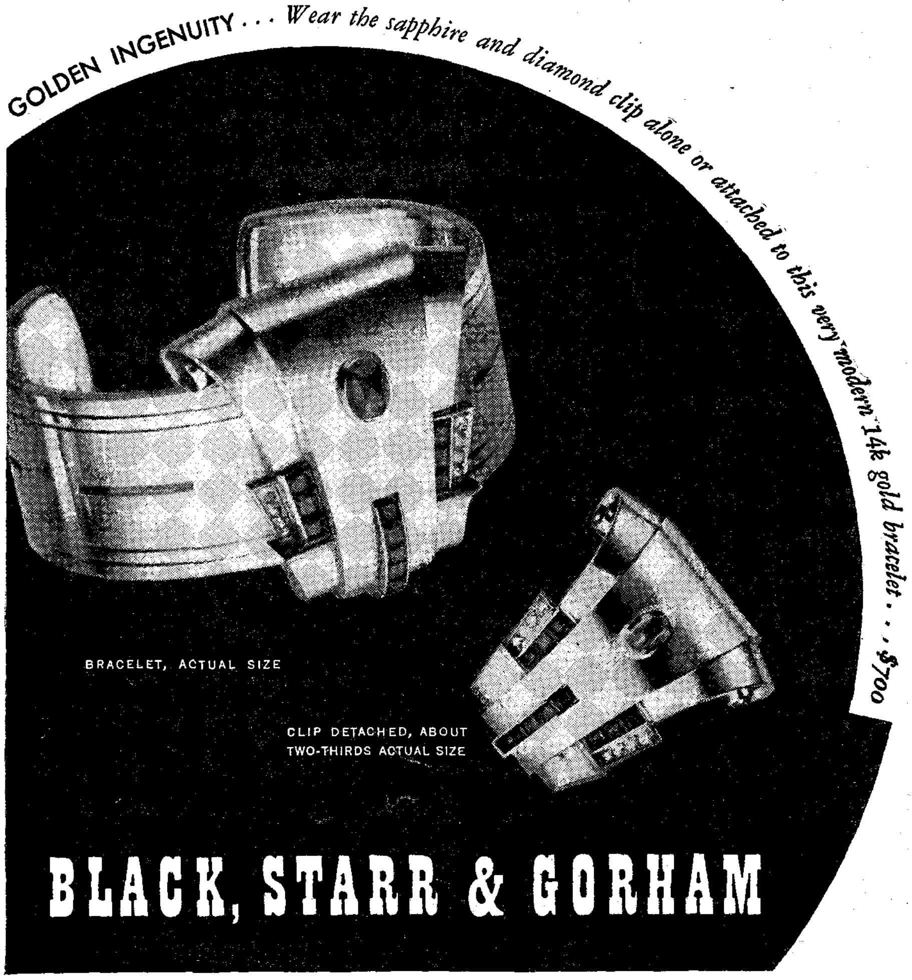
We had a half-hour to kill, so Hoeing, a tall, precise man of around thirty, a history instructor on leave of absence from Harvard, thought he might as well tell me something about the group and its undertaking. To begin with, I was catching the last day of the training course. The men had begun four weeks before and were breaking up that night to spend some time with their families before sailing. The curriculum had been rather simple, he said. The men had been given a course in first aid by the Red Cross, then had learned from a mechanic supplied by General Motors, the manufacturers of their ambulances, how to operate the five-speed gearshifts of their machines, and had received instruction in French from two professors on the Columbia faculty.

The requirements had been neither too severe nor too rigidly enforced. The men were supposed to be between twenty-one and thirty-five, but one nineteen-year-old and two thirty-six-year-olds had been taken on. A knowledge of French was specified, but the classes during the past month had revealed that no more than six of the drivers were fluent. Another requirement was a mechanical knowledge of automobiles, but few of the men were better than elementary tinkerers. The solvency of the candidates was also a consideration. Since it cost the British American Ambulance Corps—which is completely dependent on the public's contributions—$900 for each man's round-trip passage and $350 for his equipment and an initial food supply, those who could pay all or part of their expenses had been given preference. Over half of the men chosen were able to contribute at least a part of the cost. "There was no use being literal-minded about requirements," Hoeing said. "All of these men have signed up for at least six months in Africa and most of them intend to stay for the duration, unless it turns out to be another Thirty Years' War or we get into it. It's a matter of picking men who can live together."

Some seven hundred men, from every state in the Union except Utah, had tried to join the unit. The deluge of applicants had surprised the British American Ambulance Corps, because all it had done to find drivers was to mail out two hundred letters to people who had formerly been connected with the now defunct American Volunteer Ambulance Corps and to members of the American Field Service, an organization which carries on welfare work abroad. What had happened, it appeared, was that the news had travelled by way of the collegiate grapevine. In no time at all, boys at Yale and Tulane were sounding out friends at Stanford and Baylor about the idea of going off to Africa together. College boys were not the only ones who wanted to go. There were playboys who offered to buy ambulances, and bums, and soldiers whose term of enlistment had expired. Since General



*"I'm going to make an objection. I've got to stretch my legs."*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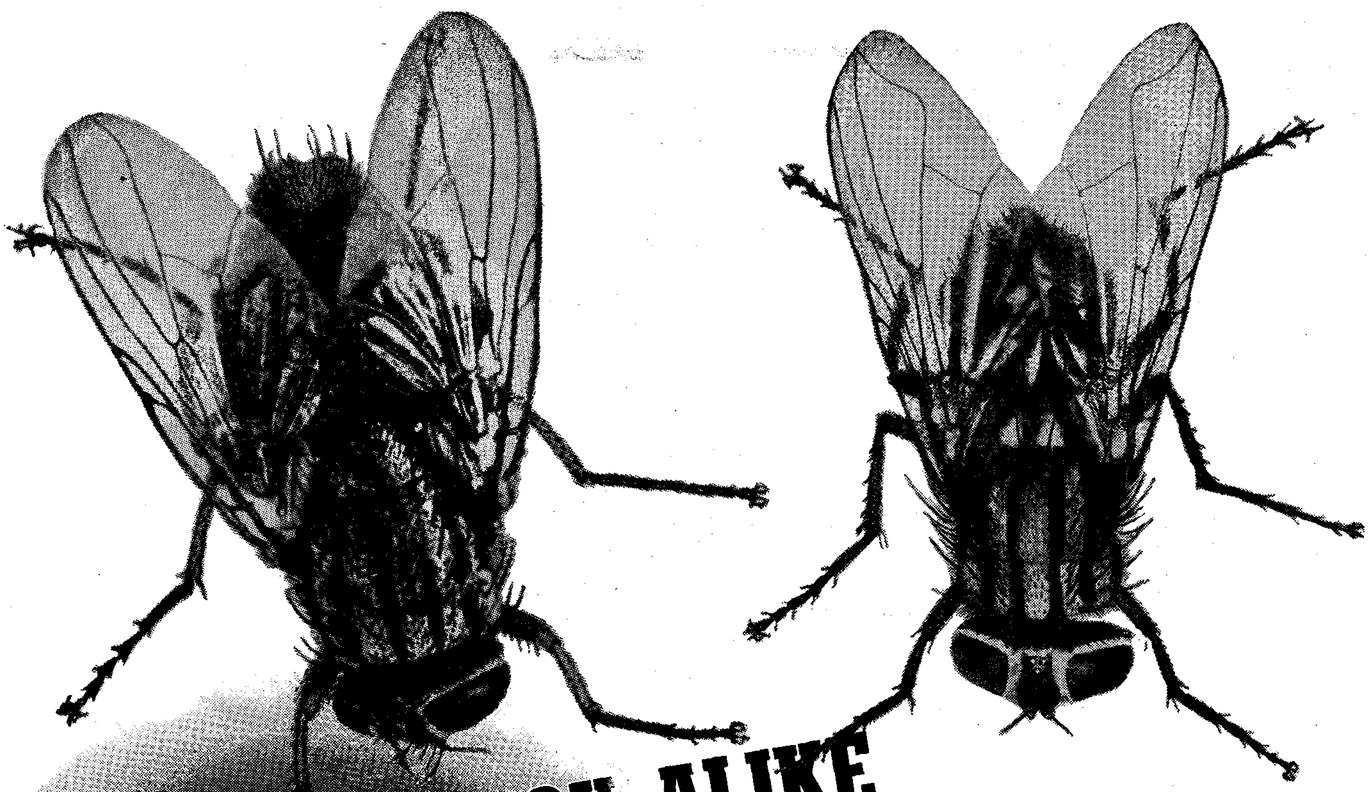
de Gaulle had asked for only twenty drivers, most of the seven hundred never had a chance. The British American Ambulance Corps was throwing in extra the services of two experienced leaders who were to be in charge of the unit, a twenty-third man to drive a repair truck, and a twenty-fourth to drive a rolling kitchen, both of which machines were provided by the Corps. The leaders are George Wydenbruck-Loe, a fifty-year-old Austrian Army veteran of the first World War, and Francis J. Vicovari, a slight, bespectacled young man who drove an ambulance in France last summer. The group of men finally selected consisted of undergraduates who had either quit college or received leaves from their deans, businessmen whose businesses didn't need them, young men with incomes who were looking for something to do, and a few men whose technical background particularly fitted them for ambulance work. They all had a genuine sympathy for the Allied cause, Hoeing said, but he thought that an old-fashioned hankering for adventure had much to do with their decision to help General de Gaulle.

Hoeing told me that unless the theatre of war shifted, the men would be based in the Lake Chad region, from which the Free French made sallies in February to raid Italian oases and which they have been using as more or less permanent headquarters. It would take the men at least eighty-five days, forty-five of them by sea, to reach their station, and when they got there it would cost them ninety-five cents to send home a half-ounce letter. During their forty-five-day voyage their vessel would put in at Trinidad, Pernambuco, Cape Town, and finally at Mombasa, in Kenya, where they would debark. At Mombasa they would pick up a Free French entourage—doctors, nurses, guides, and interpreters—and then work their caravan of twenty ambulances over dirt roads up into the Kenya mountains and through Uganda and the Belgian Congo. They expected to meet the army forty days after getting off the ship.

They were going to take along a food supply of forty pounds of Idaho-potato shreds, a hundred and ninety-two pounds of powdered eggs, a hundred and eighty pounds of coffee beans, two hundred and forty pounds of Fig Newtons, and other provisions, all to be consumed during their trek. The food, valued at $2,200, was being contributed by friends of the Corps. Hoeing led me into a dusty office filled with crates and boxes containing other gifts for the am-



# THEY MAY LOOK ALIKE *but...*

. . . you can't tell a fly by the buzz. It takes a microscope to discover that the fellow on the right is our old friend the kitchen fly, while the villain on the left is Muscina Stabulans. Flies aren't the only things that look alike, yet are different. For example, America's 10 largest cities!

A quick glance at Media Records for 1940 might give the impression that evening newspapers in these cities lead in Department Store advertising. But wait! In nine of the cities, yes. In Los Angeles, no!

Here, where the bizarre is just ordinary and the ordinary simply doesn't exist, the Los Angeles Times—a morning newspaper—leads the field. Six days against six, seven days against seven.

There are many things about The Times that make it different from other newspapers. Its unusually high percentage of home-delivered circulation—its forward marching editorial policy. We'd like to tell you more about Los Angeles—city of paradoxes—and its stand-out newspaper.

**LOS ANGELES TIMES**

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New York · Chicago · Detroit · San Francisco bulance unit. Among them were a hundred and fifty pairs of knitted socks, five thousand razor blades, twenty-four Balaclava helmets, twenty-four khaki turtleneck sweaters, twenty-five Benrus watches (the extra one was a present for the ship's captain), a year's supply of vitamin capsules (A, B1, B2, C, and D), fourteen hundred cakes of soap, twenty-five hundred ounces of Sta-Way insect repellent, and a library of phonograph records (the "Lady in the Dark" score, Benny Goodman, Sibelius, Brahms, and boogie-woogie).

"We have another beautiful gift, too," Hoeing said. "A lady gave us twenty-five pounds of seed to plant radishes, tomatoes, and lettuce. She says they can grow wherever we're going to be."

WHEN we arrived at the Advertising Club, on lower Park Avenue, we went downstairs to the Benjamin Franklin Room, a fair-sized hall ordinarily used for exhibits. Hoeing left me to join his fellow-drivers, who were marching around the room two abreast. Most of the group were dressed in slacks and sports jackets. One of the drivers, a young man named Davidson, who Hoeing had told me had had some United States Army Air Corps training, was giving the orders and the unit was eagerly and on the whole successfully following them. Occasionally one of the marchers would call out "Question!" or "Suggestion!" and Davidson would answer the man's question or listen to his suggestion. Twice Davidson asked the men "Is my timing off?" They were hemmed in by bridge chairs and broken-down sofas, a serious-faced bust of Franklin on a pedestal, and a speaker's table bearing a single glass and a pitcher of water, which a thoughtful club attendant had provided. Finally, Davidson decided there were too many men on the floor and asked half of them, including Hoeing, to sit down. Hoeing brought over a husky fellow named James Stewart and introduced him to me. Stewart asked me how I liked the marching. When I said it was very good, he looked delighted.

Stewart turned out to be one of the two thirty-six-year-old drivers. He is the father of two sons, eleven and fourteen, and separated from his wife, with whom the children are living. He was leaving Stewart Ice, Inc., a thriving ice plant in Oneonta, New York, in the hands of a partner. "I guess this sort of thing always gets me excited," he said enthusiastically. "When I was a kid of thirteen during the last war, I ran

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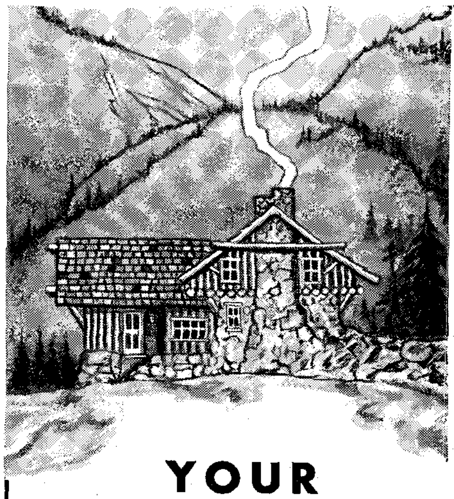

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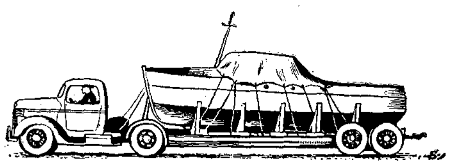
away from home. I jumped freights to Scranton, and when I got there the Army told me to go on back home and sell Liberty Bonds. Now I'm thirty-six and over the draft age. All I do is hunt and fish, and Africa will be just like heaven. Ever since I can remember I've dreamed about Africa and I'm ready to settle down there. If I'm gone five years, I won't care. I hear the game licences in Africa are very high. Something like five hundred dollars or a thousand dollars for elephants or rhinos. But even if I don't hunt anything, just being there'll be fine."

Stewart said that one of the drivers had made excellent use of his Red Cross first-aid course a few days before on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-third Street, outside the Graybar Building. Just as the driver, who was going home after a class, reached the sidewalk a man was hit by a cab. The student blandly applied first aid and took charge of the situation until an ambulance arrived. Stewart was sure the Red Cross course was the most practical thing the men had learned.

I later met the other thirty-six-year-old member of the unit, a reticent little man by the name of Ensheimer. He had shut down his John Street insurance office a week before, but had no regrets. "I was in it seven years and I never cared for it," he said. "I took a loss on it, but I'm not married. I'm a bachelor. I could never get to first base." Before selling insurance, he had tried being a stockbroker in Wall Street, a building superintendent, a publicity man, and a foreman and timekeeper on construction jobs. None of these occupations had pleased him. "I've got nothing to worry about any more," he said. "I sold everything I own. In addition to my office, I had some stock. I took a loss on that, too. Now I can have a good time. The way the world's going today, money isn't so important."

A skinny boy wearing tortoise-shell glasses came over and Hoeing introduced him. He was Mike Clark, the son of Freda Kirchwey, publisher of the *Nation*. Speaking shyly, he told me he was on a year's leave of absence from Harvard, where he was a junior, and that he was twenty-one. He was certain he could repair his ambulance if anything went wrong with it, because motorcycling was his hobby and he understood



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YOU DON'T have to climb a couple of Alps to work up an appetite for this one. Start licking your chops right now. Call the wife and tell her to get you two pounds of round steak, cut two inches thick, 6 fat Idahos—and to keep her hands off everything 'till you get home.

Keep her really busy. Have her invite two other famished couples. Have her also pick up a few bottles of Three Feathers* (you know, the fine Flavor-Protected whiskey that stamps you as a good host). Because—tonight YOU'RE going to make "SWISS STEAK"—for six!

To begin at the beginning, mix ½ cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper—and pound it all thoroughly into the steak. Now take a heavy skillet or deep saucepan, brown the steak on both sides in hot fat into which, if you prefer, a half clove of garlic has been sizzled for one minute. Then remove from pan, lather the top well with mustard, sprinkle with chopped onion, and return to pan, adding a cup of hot water. Cover and simmer over low heat in moderate oven (350°) for about 1½ hours. And stop licking your lips. Pop the six Idahos into the oven—tell you more about those later on.

Now shoo everybody into the living room and organize a game of Truth and Consequences or something, while you turn your hand to a batch of Manhattans. Simple drink, the Manhattan—but have you ever tried it made *this* way, with *five* parts whiskey (Three Feathers, of course), *one* part sweet vermouth and a dash of Angostura bitters. You'll notice its fuller body and richer flavor (Flavor-Protected Three Feathers* has a lot to do with that)—but once you taste it, it's an even bet you'll insist on having all your future Manhattans mixed in just those proportions.

Meanwhile . . . that SWISS STEAK, cozily flavor-protected in the oven, is approaching *its* peak of flavor. So back to the kitchen, sir, take out the Idahos, scoop out all the potato—careful, keep the skins intact. Season with salt, pepper, paprika, mash with cream, refill the shells, add a small piece of good old American cheese on top of each, brown in the oven for five minutes—and you're ready to serve SWISS STEAK dinner—in all its tender, juicy, robust-tasting deliciousness!

If then, your adoring wife and admiring guests don't raise their Three Feathers* drinks and toast your he-man cooking, and masterful mixing, with a yodel thrown in for good measure—but of course they will!

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**FREE** for the asking—a real Chef's Hat and Chef's Apron, together with an Official Certificate electing you a member in good standing (and good cooking) of the "Three Feathers Order of Good Mixers." Nothing to buy—just send your name and address, and 10c to cover postage and packing to Dept. N., Oldetyme Distillers Corporation, Chanin Bldg., New York, N.Y. (*Supply limited.*)

Published in the interests of that hearty exponent of Good Living—the American Male—by Oldetyme Distillers Corporation, New York, producers of Three Feathers Blended Whiskey, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86.8 Proof.

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motors. He was very definite about why he had enlisted. "I'm going to help the Free French forces in Africa," he said earnestly, "because I realize that unless England wins, the social revolution which can destroy Fascism in Europe will be an impossibility."

I asked him if he thought he would miss college. "No," he said. "My decision to go to Africa ties up directly with my studies. At school I studied French literature, and if a free France cannot rise again, then I will have been studying a dead language."

When I asked him if there were any other reason for his leaving Harvard, the earnest expression on his face changed into a boyish smile. "I'm restless," he answered.

WHEN Hoeing and the rest of the men on the sidelines were called back to drill, I circulated among the men who had finished. The first one I spoke to was named Jeffress. He was a young man of rather impressive bearing whose family was in the tobacco business. He came from West Hollywood, California, but he had been educated at Harrow and Cambridge and felt bad about not being in England now. He spoke with a British accent. "All my friends are having such a hell of a time," he said, "it doesn't seem fair that I shouldn't be in it. I wish I hadn't left, but they weren't letting Americans do things when I was there."

Sitting alongside Jeffress was Philip Faversham, a young man who, like his famous father, the late William Faversham, was an actor. His last appearance was as Sandy, the union organizer, in the Clifton Webb road company of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." He said he preferred Africa to the draft and that he intended to keep his name before producers by sending back articles to *Variety*. "If I had a draw," he said flatly, "doing this thing might be silly. But I've got no reputation to speak of, so going to Africa won't hurt my career."

I struck up a conversation with an especially young-looking boy who was sitting on one of the broken-down sofas. I asked him why he was going to Africa. He thought for a while and then spoke up confidently. "Africa is the last frontier," he said. "I've been planning to go there for the past five years." His name was Redgate and he was nineteen, the youngest in the group. He told me about some of the things he had done since graduating from high school in Rye. The high spot seemed to be getting thrown into an Alabama jail. His arrest was indirectly the result of buying, for $21, a heifer, a mostly Belgian police dog, and a 1924 Ford from a Vermont farmer. After getting bored with the animals and leaving them behind in New England, he headed his jalopy South. In Mobile he saw a Florida licence plate lying in a street and picked it up as a souvenir. "They saw me pick it up and held me on something called 1076," he said. "That's a law that says they can hold you for seventy-two hours. The bastards thought I stole a car. I guess I was black as a spade and anybody could see I was a bum."

He drew a snapshot from his pocket and handed it to me. It showed him standing alongside a truck. "I've been a truck-driver, too," he said. "One trip I delivered a truckload of liquor to a parish house."

AFTER the drill we all went back to the Graybar Building, where the men were to have their final French lesson. The session was devoted entirely to French military terms and the differences in ranks in the army hierarchy. The teacher, Professor Albert L. Cru, a short, benevolent-mannered man, had served as a liaison officer between the French and English armies in the first World War. He had been coming down from Columbia three or four times a week and had got to be very friendly with the drivers. Quite often he or one of his students would spring some standard classroom humor; when he told them that "*falaise*" was the word for "cliff," someone in the back of the room shouted, "That used to be Connie Bennett's husband," and there was prolonged laughter. The men appeared to take more notes and pay closer attention than the usual college class. Among the things the Professor told them was that they weren't to be cowed by the title *maréchal des logis*, because all it meant was "cavalry sergeant." After spending most of his lecture explaining, rank by rank, the composition of a French army division, the Professor added rather lamely that he thought it unlikely the group would find one at Lake Chad. "Today every man is a specialist," he wound up. "I do not know how it will be in Africa. Probably there will be camel-drivers." As the class broke up, he wished the men *bonne chance* and asked them to look him up when they returned.

LATER that day the unit had its last class, a lecture on tropical hygiene by Dr. James L. Clark, Director of Arts Preparation and Installation of the

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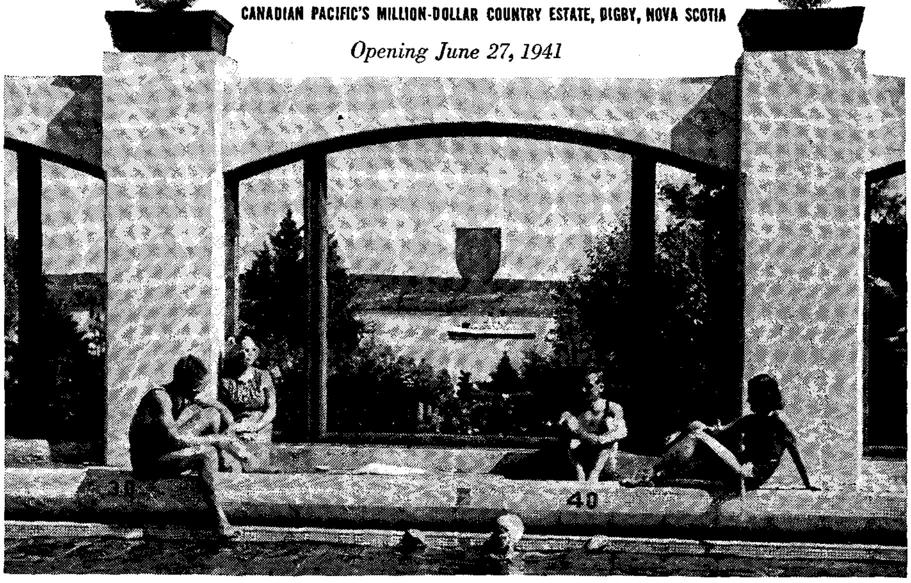

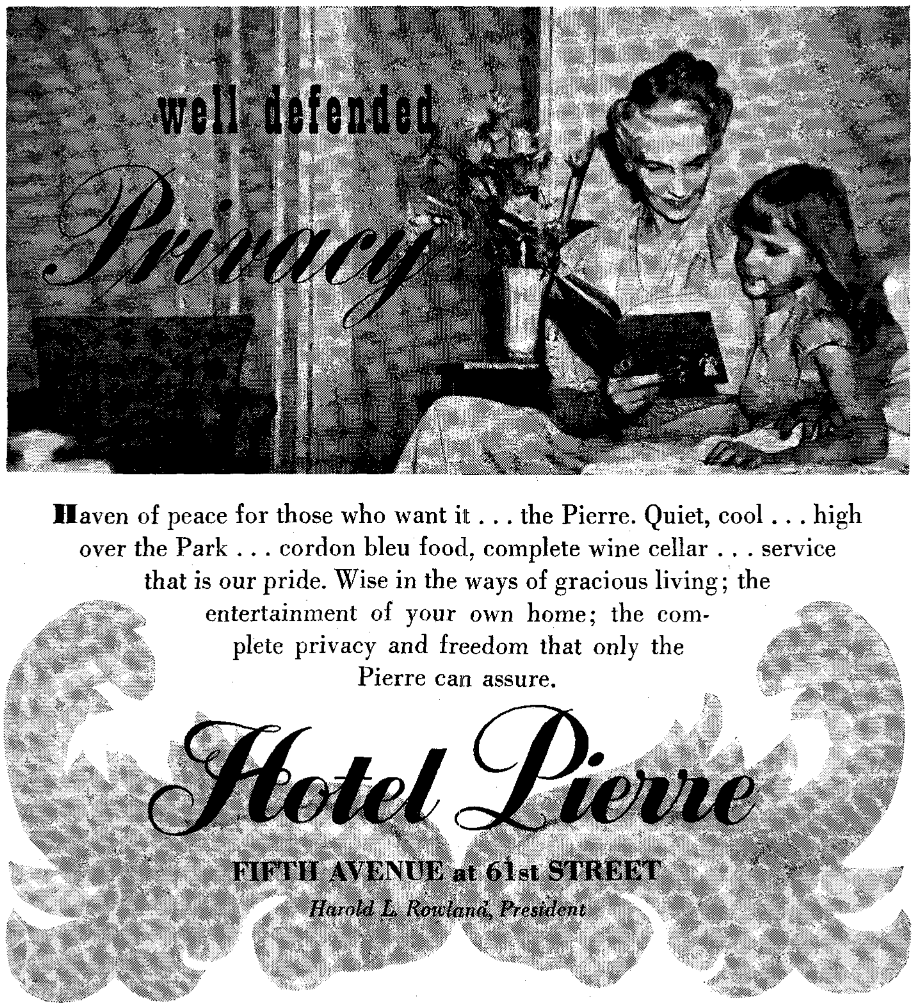

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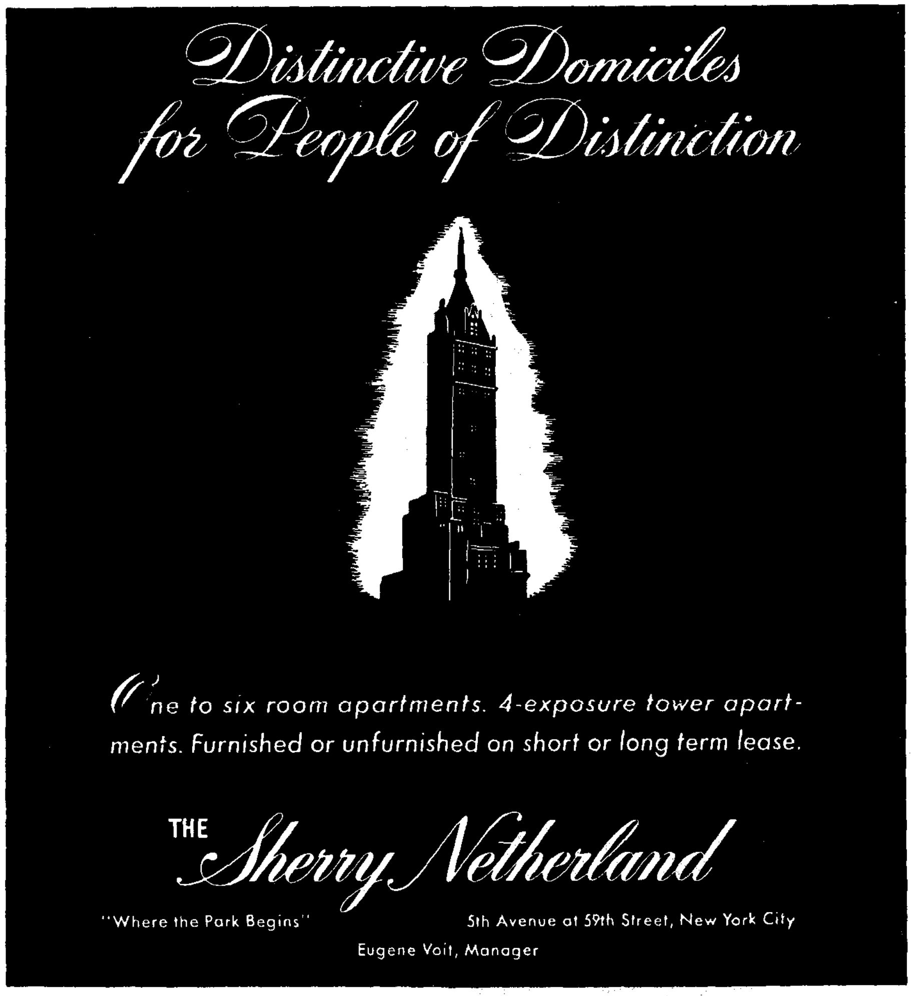

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American Museum of Natural History. Dr. Clark, a sturdy, pleasant-faced man of about forty-five, who has led four expeditions into the African interior, discussed the country with a kind of scientific coziness. The men listened intently to his calm, methodical description of the land they had chosen to visit. They seemed so absorbed that I had the impression many of them were hearing the facts for the first time.

One thing on Dr. Clark's mind was mosquitoes. "Don't say 'I'm hearty and strong and mosquitoes don't bother me,' " he advised. "They settle in the weakest spots. You won't find them very active during the day, but at night keep your body covered. If you get to any dinner parties, you'll find that even the ladies wear mosquito boots."

One of the men asked about malaria. Dr. Clark smiled tolerantly. "It's not necessarily serious," he said. "Oh, you'll get chills and feel like thirty cents for a while, but that gradually peters out and you get back to normal."

Someone else wondered about the tsetse fly.

"They're hard to figure out," Dr. Clark said. "Mrs. Clark was having tea with a friend one day and she was bitten through a flannel shirt many times. Her friend, who didn't seem to be getting bitten, was quite worried about her. A couple of days later, Mrs. Clark happened to ask after her friend and found out she had died from sleeping sickness. Mrs. J. P. Morgan died that way right here in town, so you don't have to go to Africa."

The last disease brought up was cholera. "Forget it," Dr. Clark replied easily. "If it's there, you can't do anything about it."

He advised the drivers to start their day as soon as they could see the road and work until one in the afternoon. After lunch they would be wise to rest for two or three hours. From four until dark, they should do whatever they felt like and then have their supper. "In that way," he assured them, "you can get up at five in the morning."

Dr. Clark thought the men would like the natives, even if they were not altogether trustworthy. "Treat them like children," he said. "Be kind but stern. They've been a little spoiled by civilization." He predicted that the men would be pleased with the high quality of the native cooks. "Of course," he hedged, "they've got their likes and dislikes and you'll get mad at them just as you would here. About laundry, you'll find, if you have any native ladies around, they just love to wash things.

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● Any *one* of these five whiskies would be delightful if tasted alone—and very expensive to buy! But *one*, however fine, would lack the prized qualities contributed by the other four. Only *Golden Wedding* at its modest price, gives you *all five "wedded" into one* for your complete enjoyment!

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*A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in* Golden Wedding *are 4 years or more old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old.* Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.

Put something down and before you know it, it's missing. Of course, the thing gets small after a while from too much laundering and you give it to them—which is exactly why they started washing for you in the first place."

Dr. Clark said the unit would find the cold more of a problem than the heat. As for himself, he always took a heavy mackinaw with him to Africa. In the high country the ambulances would often be covered with frost through the night and early morning. During the days, of course, the temperature would frequently rise above a hundred degrees and they would have to watch out for sunstroke. The way to prevent it was to guard your head, your neck, and your spine. If you wore your pith helmet correctly, you could take care of the first two, and spine pads, made of two or three thicknesses of red flannel (red to cut off the red, or most heating, rays), would protect your back.

His advice about water was to learn not to drink too much. He said that if the men filled up on it at night, they would face the day like a wet sponge and would find that they got less thirsty. The terrific dehydration would sap most of their energy before the day was a few hours old, anyway. "I was out one day," he said, "when the temperature in the sun was somewhere between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and forty, and when I saw a tree, I stopped and got under it to cool off. Well, I got so cold from dehydrating I had to go right out into the sun again."

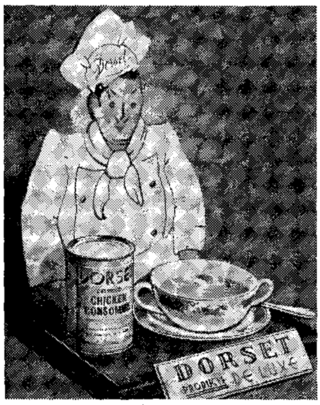
One of the drivers somewhat sheepishly asked if shorts were practical. "Don't wear them," Dr. Clark answered. "They're all right if you're a policeman in town or on dress parade, but when the sun burns your knees you'll remember it for a week or two."

He continued pleasantly with suggestions: Scotch-and-water after sundown made a good tonic, but stay away from jellies and pies; don't eat uncured meat; never oil your shoes no matter how dry they get, unless you want your feet to blister. "Never leave your shoes or stockings on the ground," he concluded. "You're liable to wake up in the morning and find a scorpion or a snake in them. I've never had any trouble with scorpions, but a fellow I know says it's just like hot lead in your veins."

The men thanked Dr. Clark for his talk, and he told them he thought that the experience in Africa would do them good.

After Dr. Clark had left, the young leader named Vicovari got up and wrote out on a blackboard a long list

ENJOY TRUE French Recipes
WITHOUT A CHEF



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**DORSET FOODS**
*De Luxe*
Prepared by a Chef de Cuisine of International Fame in the Spotless Dorset Kitchens
*— ready to serve —*

**DORSET CHICKEN SOUPS**

**These masterpieces of French culinary art are ideal for smart dinner parties. Topped with a sprinkling of parsley or chives, they can be served hot or cold.**

**Cream Vichyssoise,** pureed potatoes, leeks and sweet cream superbly blended in a base of chicken stock.
14 oz. tin........................ 25¢
29 oz.......................... 49¢

**Cream of Chicken Soup & Watercress.**
**Cream of Chicken Soup Malakoff.**
**Cream of Chicken Soup a l'Indienne**
14 oz. tins..................21¢ each
29 oz.....................39¢ each

**DORSET SEAFOOD DELICACIES**

**Bouillabaisse,** made of 7 varieties of seafish and 4 of shellfish, including fresh lobster ......20 oz. tin, 89¢

**Lobster a la Newburgh**...14 oz. jar 1.49
**Lobster a l'Americaine**
9 oz. tin ........................89¢

**Bisque of Lobster,** with sherry;
**Bisque of Sturgeon,** with sherry;
14 oz. tins.................45¢ each

**FANCY CHICKEN DISHES**

**Selected, milk-fed chickens (Government inspected), expertly cooked with fresh vegetables, skillfully prepared sauces, blended with choice wines, are now at your disposal. Just heat and serve.**

**Chicken a la King,** with sherry—A Dorset specialty we are proud to present...........14 oz. tin $ .75

**Town House Chicken Dinner**—Boned Chicken meat, green peas & carrots. Tri-sectional glass jar —16¾ oz.................... 1.00

**Chicken Jardiniere**—with fancy vegetables, in broth. Four portions, large flat jar....27¾ oz. 1.49

**Half Chicken in Natural Broth.** Two portions, tall jar..18¾ oz. 1.10

**Chicken Fricassee,** with Rice, in rich cream sauce—2 lb., 3 oz. large tin..................... 1.49

**Whole Broiler, with Mushrooms and Madeira Sauce.** Four portions, large flat jar....27¾ oz. 1.98

**Breast of Chicken Printaniere,** in Madeira Sauce...... 14 oz. tin .89

**Chicken Breast,** in Jelly with Chablis wine........14 oz. tin .89

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of things the men were to take along. Among them were pith helmets, garrison belts, uniforms of khaki trousers and khaki tunics with an American-eagle emblem at the top of the left sleeve, a dozen khaki handkerchiefs, tropical nets, and identification tags. When the men finished copying Vicovari's list, he had them measured for shoes, gloves, trench coats, and uniforms. He then checked to see if everyone had his release from his draft board, his passport, and his steamship ticket. The unit's final chore for the day was to go down to the Medical Service Club for Young Men and Women, on Park Avenue, and take their third inoculation against typhoid.

TEN days later, Hoeing phoned me and said that the unit was about to leave on the Zam Zam, an Egyptian steamship that had recently been sprayed with German bullets in Alexandria harbor. The captain was a Scot named Smith, and only he and the first engineer could speak English. Also on board were a hundred and seventy-five missionaries, ranging from Catholics to Seventh-Day Adventists, and a crew of Mohammedan heathens in red fezzes. One of the drivers had dropped out since my visit, but someone else had immediately taken his place. Another had been married but was going along, leaving his bride behind. Hoeing said that the fellows were itching to be on the high seas. That's where they are now.

—DANIEL LANG

•

In South Carolina, 250 more males than females die of heart disease every year. Automobile accidents take 100 more men than women. Influenza and pneumonia take seventy-five more males than females; twenty more men than women die of nephritis, while thirty-five more males than females die in infancy.

Diseases of the brain show no favoritism in their death toll. Diseases which cause death to more males than females include cancer, tumors, diabetes and, of course, maternity inflictions.—*Charleston (S.C.) News & Courier.*

Of course.

•

### WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The Boston Police Commissioner was asked by the City Council to ban *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, the latest novel by John P. Marquand, because it assailed "the character of Boston manhood."—*PM.*

BOSTON, April 1 (AP).—Police Commissioner Joseph Timilty had a request from the City Council today to ban John P. Marquand's novel "H. M. Pulham, Esq." on the ground that it "assails the character of Boston womanhood."—*The Herald Tribune.*

AMERICA'S ORIGINAL AND MOST FLAVORFUL Cold jellied Consommé

*The Madrilène that ALWAYS jells perfectly . . . just chill and serve.*

White Rose
COLD JELLIED CONSOMMÉ
MADRILENE
White Rose
CONSOMMÉ MADRILÈNE
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OZ.

SPRING'S first warm days are doubly welcome when you make your first course White Rose Madrilène. No other cold jellied consommé looks so gay and colorful . . . nor tastes so cool and refreshing. It's worth remembering, too, that

White Rose Madrilène is *one* cold jellied consommé that always jells perfectly and serves beautifully Just chill and serve. That is all you have to do to enjoy this delicious, sparkling, tomato-red treat. Better order half a dozen cans.

*Try This Summer Salad*

*Chicken Salad Madrilène*—You'll love it! ***Recipe:*** Chill White Rose Madrilène until thickened. Mix ½ cup finely chopped cooked chicken with ¼ cup sliced, stuffed olives and add to Madrilène. Chill until set and serve with mayonnaise. Serves 3-4.

*Ask* your grocer for WHITE ROSE MADRILÈNE today. Also, for variety, WHITE ROSE CONSOMMÉ ARCTIQUE, the beef consommé, and WHITE ROSE CHICKEN CONSOMMÉ. Keep all three on hand in your refrigerator. They all jell perfectly *every* time.

**SEEMAN BROTHERS, Inc. • NEW YORK CITY**

## JUDICIARY PROBLEMS

A COMPILATION OF SOME RECENT COURTROOM SITUATIONS WHICH HAVE MADE UNUSUAL DEMANDS UPON THE RESOURCEFULNESS OF THE BENCH

THE interruption of a San Francisco murder trial by the entrance of a telegraph boy who insisted on singing "Happy Birthday" to the court clerk.

The suit of a man in Pennsylvania to restrain his cousin from sending out a hundred and fifty comic valentines in the name of the complainant.

The charge of burglary brought against a resident of Syracuse who invited some friends to dinner, left his wife to entertain them, and went out and looted their homes.

The holding in contempt of court of a Vermont lawyer who wore a celluloid collar while arguing a case before a sartorially sensitive circuit judge.

The petition for workmen's compensation for injuries received "in the performance of duty" brought by a New York bartender who had suffered two broken ribs from being hugged by a demonstrative patron.

The argument over a divorce suit which threw a Texas courtroom into such disorder that the judge fined everyone concerned for contempt of court —lawyers, witnesses, complainant, defendant, and himself.

The suit for $15,000 damages which a Philadelphia man brought against a relative for repeatedly calling him up on the telephone between two and five in the morning "without conveying any message whatsoever."

The petition brought by some citizens of Felicity, Ohio, who, in view of the argumentative tone of their village council meetings, sought to change the name of the town to something less misleading.

The handling of cases by the police judge of an Illinois town while serving time in the county jail on a charge of intoxication. —JOSEPH P. POLLARD

•

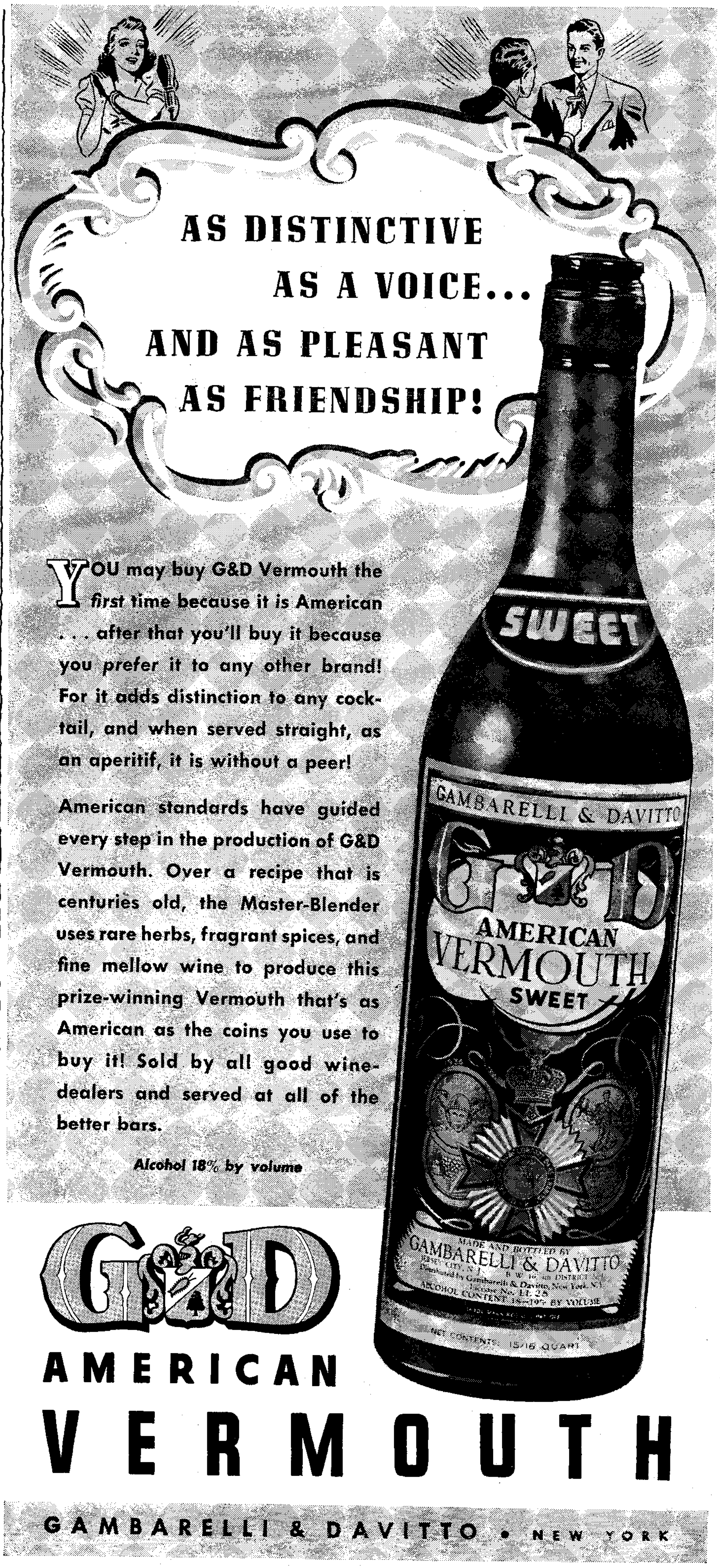
MAURICE MAETERLINCK

"En huit jours, j'ai fait plus de progrés que je n'en avais fait durant un mois de séjour à Londres, dans un milieu où l'on ne parlait exclusivement que l'anglais. L'épreuve est décisive. Je vous felicite, vous remercie and vous prie d'agréer l'assurance de mes sentiments devoués."

(*Mr. Maeterlinck had the Linguaphone English course.*)

—*Linguaphone testimonial booklet.*

Flunk it?



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YOU may buy G&D Vermouth the *first* time because it is American . . . after that you'll buy it because you *prefer* it to any other brand! For it adds distinction to any cocktail, and when served straight, as an aperitif, it is without a peer!

American standards have guided every step in the production of G&D Vermouth. Over a recipe that is centuries old, the Master-Blender uses rare herbs, fragrant spices, and fine mellow wine to produce this prize-winning Vermouth that's as American as the coins you use to buy it! Sold by all good wine-dealers and served at all of the better bars.

*Alcohol 18% by volume*

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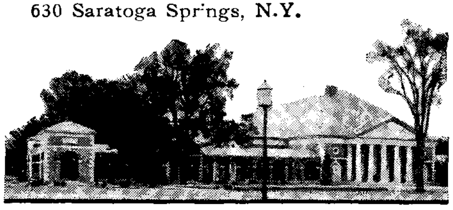

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MUSCATEL* SHERRY*
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Great Western
AMERICAN SHERRY
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Pleasant Valley

Great Western
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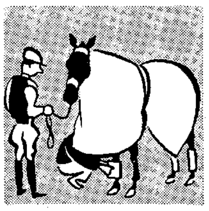
TABLE WINES

# THE RACE TRACK

## *Indisposed*



AFTER Dispose had run last in the Experimental Handicap at Jamaica on Saturday, a fellow who, I suspect, spent that night making confetti for jockeys' weddings out of worthless $2 mutuel tickets on the horse remarked that any connection between form and the race was purely coincidental. That's not quite true. Mettlesome, who won, carried 116 pounds, and Dispose 111, so obviously Mettlesome was the handicapper's choice. Nevertheless, you may put down Dispose, an odds-on favorite, as one of the disappointments of the moment. Max Hirsch, his trainer, says the colt got off on the wrong foot and never settled to running smoothly. Other horsemen suggest he sulked, but my guess is that it was something more than sulks. Dispose wasn't as roly-poly as he was in Florida, and his coat didn't shine as it did then. Instead, he looked nervous and drawn—"tucked up" is the race-track term for it—and reminded me of nothing so much as Bimelech before the Kentucky Derby last year. Remember what happened to Bimelech? Dispose may start in the Wood Stakes on Saturday, and may run better than he did in the Experimental (he couldn't run worse), but you're on your own about his chances in the Derby. Curious Coin, on the other hand, looked well, but ran almost as badly as Dispose. There might have been some excuse for him, though, because he was crowded and bumped for the first half-mile of the race.

The trouble with Mettlesome last season was that he had tremendous speed but couldn't sustain it, and also had a bad temper. He's much better behaved now than he was, and his stable hopes he can be coaxed to go more than a mile. He is not in the Kentucky Derby or The Preakness, but he's worth remembering for the sprints at Belmont Park. He ran the first half-mile of the Experimental in 45⅘ seconds, which is about as fast as horses run at Jamaica. By the way, Mrs. Dodge Sloane, who owns him, will fight at the drop of a hint that Mettlesome hasn't grown during the winter.

ALMOST everyone who saw Robert Morris win the Excelsior Handicap seems certain that he's a good thing for the Kentucky Derby. It really was a remarkable performance for a three-year-old, as he carried only two pounds less than Olympus, who is six, and they ran head and head all the way. J. Fred Byers got Robert Morris, a medium-sized, well-balanced bay colt by Jacopo out of Arch Queen, for $3,200 at Bill Caskey's yearling sale in 1939. The animal won one race out of four starts last season and two last week, and, as the Excelsior alone was worth $8,275 to the winner, has considerably more than paid for himself. Like Dispose, he wintered at Columbia. One day last month Byers motored over from his place at Aiken to see him do a trial gallop, and was so impressed that right away he called up a bookmaker in New York and bet on the horse at 100–1 in the Kentucky Derby future book. I don't suppose you could get 10–1 against him now.

Among the also-rans in the Excelsior were Fenelon and Hash. I can't say much for Fenelon, and I wish I could. There must be some ingenious explanation for the way he ran out at the head of the stretch when Hash beat him early in the week, and for the way he tired on Saturday, but even Jim Fitzsimmons, his trainer, didn't have one. I don't know either what happened to Hash in the Excelsior. After all, there are limits to clairvoyancy.

THERE were only a couple of other races last week worth mentioning. At Havre de Grace, Porter's Cap galloped off with the Chesapeake Stakes—Charlie Howard's luck again—and, at Keeneland, Our Boots won his first start of the season. Neither will run for the Wood Stakes at Jamaica on Saturday, but a lot of other horses will. Boy, my crystal ball and ouija board!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[*From an adv. in a shop window in the Waldorf-Astoria*]

THE BRITISH CONVOY IN ACTION

As the merchant vessels steam steadily ahead, the escort changes position for the night. A cruiser goes ahead always on watch . . . it is seen on the distant horizon . . . for any enemy submarine or aeroplane . . . on the left is the escort vessel on submarine duty.

This operation insures constant supplies of Church's famous English Shoes and Alan McAfee's Renown Shoes.

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# The beaded rim on your glass is part of impeccable *Service*

***Feel it** . . . The Genuine Libbey Safedge is rounded and velvety smooth, kind to your lips, resists chipping. Restaurateurs . . . hotelmen . . . barmen . . . club managers . . . all hail it as the most significant development in glassware for more than a century.*

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

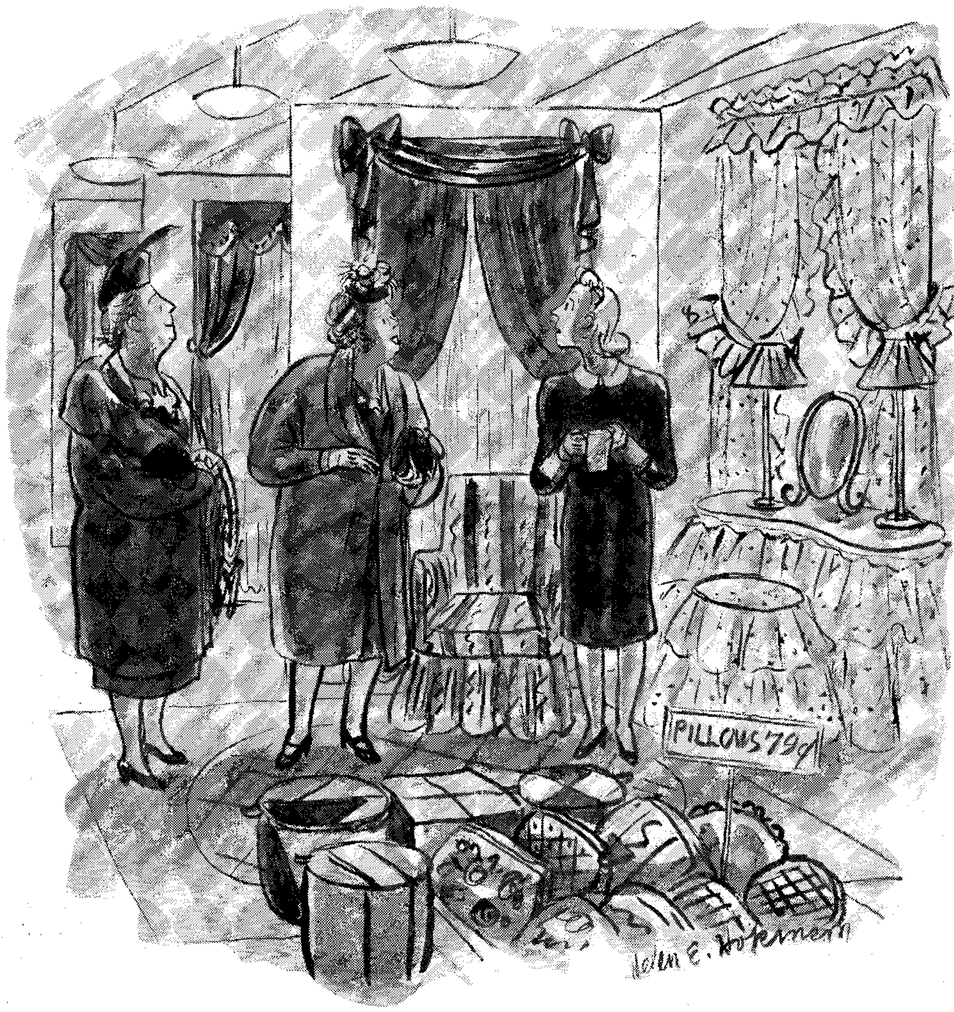
## FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE is a legend in good standing that a person who sticks long enough to the same point of view is bound to find himself agreeing with the majority at regular intervals. His great trouble, when his ideas become everyone's ideas and those tidal waves of popularity stagger him, is to keep his temper with people who formerly goggled fiercely at him because of his radical notions and who, on hearing him voice them now, murmur approvingly, "Oh, yes. So you read that editorial in the *Tribune* yesterday, too, didn't you?" Something like this situation has been plaguing Zoe de Salle, at 18 East 53rd Street. Her clothes in the past have been affectionately regarded as charming but a little—well, eccentric and rebellious, shall we say? But now there is a rush for sloping, rounded shoulders, the dolman sleeve is creeping in everywhere, the full-length cape is triumphant, and the bewildered de Salle, to whom such things are an old story, is being complimented for having picked up so many "new" aspects of the mode.

De Salle has always adored capes and, as far as I am concerned, nobody can top her in her specialty. Hers are so gracefully cut that even good carriage, usually all-important in the wearing of capes, is not essential. In her collection, a typical one for day wear is made of gray Rodier kasha, lined with chartreuse crêpe; it has round, padded shoulders and one button at the throat below a tiny round collar. The cape is straight-hanging in front and very full at the sides, and covers a gray wool dress with tucking that descends inward toward the waist from wide shoulders (another little "new" hourglass trick they've been doing here for some time). Look, too, at a street-length cape in a dirty-green wool that goes over a wool dress which buttons down one side below a deep oval décolletage. Aside from capes, this gifted woman makes beautiful coats. One is of white wool with a collarless neck, one button at the waist, and deep, dolman-type sleeves. This is worn over a dress, in a black-and-white floral print, whose front is all soft folds.

For evening, capes appear again. One that goes over the head, sweeps across the chest in monk style, and descends in the back to the knees is worn with a perfect dress of white Rodier chiffon jersey, gathered around its deep oval neckline. De Salle refuses to be tied down to any set style in evening clothes and covers a lot of ground. There are white jersey dinner dresses with short, circular sleeves and buttons down the diaphragm below the folded V of the neck, dresses of the type that used to be so popular in Europe and are so hard to find here (a pleated slate crêpe one has a wide, pleated collar coming out over the shoulders to suggest sleeves), and pink flowered taffeta dresses, long-waisted and billowing like those of Louiseboulanger's heyday. Still other dresses are stark columns of savage black-and-white print. De Salle's talent with colors, particularly odd, muted shades, is unsurpassed; addicts proudly wear her clothes several years. She still has quantities of imported materials on hand. Everything is custom-made, from $115 up.

THE Suzy hats at Bergdorf Goodman offer a dashing and much-needed touch of coquetry to a grim world. Older women, who insist on line but yearn as well for zest and sparkle, are particularly happy about them. For one thing, Suzy has become infatuated with those opalescent Christmas-tree discs the size of Necco wafers. Bright-red ones glisten through the dirty-green veiling that swathes a small toque. A little white grosgrain sailor with the highish, narrow crown she seems to like this season has discs of yellow, mauve, dull green, and other colors all over the top of its brim; there is pale-blue facing under the brim and violet ribbon around the crown. Divine. A hussy hat of a very rough red straw has an opalescent red button in front and red ostrich curling down from the crown over the coiffure in back; another is a floral effect riotously suggesting a Queen Mary toque, except that it is piled with red poppies and white daisies on the same red straw; an infinitesimal black straw pillbox has pink spun-candy horsehair, trimmed with little purple velvet bows, making a vast pouf over one eye. Naturally, there are lots of the trim sailors for which Suzy is noted. A white straw one has a wide, straight brim bound in red-and-navy grosgrain and a little navy



*"Are we still in the Hearst collection?"*

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A
B

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*Water repellent makes*
*Jackets shed rain*
*Resist perspiration*
*Stay clean longer*

*Today's best sport jackets are comfortable companions—rain or shine—thanks to "Zelan" finish. This complex organic chemical is inside the fibers—does not affect porosity or softness. Fabrics treated with it shed showers and resist perspiration. Washing or dry cleaning does not destroy the effects of "Zelan." Jackets stay clean longer and can be washed or dry cleaned without need of reprocessing. ¶ Look for the "Zelan" tag in good jackets at all good shops.*

DU PONT REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A—*GAUCHO* reversible in tan hound's-tooth plaid with tan, green or blue reverse. Both sides are cotton treated with "Zelan."

B—*GOLFO*, a shipshape jacket of fine combed cotton treated with "Zelan." Special back woven with new elastic yarn for free stretch.

*Small, medium, large, extra-large*

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circle inserted on top of the crown. There are tiny hats, too—in red straw with sheer black lace hanging all around the edge of the crown, in white piqué with a sharp feather of the same material, in red-and-white checked taffeta with a rolled brim. Gay red and white runs all through the collection; when pastel shades are used, gaga handling of the material offsets any tendency toward placidity. So far as I could see, there is none of that straight-over-the-brows nonsense; most of Suzy's hats are tilted charmingly down over one eye. All are feminine and, what is rarer, all have a touch of insouciance and humor.

MY intermittent yelp against the way retail stores rush the seasons is due any week now, but I must confess that Altman's new summer offerings are enough to make a forehanded shopper of the most dilatory woman. Taking sateen instead of chintz because it is more supple and very easy to launder, they have printed it with beautiful chintz designs—clover, or gentians, or field flowers, or mountain laurel sprawled in great clusters over a ground of wide pink and white stripes. This fabric serves endless purposes. It makes mules, bedspreads, parasols, handbags; cut-out flowers from the cloth are applied to white chiffon Grecian nightgowns. "Gardening" dresses of the material, for women who stroll on sun-dappled lawns, are made with full skirts that are just below knee length and basque bodices or simple, close-fitting tops which have turnover collars and buttons down the front. There are sateen bathing suits with brassière tops and deeply pleated skirts and play suits with skirts to button on over them. The same fabric makes charming evening clothes, too; a mountain-laurel print, for instance, is used in a dress with a fitted bodice, spaghetti shoulder straps, a swirling skirt, and a pink quilted collarless jacket with a flaring peplum. This is $22.95, which will give you an idea of the cost of freshness and charm around here. Other print dinner dresses have white organza bodices with full bishop sleeves. The organza may also be used as a frill around square necklines. There is practically nothing they haven't made up in this material, and I, for one, liked each thing I saw more than the one before it.—L. L.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE

### *Moths and Their Masters*

PUT it off as you will, the fine spring morning will dawn at last when, if you treasure your home and possessions, you must come to grips with the common or closet clothes moth or else be prepared to take consequences ranging from the exasperating to the dire. Of course, there are plenty of people who wince at the sight of a spray gun, claiming that nothing a moth might do could possibly make them feel any worse than what must be gone through to prevent its doing it. If having insecticides sprayed indiscriminately around the house is just as hard on you as it is on the moths, you should be ripe for the Feller-Jones mothproofing service, offered hereabouts by both Hammacher Schlemmer and Lewis & Conger.

Either store will send a representative to estimate the cost of mothproofing your entire house or any parts of it by this method, thus taking the whole messy job out of the hands of you and your household staff and leaving your things immune to moth damage for, they guarantee, five years. As you must have guessed, it's expensive and no mistake—a thorough cellar-to-attic job on a house full of vulnerable items seldom comes to less than $150, and even for that you won't entirely escape the odor of insecticide. Handled by experts, however, the stuff does seem to settle down where it's supposed to and not go billowing all over the place, seeping under closed doors and getting in the butter. The Feller-Jones operatives, working in teams of two or more, will give your home the going-over of a lifetime, with special attention to such moth nooks as rugs, tapestries, upholstered furniture, and the insides of pianos (piano felts make ideal moth-larvae nurseries). Their work will be lightened and your expenses cut down if you can offer them a recently spring-cleaned house to work in, but don't worry if you can't. These boys can shampoo rugs with the best of them and are equipped to do it on the spot, before the mothproofing, if you want. Just to be on the safe side, the Feller-Jones people make periodical checkup visits during the five-year term of the guarantee, at which times arrangements can be made for dosing any new clothes and things brought into the house.

About the next best thing to having Feller-Jones in, if painless mothproofing is what you are after, is to own an electric device called the Fumette, which rids closets and their contents of insect life for a month or so each time it's used. It operates on A.C. only and the closet must be sealed for three or four hours while the machine, a boxlike affair filled with chemical flakes of some sort, is in operation, sending out clouds of not

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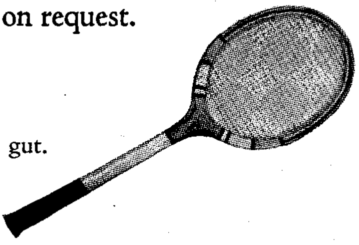

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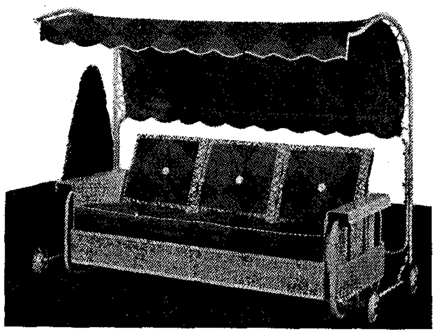

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too evil-smelling vapor. Anything of reasonable size that you suspect may be harboring moths—rugs, blankets, small upholstered pieces, books—can go into the closet for an occasional treatment. The Fumette, with two packages of flakes, is $8.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer. Extra flakes are fifty cents a package.

A MORE agreeable spring household chore is the dressing of leather bookbindings to offset whatever steam heat did to them during the winter. From Edward Woodward, 509 Madison Avenue, you can order, by mail only, a dressing that some of the most fanatic rare-book collectors in the country swear by. It's a creamy emulsion and a pleasure to use; when the job is finished, your books have a patina that will do your heart good, and, for a dividend, your hands feel like velvet. An eight-ounce jar of this stuff is $1, postpaid. Afterward, an application of it every eighteen months or so is all any leather-bound book, old or new, could ask.

THE MORE ABUNDANT LIFE: In the housewares department in Macy's basement you can buy a piece of equipment for pop-up electric toasters which raises the floor level of the toast compartments so that split muffins can't get stuck way down in them and burn up while you helplessly stand by. It's not a permanent attachment, either, so you can still make toast in your toaster too. In the same department there's a wonderful chromium-plated rack to hang on bathroom, nursery, or closet walls. The number of towels you can loop over its assorted bars and hooks and stack up on top is simply unbelievable. It will do for hats and lightweight wraps, too, and can be used as a drying rack for laundry. On the seventh floor, look among the curtain holdbacks for big, round ones of unfinished wood, carved roughly in a kind of hub-and-spokes design, for every bit of twenty-nine cents a pair. Stained and waxed and installed in your country house, they'll look for all the world as if they were your great-great-grandmother's wedding present from General Washington.

W. & J. Sloane have some new jumbo coffee cups, big as a bowl but made of delicate English porcelain with flower designs, very different from the Willowware and sporting-scene pottery these oversized things usually come in. They are $1.25 for the cup and saucer, and a pair of them would make a nice wedding gift of the mustn't-seem-too-important kind.

For neat girls who like to take care

*A Friendly Tip —*

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CHINESE FOOD

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★ Dance to the music of JOHNNY PINEAPPLE and his NATIVE ISLANDERS—uptown at suppertime.

of their clothes, Lord & Taylor, Altman, and Wanamaker are offering the Lucky Skirt Hanger. The name is an understatement, for the hanger will take a whole suit. The skirt-holder part of it operates so simply that I find myself actually using mine in preference to the back of a chair, which is the prettiest compliment I know to pay a thing like this. You can slip a skirt over the hanger's pair of flexible wire arms without even looking; their pressure when they spring back into place not only holds the skirt so that it hangs properly but irons creases right out of the waistband.

The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), has lunch and tea cloths made of theatrical gauze, and you wouldn't believe how beautiful they are. Colors run to pastels, but they have character, and there's hand hemstitching along all the hems and seams. Napkins for these cloths are made of flowered glazed chintz with fringed edges. They launder well, although they lose the glaze in the process. A two-and-a-half-yard cloth with eight luncheon and eight tea napkins is $15.55; the same cloth with one set of napkins is $14. This shop's little tin bathroom boxes, prettily painted with flower decorations, are perfect. You can get them, labelled, for used razor blades, soda bicarb, anything. A plastic eyecup with a painted dust cover that slips over it is fifty-five cents. Some new hand-woven wool chaise and knee throws have come in, the lightest and fluffiest they've ever had; $7.50 to $18.25, with assorted trimmings, including fringe, satin bindings, and ribbon run through beading.

The hand-painted French porcelain at Alfred Orlik, 421 Madison Avenue (48th), for many years a specialty of the house, is getting rarer every day, but enough dressing-table, desk, and smoking sets (box, ashtray, and table lighter) are left to take care of your list of brides this season. The sets are done in the familiar white and pastel porcelains painted with a rose design in gold, and you can get matching papier-maché wastebaskets, magazine racks, and bill files with the gold-rose design repeated in a larger scale. —B. B.

## SPORTS, GAMES, ETC.

### *Thawing Out*

THE last time the charm of the Anglers' Roost, a cozy nook for fishermen's supplies at 207 East 43rd Street, was mentioned in these columns, I noted that the shop was run by a young lady named Miss Greig,

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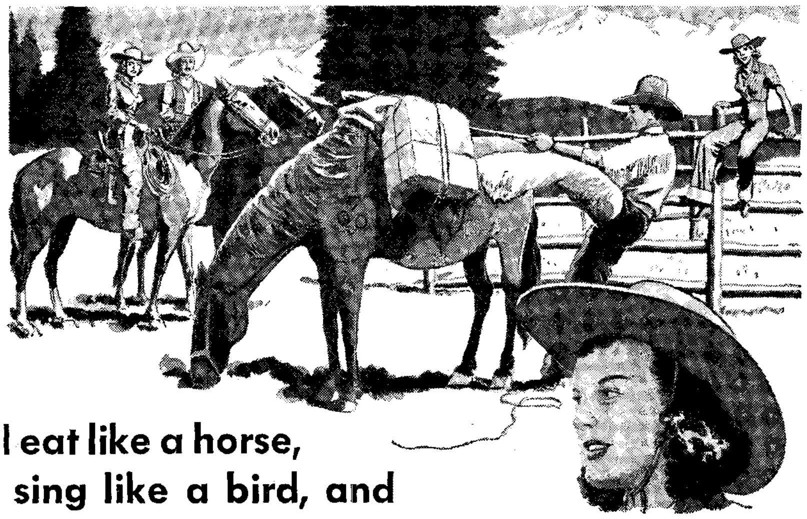

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MARLBORO *America's Luxury Cigarette*

a great one for working out new tricks for fly-casters. Checking up the other day, I found that Miss Greig is no longer there, but that the new manager, Jim Deren, is just as resourceful as his predecessor in anticipating the wants of fishermen. The place has always had an easygoing, informal air about it and Mr. Deren, making a point of this, has installed a practice casting range on the roof, to which customers are free to bring their gear for a workout any time they feel like limbering up their arms. Among the new equipment worth investigating at the Roost is the Brenan hollow fly rod, a bamboo affair designed for anglers who favor sporty, light tackle. This rod is considerably whippier than a solid pole of the same size, but just as strong, thanks to the way its interior is braced. It comes in standard lengths of from seven to nine feet and costs around $60. I might add that no matter what rod you buy, the shop will obligingly urge you to try it out on the roof, lending you various kinds of line to make sure you get the combination of rod and line which suits you best.

The Payne Parabolic Fly Rod for long-distance casting, mentioned here a couple of years ago, was evidently just what a lot of fishermen had been waiting for, and its manufacturers have since felt justified in bringing out several variations of the original model. All are relatively top-heavy, a quality which helps the angler cast his lure over thirty feet or more of water in an unbroken arc and so avoid the warning splash of the line, which inevitably makes trout wary. If you are thinking about acquiring a Parabolic, I'd suggest that you consider a new medium-weight, medium-length model which Abercrombie & Fitch are showing at $55.

Among the new lures, the wackiest-looking to me—though not, I'm assured, to fish—is a fluffy likeness of a small mouse, called, somewhat ambiguously, the Mouse Bait. It is the creation of a Pelham Manor taxidermist, an imaginative fellow who is also responsible for C-Thru Bait—dead insects dipped in a transparent waterproof solution; one collection I investigated included grasshoppers, cicadas, and Japanese beetles, all looking quite their tempting selves. A promising new lure for early-season casting is the Scooter, a plastic minnow with an orange-and-silver body and a feather tail. Experts who tried out the Shimmer Fly last year tell me that it gets excellent results all season long in most streams around here. It is a long-shanked hook with a fly and a propeller-shaped spinner as the principal attention-getters. The Anglers' Roost can show you the Mouse Bait, C-Thru Bait, and Shimmer Fly; William Mills & Son, at 21 Park Place, have the Mouse and Shimmer; Macy carries the Mouse and C-Thru; and Sloan's Sporting Goods Company, at 88 Chambers Street, has the Scooter.

Accessories: As a practical substitute for the willow creels we used to get from France, Abercrombie & Fitch are showing a canvas one with a zipper opening and holes punched in its sides for ventilation; it has a twelve-inch rule and will hold a catch of twenty pounds; $3.75. . . . If you fish brush-lined streams, you'll be interested in a new net hook at William Mills & Son. It is attached to a strap that goes over one shoulder and under the other and holds the net high up under your arm, so it won't get tangled in shrubbery. . . . Those who haven't yet solved the problem of storing flies might consider a case I saw at the H. & D. Folsom Arms Company, 312 Broadway (near Pearl), among other places. It has several drawers, divided into compartments, with transparent plastic covers that lift up, and it gives you a comprehensive view of your equipment while diminishing the chances of getting hooks in your fingers.

THE big thing in golf clubs this spring is the driver with an oversized head. The theory is that this should help players get more distance off the tee, and whether the theory works or not depends, I suspect, upon the player. At any rate, almost every manufacturer has come out with his version of the club, and probably the best thing, if your driving isn't what you think it ought to be, is to try one. . . . A new edition of the Little Poison putter has the thick wooden handle characteristic of this line, but it is shorter and the grip is less bulky. A companion piece, a chipper with the same type of handle, appeared just a few weeks ago. Macy has both chipper and putter at $6.49 each. . . . Don't forget about Reddy Tees, made of a sparkling plastic, which is hard to lose sight of. . . . A new showpiece at Abercrombie & Fitch is a golf bag turned out by a Western saddlemaker in a luxurious soft brown calf. It has everything, including an umbrella scabbard and considerable beauty, and costs $54.

NYLON has made its début in tennis, and you can now have your racquets strung with it, if you care to. I can't say I'm as happy about this as I was about its appearance in fishing

WHAT ARE THE TRUE FACTS ABOUT IMPORTED VERMOUTH?

**Q. Is it true there's plenty of Martini & Rossi available?**

**A.** Absolutely yes! Your cocktails can be as delicious as ever, for Martini & Rossi is readily available.

**Q. But hasn't the price of Martini & Rossi gone up?**

**A.** No—you can get it at no increase in price.

**Q. Is this the same quality Martini & Rossi we've always used?**

**A.** Yes. It's the same famous Martini & Rossi formula!

**Q. Say—how come Martini & Rossi, an imported Vermouth, is readily available?**

**A.** Martini & Rossi Vermouth has been made in many places throughout the world for many years. No matter where this fine Vermouth comes from, you can be sure it's made strictly according to the famous Martini & Rossi formula.

**Q. Is there a Martini & Rossi Sweet Vermouth and a Martini & Rossi Dry Vermouth, too?**

**A.** Right. In addition to the *Sweet* or *Regular* Vermouth, there is a delicious *Extra-Dry* Martini & Rossi Vermouth made especially for Martinis.

**Q. Say—what's the secret of making every batch of cocktails perfect?**

**A.** Remember — even if you use a cheaper whiskey or gin—never economize on Vermouth! Vermouth is a cocktail's most important flavoring ingredient.

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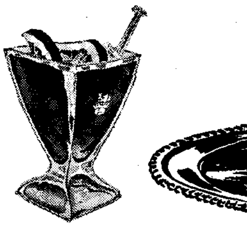

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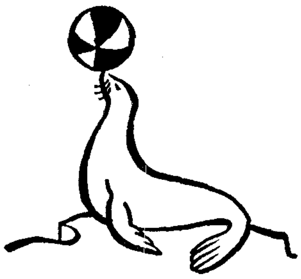

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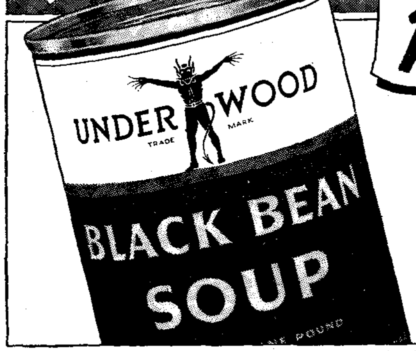

This savory soup is a sheer delight in more ways than one. Matchless as a First Course, its dark, rich goodness is equally popular at lunch-time . . . or *any*time when you want a quick, easy, satisfying meal. Serve it with a slice of egg, one of lemon, a spot of sherry. Wm. Underwood Co., Watertown, Mass.

● P.S. Have you served Underwood Purée Mongole recently? It's a delicious full-bodied blend of tomatoes, peas and julienned vegetables. Try it!

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lines. Of course, it has certain advantages over gut. For one thing, it is moistureproof, and so should not go dead on damp days or at seaside courts; for another, it can be drawn so tightly that a hard-hit ball seems a mere blur as it whizzes through the air. A big drawback, however, is the fact that nylon strings won't yield sufficiently to grip the ball and allow for controlled shots. In time, perhaps, players will learn how to manage with it, but I'm not too hopeful about the experiment. At the moment, not many of the best-grade racquets are being strung with it.

I haven't noticed any radical changes in racquet frames so far this season, but that was to be expected, since Australia has been responsible for most such innovations in the recent past and is now too busy with the war to bother much about tennis. There are a couple of new wrinkles, though. Andre, at 49 East 47th Street, shows a model called the Hall Ply, whose throat, instead of being made of one piece of wood, is built of three, the idea being to strengthen a point at which racquets have to stand a lot of abuse; $15.50, strung with the best gut. Macy's Metal-Clad, an exclusive model, is reinforced along the bottom of the head with a strip of aluminum. It, too, is supposed to stand strains better.

IT begins to look at last as if this country is going to take a place second to none as a maker of miniature cameras. Eastman has brought out the Kodak Ektra, which has practically all the features we had come to expect from the most expensive foreign models. Seven types of 35 mm. film may be used interchangeably by means of magazines which can be removed from the camera and then replaced without exposing their contents to light. There are dozens of other tricks, all of which combine to give the camera an amazing versatility. The most inexpensive Ektra, with an *f* 3.5 lens, costs $235; additional equipment specially designed for this instrument can bring the price up to $1,000 or more. —E. F. K.

●

### BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

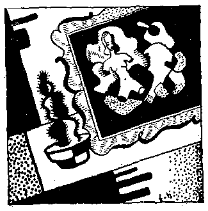
[*From "The Epic of America," by J. T. Adams*]

One man might own fifty acres and another fifty thousand, but there was no sharp line anywhere between them, and (what has been a holding anchor in American life even when radicalism has been in the saddle) the man with fifty hoped some day by a lucky stroke he might own a thousand.

# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Rouault and Some Others*

I ADMIT I was worried when I went to the big Rouault retrospective at the Marie Harriman. It seems foolish to mention my fears now, for the exhibition is certainly one of the great ones of the season, but my reasoning went something like this: Big shows, and particularly retrospectives, are ticklish things, and good men as well as bad have been ruined by them. To shine in such an affair, a painter should have brightness and variety; his color must not be limited, or his invention, but instead he should display continued versatility in attack and a wide range of subject. Otherwise, monotony creeps in, and dullness, and disappointment. Against this, I thought, we have Rouault—a great painter, surely, but one who paints consistently in dark reds and blues and blacks; whose color may glow but has never sparkled, and whose subjects through the years have been confined almost exclusively to clowns, acrobats, and crucifixions; whose design is as bold and uncompromising as it is unvarying. A great painter, I thought, and one whose pieces, seen individually, never fail to have impact, but isn't he also the one most likely to show up at his worst in a retrospective?



So it seemed at the time, and I still don't know why I was wrong; it's perhaps enough here to suggest that the fact he *is* a great painter may hold a clue. For the rest, the show is its own vindication. As you probably know, it's mainly made up of paintings from the still larger Rouault exhibition held last winter at the Boston Institute of Modern Art; thirty-seven items, or about half the Boston collection, are included, and in spite of this reduction in size I can't see how this showing can fall very far short of the other, either in scope or in authority.

The earliest piece in the group is a large oil, done in 1893, when Rouault was only twenty-two years old. Called "The Ordeal of Samson," it depicts the Biblical hero enslaved by the Philistines after his degradation at the hands of Delilah; it is interesting now chiefly for the feeling of straining movement its deliberately unbalanced composition conveys, and, in passing, for the proof it offers that even as a youth Rouault could draw skillfully and convincingly in the conventional manner when he chose. It is not till one reaches the start of this century that one finds, in the paintings of his Fauve period, the stripped, savage simplifications and biting intensity that were to characterize his work thereafter, and there are three or four pieces in that section—notably the slashingly handled study, done in 1908, of a prostitute called "Red-Haired Woman," the dark "Circus Performer," and the magnificent "Head of Christ" of a few years later—that I think must still rank among the most powerful productions of his career.

What the Fauves tried to do, of course, was to find a way of appealing in their painting to the emotions as directly as the Impressionists had sought to appeal to the eye, and though the movement was short-lived, there was something in the doctrine that appears to have fitted Rouault's purpose perfectly. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that Rouault has never ceased to be a Fauve. Unlike Dufy and Derain and the others of that group, he has never wandered or acquired a polish. Though his work has mellowed in his later years and grown deeper in feeling and more resourceful, direct expression is still his primary aim, and in such things as his beautifully textured, glowing "The Old King" and his almost magically evocative "Turbaned Woman," he succeeds in bringing the emotional content of the painting more throbbingly close to the surface than perhaps any other artist alive today can do.

There are some aspects of Rouault's work I still don't like. The landscapes in particular seem to me too confused and too vague in structure, and there is an element of caricature in his drawing that at times may strengthen, but as often cheapens, his effects. There is also a certain harshness in his work, a kind of Old Testament vindictiveness even in his most evangelical moments, which sometimes makes me wonder if true human pity is really in him. (Note, for instance, his treatment of the prostitute in the "Red-Haired Woman," and consider how much more humanity and understanding Toulouse-Lautrec, say, for all his debonairness, would have brought to a similar subject.) But no question about it; for sheer emotional power Rouault has them all beat.

THE Independents are having their twenty-fifth annual, at the Fine Arts Galleries, and I suppose, just for old times' sake, you'd better go. It's

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a curiously unexciting affair, however. All the good things are by more or less well-established artists; even the lunatic fringe of contributors seems less vivacious this year than formerly, and the general flavor is such that one might, at first glance, almost imagine oneself back at the National Academy show, which, as you may remember, lately closed its 119th annual in the same gallery. Maybe all this is simply a slump and next year the Independents will do better. I hope it is not just advancing age that's the trouble. . . . At the Buchholz, you will find a collection of drawings and water colors by a group of modern Europeans, ranging from a newcomer named André Beaudin and the seldom seen André Masson to Georges Braque and Paul Klee and Picasso. The Beaudins I didn't much care for; they're too thin in design. But practically everything else in the show has been carefully chosen, and the Klee water color called "Scale of Twilight" and the Braque "Glass and Grapes" in pastel are especially delightful. The show closes this Saturday. . . . Perls too has a group exhibition, this one of twelve contemporary Mexican painters. Some twenty examples are shown, and though the work is uneven, the collection as a whole is interesting in that the majority of the men are younger-generation painters who till now have rarely or never been exhibited here. I liked particularly a kind of Chagallesque fantasy called "Bareback Riders," by María Izquierdo; a surrealist study, full of charging movement, called "Cargador," by Guillermo Meza; and a rather involved but effective thing called "L'Epicerie du Bon Poète," by Roberto Montenegro. . . . Several of the critics found a certain "improvement" in Thomas Benton's new work, at the Associated American Artists, but I failed to find it. Those queer landscapes of his are as ripply and unsubstantial as ever and his still lifes are stilted in feeling, while his old failing, the tendency to produce canvases that look as if they were painted on tin, is everywhere in evidence. Unquestionably, Benton has the will to paint and a good deal to say in the medium. But perhaps because he rejects so much that should be normal to a painter, in the way of influences and so on, even the ordinary graces of the art seem permanently beyond him. —Robert M. Coates

•

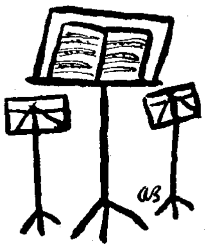
We do not guarantee these dresses will last the day.—*From an adv. in the Troy (N.Y.) Record.*

Anyway, they'll have their little hour.

# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Good Going*

OVATIONS have been so numerous and so perfervid in Carnegie Hall this season that it's difficult to say who has drawn the biggest uproar. Until the management installs one of those machines that register applause in decibels, it won't be possible to decide which concert has taken the enthusiasm award for any one season, but it may be reported that the Tchaikovsky program by Arturo Toscanini and the N.B.C. Symphony, with Vladimir Horowitz as soloist, was at least an eminent contender for the 1940-1941 prize. If Mr. Toscanini had countenanced applause between movements of the "Pathetic" symphony and the B-flat-minor piano concerto, the event undoubtedly would have captured the cup hands down—or, rather, hands pounded together furiously.



The ovations were in order, too. Mr. Toscanini's invigorating and unsentimental doings with the "Pathetic" are famous, and so is Mr. Horowitz's brilliant playing of the concerto. Less familiar was Mr. Toscanini as conductor for the concerto, and he made so much of the orchestral score that parts of it seemed something like a symphony with piano obbligato, which was a pretty good idea. The concerto has been expounded with more *Schmalz*, but probably never with more virtuosity, vitality, and decisive rhythm.

GILBERT-and-Sullivan fanciers are directed to 38 Commerce Street, where the Savoy Opera Guild is presenting comic-opera classics in the Cherry Lane Theatre on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. This Guild is a new organization that set up shop in the Cherry Lane last week with "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," and it knows its stuff. The opening productions weren't pretentious. A piano supplied the accompaniments, the jury in "Trial by Jury" consisted of only six good men and true, the settings were simple, and there was no attempt to go either academically traditional or streamlined. It was all sensible and comprehensible, and it was an extra pleasure to hear the comic operas without encores. There was enough applause to provoke repetitions of numbers, but the Guild laid off of this nonsense, as we old Gilbertians say.

The conductor was Arthur Lief, who obviously had rehearsed his singers with successful thoroughness and didn't hesitate to get some tempi that seemed to him natural rather than those that have become purely conventional. The staging of Lewis Denison also demonstrated naturalness.

Most of the singers hadn't previously been heard hereabouts in Gilbert and Sullivan. Miss Sylvia Cyde was an excellent leading lady and managed to act Josephine in "Pinafore" as well as she sang her, which was no small stunt. A young baritone, Earl Norland, is worth noting in your future book, if you keep one, and the rest of the company, although not startling, was alert and competent. *The concerted singing deserved at least a line of commendation in italics* —and here it is.

THOSE of us who used to have a good time at the World's Fair had many agreeable memories recalled when the World's Fair Band, conducted by Captain Eugene La Barre, put on a concert in Carnegie Hall. It was a pleasant evening for anybody, in fact, being a well-played exhibition with plenty of the trimmings that one expects at a typical band affair, such as the conductor in white (gloves and all), the rest of the men in quasi-military uniforms, "The Carnival of Venice" as a cornet solo with prolonged high notes, the "William Tell" overture, a lady helping out on the harp, an easel with numbered cards to indicate the selection being played, extra numbers after many of the offerings, and plenty of Sousa marches, including "The Stars and Stripes Forever," in which about a dozen instrumentalists lined up at the edge of the stage for the finale.

Captain La Barre's conducting was undemonstrative and efficient throughout, and his band played with fine tone and precision. I missed something, though, and that was the cheerful honking of "The Sidewalks of New York" by all those little perambulating horns.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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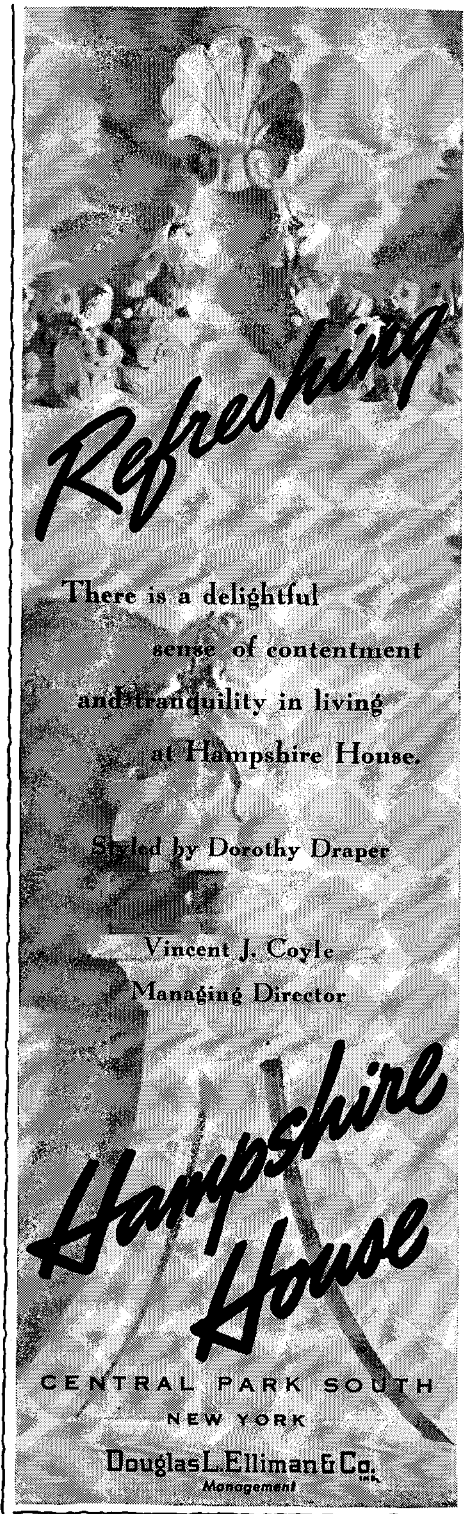

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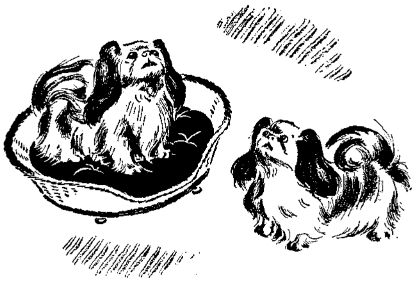
# THE OARSMEN

## *Unseasonable Opening*

AS the opening day of the rowing season, last Saturday rapped precedent smartly across the knuckles. No major crew on any lake, river, or estuary made the monkey of itself that every rowing coach privately expects his crew to in its first test, and there were no squalls or hailstorms to make the day hideous. Even on the Harlem, where Columbia held a five-race regatta with Rutgers and Princeton, the only thing dirty about the weather was a slight headwind, and the only mishaps were minor indeed. The stroke of the Rutgers freshmen broke his oar on the way to the start but had no trouble borrowing another from his hosts. It meant simply that Rutgers had to get along with seven scarlet blades and one baby-blue one. The Columbia freshmen made it up to them in the race by going a bit off their course before pulling away and winning by three lengths.

Princeton appeared only in the 150-pound races, winning with her varsity crew and losing with her freshmen. In the main event, the Rutgers boat made the same sort of almost-but-not-quite showing against Columbia as it had in a warmup with Princeton the week before. It was out in front most of the first mile and a quarter and then fell behind in the sprint, losing by a deck length. The crew, which averages 184 pounds, is strong enough to break into big-time rowing, its current objective, but seems to fold up just a little under pressure. The pace of between forty and forty-one strokes a minute that Columbia was setting in the last hundred yards was certainly too stiff. Rowing was reëstablished at Rutgers only eight years ago (it was dropped back in the eighties), so the college can't be expected to attract many experienced men yet. Anyway, it succeeded in landing Princeton, Columbia, Penn, and Dartmouth on this year's schedule. Coach Chuck Logg says he probably wouldn't refuse an invitation to Poughkeepsie.

Although tugboats on the Harlem occasionally make the coaches mad during practice, from a sports-follower's point of view Columbia's crew has a pretty nice stretch of water. On days when the Giants are playing at the Polo Grounds, a good many baseball fans who are too early for the game wander down to the



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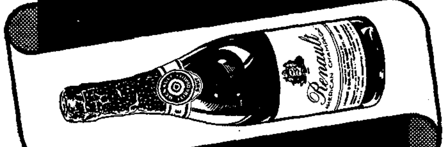

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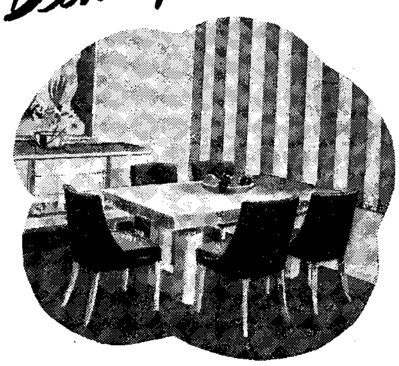

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river and watch the boys in their shells. This division of sporting interests works both ways. After a workout the other day, before the crew had quite reached the landing, its members were shouting "How'd the Dodgers do?" to friends at the boathouse.

IN beating Navy at Annapolis last week, Princeton proved to have eight very snappy oarsmen. To be sure, Navy was handicapped by the graduation last winter of its four varsity first-classmen, but observers say that Princeton looked good not only comparatively but all by itself. Its time, 9:36 for the mile and three-quarters, was not especially fast, but the chances are it would have been faster if necessary. Pitney, Princeton's stroke, found that he could gain water on the midshipmen with a beat in the low thirties, so he didn't bother to step it up much above that, even when Navy made a brave spurt at the finish. Princeton probably never went higher than thirty-six, whereas Navy was doing around forty in both its opening and closing sprints.

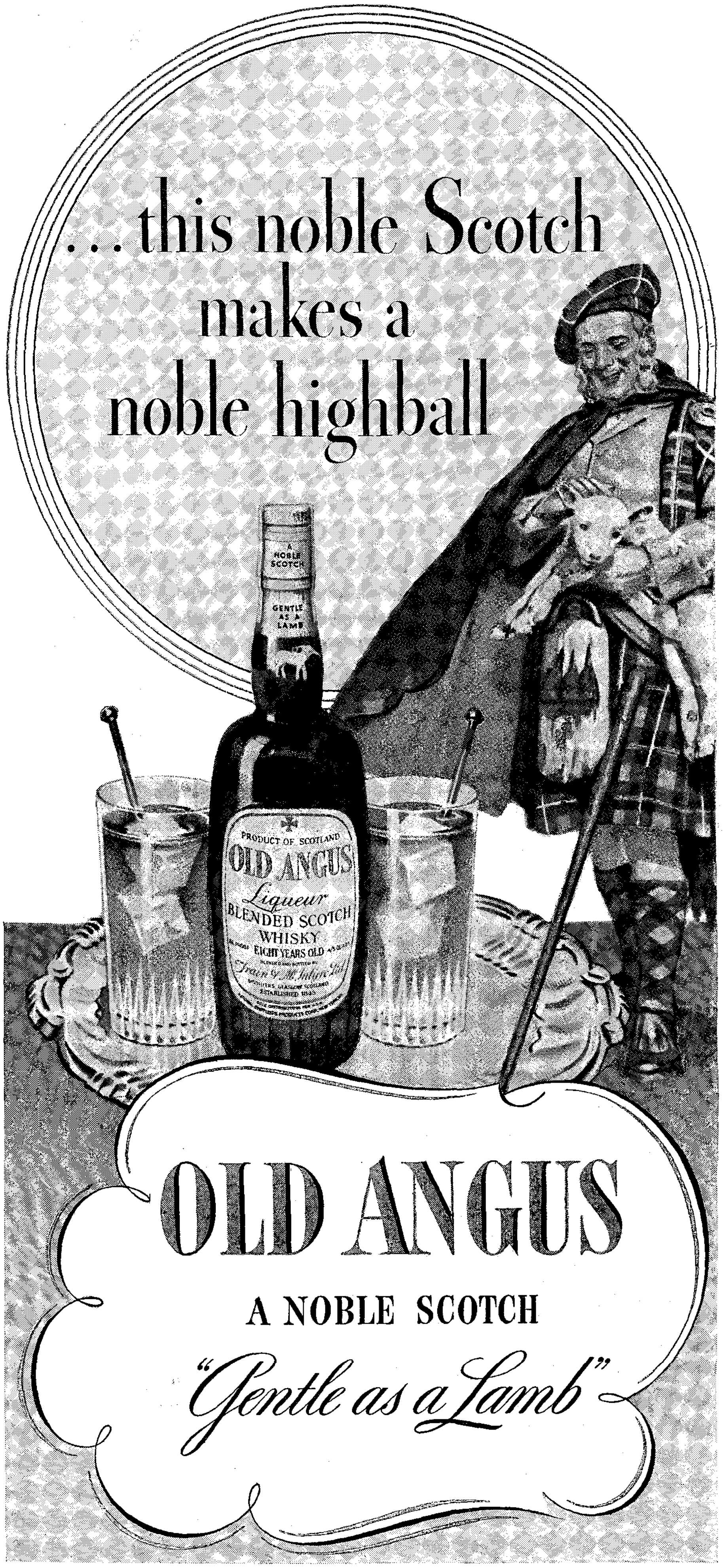
Navy will not race at Poughkeepsie this year. What with one national emergency and another, the Academy not only has shortened its course to three years but is sending its undergraduates off on cruises before the date of the regatta, June 25th. The absence of destroyers and sub-chasers at the races will cut down the color of the event considerably, but Captain T. S. King, the Navy athletic director, who is also chairman of the Board of Stewards for this regatta, has promised that the Coast Guard will patrol the course anyhow. This should console the folk who like to look at fighting ships and have been complaining that even the Navy rowing shells, which after all don't carry so much as a torpedo tube, are making few public appearances these days.

THERE has been no mention in all this of the University of Washington, which murdered California at Oakland last Saturday. It will probably do likewise at Poughkeepsie to any Eastern crew that dips an oar. . . . M.I.T. hopes to win the Rowe Cup race this Saturday because it's had more practice. The ice in M.I.T.'s part of the Charles broke up earlier than in Harvard's.—RIGGER

•

Slipping and falling in bathtubs is often due to curved bottoms, it is said.—*The World-Telegram.*

It's painful and dangerous, no matter *what* causes it.



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# UNCLE PHINEAS AND THE PROPHECY OF DOOM

AMONG Uncle Phineas's lesser crotchets was the idea that his life was bound up with the old Fifty-first Street house in which he and Aunt Mary lived. He had given the house to Aunt Mary as a wedding present. She would have preferred to live near her mother on Sixty-eighth Street, but Uncle Phineas said that no self-respecting New Yorker lived above Fifty-ninth, and it has never been said that Uncle Phineas is or ever was lacking in self-respect.

Uncle Phineas did not care for the country, and so, unlike most of their friends, he and Aunt Mary stayed in town during the summer. However, they left the house for frequent trips, which, as a matter of fact, Uncle Phineas survived rather better than Aunt Mary. These, it seemed, did not count. His chairs and tables and beds and a very grand piano, which remained in the Fifty-first Street house, Uncle Phineas regarded as surrogates for him and guarantors of his return.

It was characteristic of Uncle Phineas that Aunt Mary had no part in the selection and furnishing of their house. Uncle Phineas and his mother bought the house and furnished it. It is my misfortune that Uncle Phineas's mother relinquished her hold on life and Uncle Phineas before I was born. My imagination is too feeble to construct his female counterpart. The house was a great cavern, five elevatorless floors high. When I first knew it, as a little girl, it seemed huge and cheerless, though by that time Uncle Phineas had populated it with a cousin on his father's side, an uncle on his mother's, and an ever-shifting army of maids.

I shudder to think of Aunt Mary as she first viewed her new home. She was pretty then, no doubt, and more of a match for her prospective husband, both in size and spirit, than she is today. For, ironically, sweet, gentle Aunt Mary is angular and sour in appearance and generally disliked by strangers, whereas Uncle Phineas looks like an overpink cherub and is inevitably pitied for his unsympathetic wife. It is my theory that by contemplating each other too often across the great oak table in the oak dining hall, their faces somehow became molded in each other's image.

Aunt Mary was at marriage an inch and a half taller than Uncle Phineas. I suppose he married her on the assumption that he could whittle her down. But after years of trying, she was still a full inch taller than he—a lack of submission totally incomprehensible to them both. Standing beside her, he would turn suddenly and level a glance at her. He invariably gave the same start of anguished surprise at discovering that the glance hit her somewhere about the bridge of the nose.

The maids shifted less in the early days, when stairs were more common, but as people began moving into uptown apartments, the maids began to move with them. After a while the women who came to visit looked around the house and said, "I'm surprised you don't move into an apartment, Mary. I thought I'd never get used to being all on one floor. But you can't believe the work it saves." Aunt Mary always answered apologetically, "Well, it's because of Phineas." At which informed visitors asked no further questions.

Those still deceived by Uncle Phineas's soft exterior sometimes approached Uncle Phineas himself. "Look here, Phineas. This is nonsense. Everybody is moving to apartments nowadays. Mary's working herself to the bone keeping this place going. Why don't you move?"

On these occasions, Uncle Phineas would sigh. "I'd like to," he'd say, "but it can't be done. Bought this house to live and die in. Mark my words, the day I move out of this house, I die. Like that." He had a gesture of crumpling up his hand to show how he would collapse.

Later it got so he would tell about it even when no one asked him. Sometimes he'd sit and shake his head. "Strange how I'm bound up with this house," he'd say wistfully.

UNCLE PHINEAS stayed bound up with the Fifty-first Street house for thirty-five years, and Aunt Mary stayed too. Then the New Life Realty Corporation came along.

With his usual astuteness—no one ever got the better of Uncle Phineas—he had bought his property on what turned out to be one of the most valuable business streets of the city. People often offered to buy his home, but it was not until the New Life Realty offered twenty times the original cost that Uncle Phineas found himself in difficulty. One of the axioms of his life was that anyone who didn't make an honest penny when he could was a fool. And now it seemed that he had to choose between being a fool or dead.

For a time, Uncle Phineas, tossed about on the horns of this dilemma, actually seemed to be wearing thin. Then one day he came to a decision. He announced that he had decided to move. He said he owed it to Aunt Mary to leave her as well fixed as possible and, after all, no one could live forever.

This decision, for which Aunt Mary had longed for years, reduced her to instant tears. Uncle Phineas had announced that he was going to die if he moved, and she had no precedent for disbelieving that what he said he would do he would do. The tears had no effect. Uncle Phineas had made up his mind. He had his lawyer bring the deed to the house and, at the same time, his will. This he reëxamined with careful finality.

The night before they moved he gave Aunt Mary precise instructions about his funeral. He told her, among other things, not to be a fool and have her Cousin Sophia ride with his Aunt Hennie; she knew perfectly well they never got along.

The moving was a trying business for everyone but Uncle Phineas, who, as a result of the general alarm he had occasioned, seemed to be blossoming again. Finally all the huge pieces of furniture were stuffed into a ten-room apartment, and space was afterward made for Uncle Phineas and Aunt Mary as well.

The first night they slept in their new home, Uncle Phineas kissed her almost tenderly, then turned over and left her to a sleepless night. She was relieved at daybreak to observe that her husband looked much the same as he had the day before.

Uncle Phineas looked better the next month and the next year. The old house was torn down and replaced by an office building, and still Uncle Phineas survived. Finally it was apparent even to him that he was not going to die, at least not as a result of disjuncture.

FOR a time Uncle Phineas was very depressed about not having died. It was as though the fates with which he had been in collusion had let him down. But after a while he took a brighter view. "Couldn't lick me so easily," he'd say. "Pretty tough stuff I'm made

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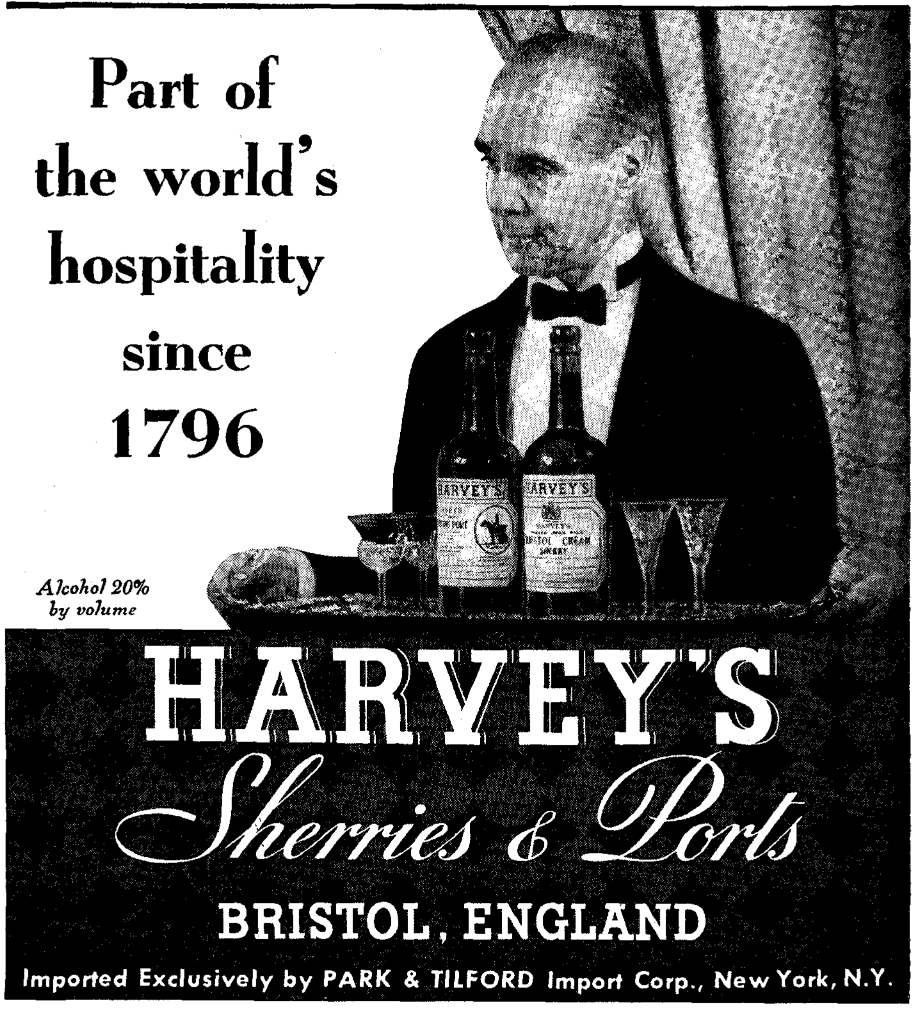
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of. Thought I'd never last out the old house, but I certainly did." He'd pinch his nice, pink baby skin fondly. "Not an ounce of flesh off me yet," he'd say.

That was the second phase. Recently the third and final stage of his adjustment was reached.

We were all sitting at dinner one evening, in the kind of silence only too apt to fall on Uncle Phineas's home when Uncle Phineas stops talking. He turned to Aunt Mary, and there was a benign look in his small eyes which filled me with terror. "Thought you'd kill me off, didn't you?" He nodded his head in happy confirmation. "Thought I'd die if you moved me out of the big house. Fooled you that time, didn't I, Mary? Not going to make a widow of you yet awhile." He gave a triumphant laugh.

He liked that a lot. And when Uncle Phineas enjoys an idea, he rarely lets it drop.

—ELINOR RICE

•

## SPRING PLEA

Ladies, you force us by brute charm
To view you—but with some alarm.

We've faced the knee all splashed with
rain,
The lovely throat bowed down with
chain,

The shelflike shoulders that distort
Lithe torsos of the better sort.

Yes, we have turned the other cheek
To hats of which no words can speak,

Succumbed to fold and pleat and gather
Draped on you like a silken lather,

And watched with calm the pompadour
Revive the Gibson Girl once more.

But we'll rebel if you evoke or
Even think about her choker!

Oh, promise (and we speak with
passion)
You will not wire your necks for fashion.

—HORTENSE FLEXNER

•

Mrs. Naomi E. Foss of Lynn is presenting at the Boston Public Library this week her antique button collection. Besides her button collection, which fills four large showcases, Mrs. Foss also has two sons—Russell, former Lynn Classical football star, and Frederick A., who last year won a $1,200 scholarship to Tufts College.—*Boston Globe.*

Life has indeed been good to Mrs. Foss.

We don't know what this kind of folks read but,

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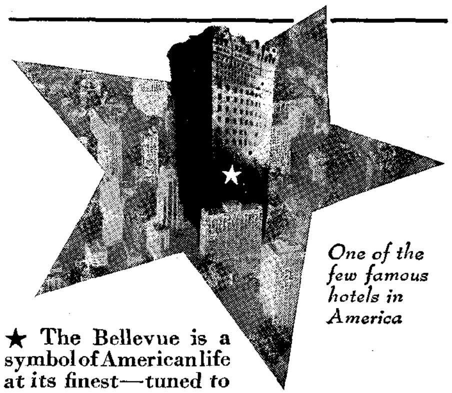
*Atlantic*

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY CO., BOSTON, MASS.



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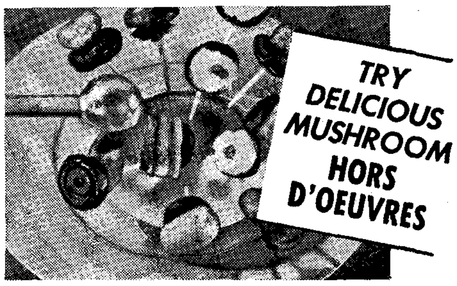

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Paths of Glorification*

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FULL enough of moments of grand pageantry, as pageantry was presented in the days of the great Flo, "Ziegfeld Girl" also gives us private lives. The movie, a big and substantial musical in itself, has a plot woven about the careers of three young women of the "Follies." There is the ambitious youngster (Judy Garland) who comes of a family of troupers and is one herself at heart, who works hard, and who becomes a star. The sombre beauty, with her one true love—a sad violinist "too good" for popular music and starving for Carnegie Hall—is most properly interpreted by Hedy Lamarr. Mlle. Lamarr seems perhaps a bit of a gloom among all the vivacious doings, but her incontestable beauty adds an elegant note and her tragic smile, as she parades down the Ziegfeld stairways fully rigged in the fanciful and extraordinarily elaborate regalia that was the master's taste at the time, brings a piquant touch of heartbreak to the scenes of splendor. Youthful Lana Turner has the third rôle, that of the young girl who goes wrong, and, naturally, a great deal of attention is devoted to her history. We follow her from her humble origin as an elevator operator in a department store. She has, at that time, a wholesome family life in Flatbush and a loyal suitor (James Stewart), by profession a truck-driver. A Ziegfeld scout—Mr. Ziegfeld himself does not appear in the film—takes that elevator, and as a result of this brief encounter, the girl is invited to glorification.

From the very night of the opening, men-about-town are interested, and soon indeed the little girl learns the difference between a stack o' wheats and crêpes Suzette. The fascinating progress of her sinning absorbs us all, and it is, of course, no surprise that tragedy comes of it at last. That the honest truck-driver should be so embittered by her career that he also turns from the path of virtue and goes into bootlegging—an unethical occupation of the period—is just another consequence of her selfish and willful behavior. This seamy side, however, does not intrude itself on the splendor of the "Follies" as scene after scene is reeled off for us. The Ziegfeld show is presented with much the quality we can remember it had. It's all very fancy—dated now, I suppose—but fun. One detail I thought especially pleasant, and that is "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean," with Charles Winninger and Al Shean himself.

ALL of a sudden, Harold Lloyd looms on the horizon as an independent producer. "A Girl, a Guy and a Gob," with Lucille Ball, Edmond O'Brien, and George Murphy, is his first experiment, and it's a lively business, but longish. I expect Mr. Lloyd will loosen up somewhat in the future, and I see no reason his productions shouldn't have the flourish his own comedies once had. He ought to know how to make the young people in his employ hop around fast. They do pretty well here, especially Murphy as the gob, but the film might be still more skittish. At times it slows down and needs tightening and certainly some cutting. Two hours and a few added minutes is long for this kind of thing, unless it is very wild every second.

"Model Wife" is another comedy, but a dismal one. Even a skunk scene doesn't seem hilarious here, and neither do Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. It has something of a story about one of those strange business establishments run by a female tyrant who won't allow her employees to marry, and it is all quite terrible. As I said, even the skunk, brought into the establishment at a crucial moment, might as well have been, for all the laughs it gets, a mere mink.

AS historians know, woman suffrage first gained a foothold in Wyoming. This impressive victory has been exploited as the basis for a modest Western called "The Lady from Cheyenne." The account of the momentous event shows us a winsome young schoolteacher (Loretta Young), on the surface a somewhat addlepated personage, as the lady responsible for the whole cataclysm. Her tussle over real estate with a racketeer (Edward Arnold) precipitates the victory and paves the way, so to speak, for Carrie Chapman Catt, a very different type from Loretta Young.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

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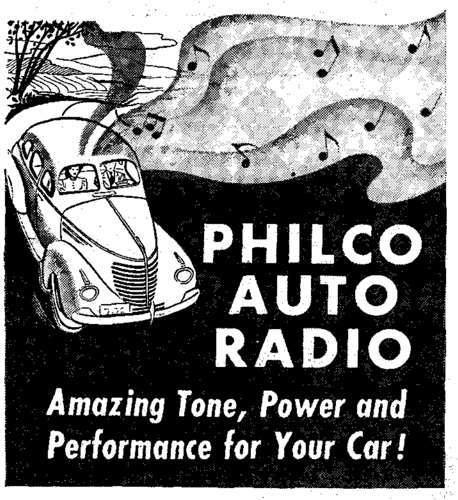
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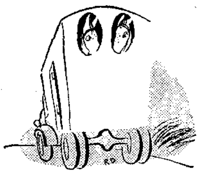

JAMES McHENRY, whose father rode the first Maryland Hunt Cup winner back in 1894 and who is keeping up the family's association with the annual four-mile steeplechase by serving as secretary of the committee in charge, expects about ten of the sixteen entries in this year's race to start this Saturday. A field of that size should make a trip to the Worthington Valley attractive, and since probably every starter will be a bona-fide foxhunter, you can see why a lot of people who don't ordinarily bother to attend such gatherings are planning to be on hand. (With all those honest hunters racing, it might not be a bad idea to have a pack of hounds set the pace.) Moreover, several owners are looking forward to the race with more than usual excitement—and hope—for Charles E. Tuttle's Blockade, who has won the last three Maryland Cups, won't be a starter; one of his tendons went wrong during a workout and his trainer has decided to rest him until fall. To make the outcome still more unpredictable, none of the horses who are running have ever won the Cup.

Predicting the unpredictable, I'd say that John Strawbridge's great gray, Coq Bruyere, will come in first, provided he doesn't get careless and hit one of those extraordinarily unyielding timber fences, as he did in 1939, when the twentieth, an innocent-looking board affair, caused him to lose by only half a length to Blockade. Dick Hamilton, who rode Coq Bruyere then, will be riding him again and will, I imagine, be especially alert when he reaches that twentieth fence, which has stopped many other fine horses, including the famous Billy Barton. Coq Bruyere's most dangerous rivals in this Maryland would seem to be Paul G. Daly's Mansfield Park, winner of the Meadow Brook Cup; Chris Greer's Goldun, who won the Belmont hunter race at Middleburg; Louis Randall's Monty R.; Mrs. Elizabeth C. Buck's Espadin; Stuart S. Janney, Jr.'s, Winton; and Mrs. Janney's Vaunt.

THE complete list of the entries will not be made public until the day of the race. This secrecy is being observed

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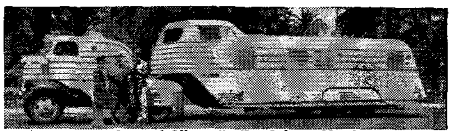

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by the committee to preserve its one source of revenue, the sale of programs. The Maryland is such a strictly amateur event that no cash prize is given and no admission is charged; the only money put out is the cost of cleaning up the grounds after the crowd has gone home, and the committee relies on its programs to bring in this amount. A few years ago, some catch-penny knaves in Baltimore, using the committee's advance announcement of entries, got up a batch of programs and sold them at the course. Since then the committee has been understandably chary about giving out much preliminary information.

BETTING on the Maryland Cup has always been a rather casual matter, involving such stakes as dinners, hats, and champagne as often as money. In Maryland, the only way you can legally bet on a horse race is in the pari-mutuels. Nothing as crass as that, of course, would be tolerated at the running of the Cup. Until two years ago, a band of gypsy bookies used to set up slates near the paddock, offering some of the most atrocious odds ever heard of. It was quite common for a favorite to be quoted at 4–5, though everybody knows that it's an even-money bet against any one horse's merely getting around the course. However, like the gambler who played the crooked roulette wheel because it was the only one in town, the crowd made a custom of placing small sentimental bets with the bookies. Two years ago there was some sort of local political shakeup and the bookies fled; in fact, much of the best racing that season was between the bookies and the sheriff's men. Quite possibly the sheriff will be actively protecting the Worthington Valley's morals again on Saturday, but, even so, if you know somebody you can always get a small bet placed. That somebody might also invite you to one of the cockfights which are held annually on various estates the night before the race. The sheriff doesn't seem able to get very far with them. —T. O'R.

•

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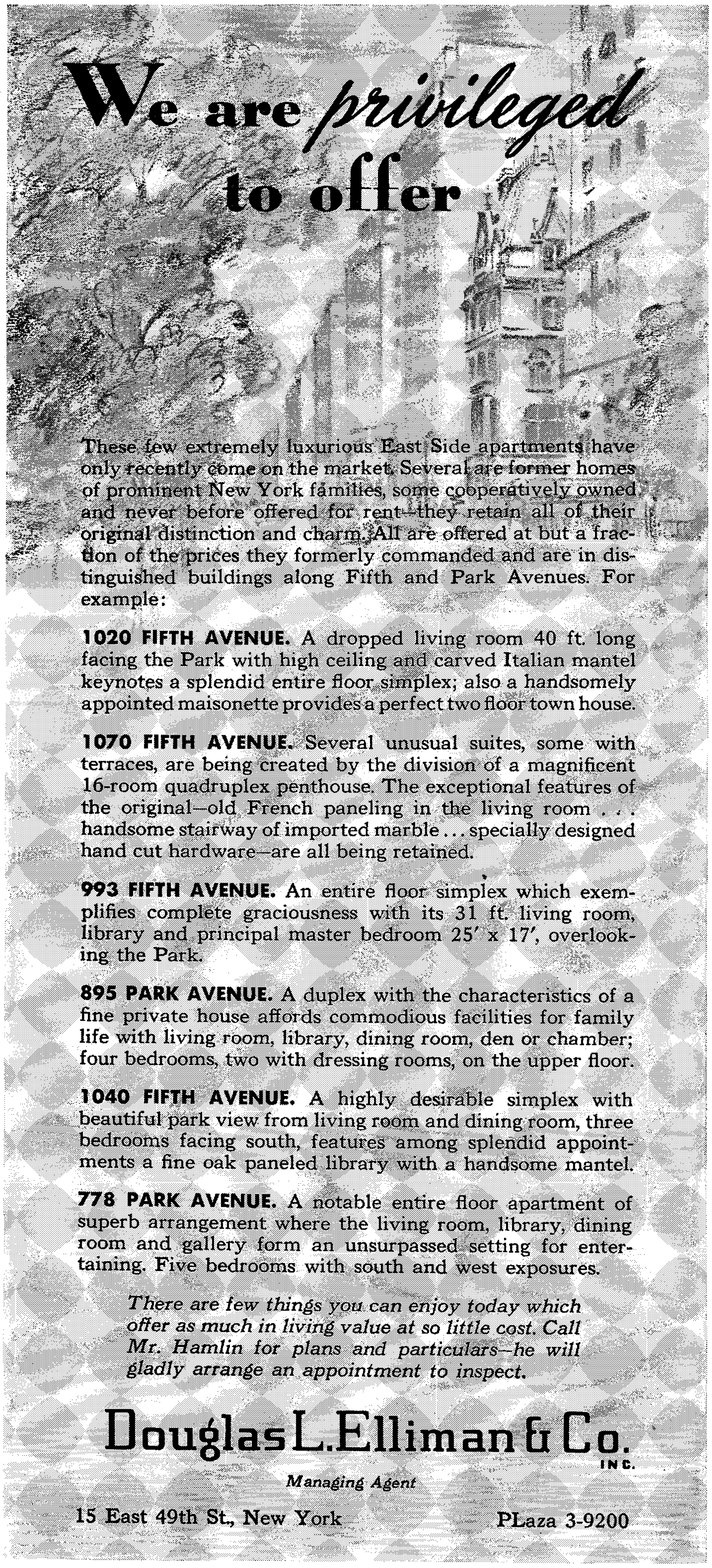

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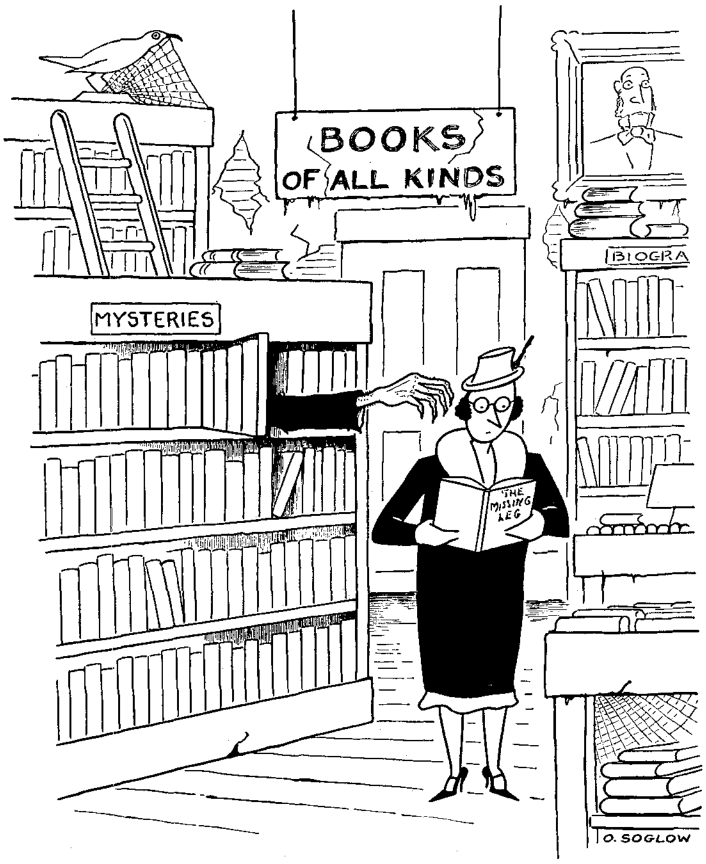
# BOOKS

## *Disappointments*

SEVERAL beautiful and affecting chapters in Erich Maria Remarque's "Flotsam" do not suffice to make it worthy of the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back." I suppose it is one of those novels you should read for the good of your soul. There are certainly things in it to wring the most curmudgeonly heart. Yet, with all this, it seems less a novel about three-dimensioned human beings than a series of scenes depicting the life of a nation. I say nation because "Flotsam" is about emigrees, and emigrees during the last eight years have developed into a special people, drifting, boundaryless, but not traditionless. As an album of dramatic snapshots of these people, "Flotsam" is admirable. As an integrated story, it fails to come off.

The time is pre-*Anschluss.* This works against Remarque, for it is a grim truth that the early days of the Hitler terror seem almost cozy by comparison with our own times. We know we should be deeply moved by the tribulations of these tragic exiles, but so much blood of all classes and groups and countries has flowed under the bridges since 1933 that their plight—now worse than ever, let us not forget—appears inevitably diminished in its proportions and its intensity. It all seems to have happened a thousand years ago. This is the fault of the Nazis, not of Remarque, but the fact is there, and it is a stubborn one. So true is this that "Flotsam" reads in certain of its aspects almost like a historical novel.

The trio of characters who do their best to tie together the episodes that make up the book are Steiner, already a hardened and cynical veteran of emigree life; young Ludwig Kern, who has much to go through before learning that "you've got to be tough if you don't want to be rubbed out;" and Ruth Holland, the heroine. Kern and Ruth, I'm sorry to say, seem to me watered Hemingway. Steiner has more definition, but even he is inferior in interest to some of the minor characters, such as the seventy-five-year-old Father Moritz, who has been a wandering Jew for so long that he is a connoisseur of passports, boundary problems, refugee hotels, and all the strange matters that make up the exiles' life.



There is the real substance of "Flotsam": the world of work cards, identification cards, permits; the differing regulations of Austria, Switzerland, France; the peddling of safety pins and toilet water to earn a living; the business of high-grade begging; the little things—a drink, an extra ten francs, a decent prison guard—that make life temporarily bearable; the sharpening of the mind under duress and trouble; the trade in forged passports; the guerrilla warfare between Gestapo agents and the refugees; the whole aimless, hunted, grotesque, but not yet hopeless life of these outcasts who help each other as do criminals and the poor, and who are gradually developing into a social class with ideas, emotions, traditions, and prejudices of their own.

I would like to say more for "Flotsam." It is a deeply felt book. Some of the episodes—for example, the return, inevitably suicidal, of Steiner to the bedside of his dying wife—are as sad and haunting as any in "All Quiet." But something is lacking. Perhaps Remarque has worked over the book too much. (It originally appeared in *Collier's* in rougher form.) Perhaps the aimlessness of the life it depicts seeps into the very structure of the novel. Perhaps Remarque has been too much affected by Hemingway, whose bitter irony he echoes, but with an unattractive addition of heavy German humor.

The best piece of fiction the refugee tragedy has so far produced, I think, is Feuchtwanger's "Paris Gazette." Feuchtwanger writes more coldly than the emotional Remarque but somehow gets more said, and gets it said more clearly. "Flotsam" will probably attract a wider audience, for it makes easier reading and has a dramatic fervor, even a sentimental quality (see the suicide of the actress Barbara Klein), that Feuchtwanger's drier art cannot boast.

The translation of "Flotsam," by Denver Lindley, is satisfactory. You may wish not to be reminded that a vulgarization of the book, called "So Ends Our Night," appeared in the moving-picture houses a few months ago.

IT gives me little joy to acknowledge that Evelyn Scott's "The Shadow of the Hawk" baffles me. I have long admired her books, particularly "The Wave," for my money the best Civil War novel ever written. But "The Shadow of the Hawk" is another thing again. I finished its 494 pages unable to determine exactly why it is so unsatisfying and much more unable to puzzle out why Miss Scott wrote it. Its content hardly seems to demand all the patience, invention, and intelligence lavished on it. The means are grotesquely more imposing than the end.

"The Shadow of the Hawk" studies, practically forever, the mind and character of young Angus Pettigrew and his mother as they live their lives under the blighting influence of a sordid and permanent disaster. The father, Dan Pettigrew, is sentenced to a long prison term for a

*W & J SLOANE INTERIOR AT FALL FLOWER SHOW, GLEN COVE, L. I.* *Photographed Direct in Color by Powers*

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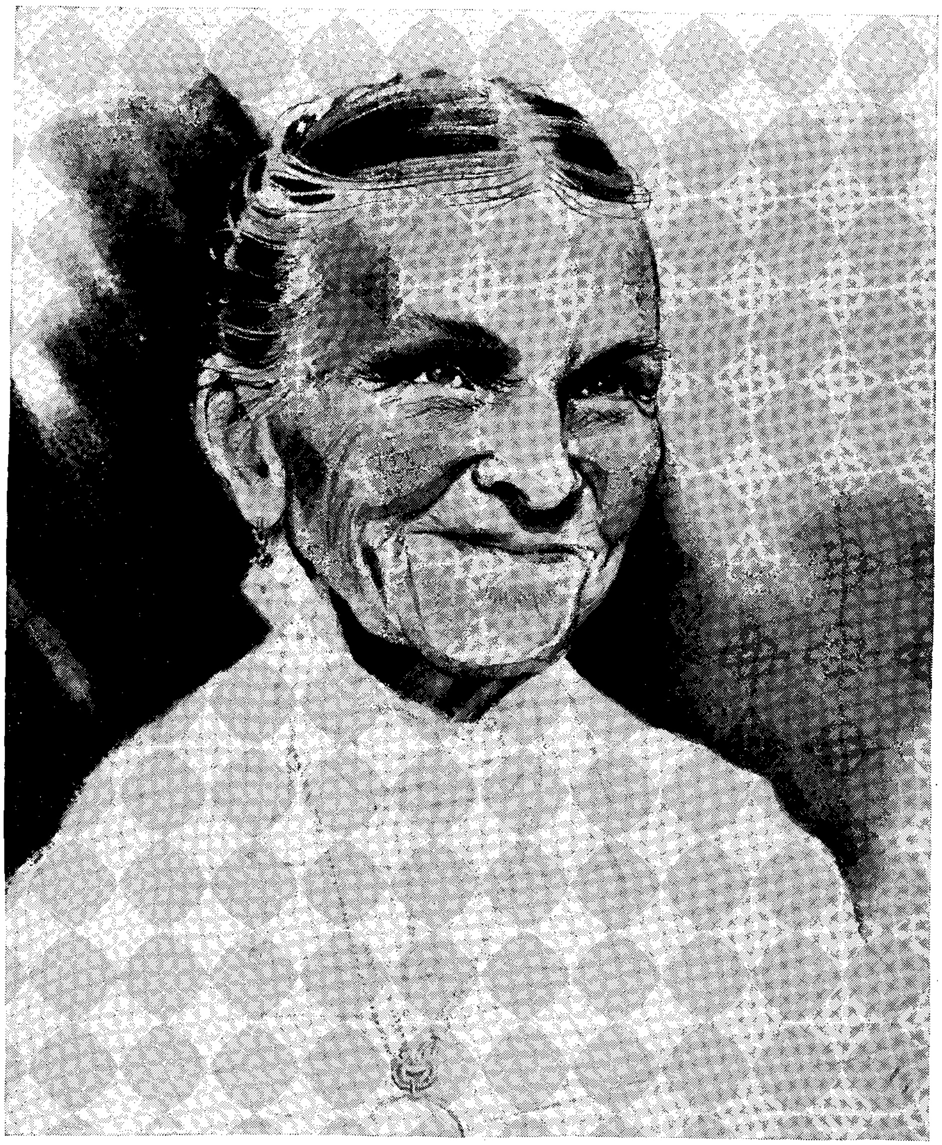

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crime of which he is innocent. Eventually he dies of a combination of tuberculosis and rage. Mrs. Pettigrew and young Angus are forced by the scandal into an obscure and frowzy mode of life, and both deteriorate in consequence.

Just what Miss Scott wishes to prove I cannot say. Mrs. Pettigrew is a weak and irritating woman at the outset of the story and at its close is a trifle weaker and more irritating. The boy is bewildered and resentful throughout. Their characters are studied with scrupulous care, but this hardly compensates for the fact that they are both dull. The minor personages, no less carefully conceived, are no more attractive. Indeed, Miss Scott would appear to be fascinated by gray, mean people. She doesn't like them, makes bitter fun of them, but simply can't let them alone.

I have a dismayed feeling that I am missing something in "The Shadow of the Hawk" palpable to more perceptive readers. Is this one of those imposing Dreiserian studies of the effect of society upon character? Is it a lower-middle-class satire, Dickens without humor? Does it purport to say trenchant things about justice and prison reform? All or any of these are possibilities. My respect for Miss Scott's talents leads me to believe the possibilities exist. They just don't seem to exist for me, that's all.

BEFORE he died, Llewelyn Powys, who deserves your remembrance, completed a strange and feverish book, "Love and Death." He called it "an imaginary autobiography," but there seems nothing imagined about it, except that the whole story is clothed in a veil of romantic poetry that takes one back to the Elizabethans and the anonymous balladists. In the intervals between hemorrhages (Powys died of consumption) and knowing that he was not long for this world, his memory went back to a love of his youth. The book is the summoning up of the ghost of that love, a last, wild, spasmodic outburst of the sensual paganism that was the core of Powys' thinking, or rather feeling. It is written in a deliberately fashioned literary prose, over-elaborate, heated, and consciously poetical. The girl, Dittany Stone, a combination of the Blessed Damozel and a Greek nymph, figures as but an excuse for Powys' amorous imagination to exercise itself. Books that treat sensual love as incomparably the greatest thing in the world are rare in our skeptical day. Hence "Love and

THE GORY GAZETTE

*being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of SIMON AND SCHUSTER 1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.*

Once upon a time there was a shrewd young man named Samuel Abbott who worked as Special Investigator for the District Attorney's office. In an off moment, when he wasn't putting the finger on pay roll bandits and income tax dodgers, Sammy fell in love with a beautiful blonde. Ethel, sad to say, was not very bright. However, she was a good cook and had a number of merry quips and jests at her command and she loved Sammy to distraction. So they got married, bought a temperamental dog, and settled down to lead a quiet and dignified life chasing anti-social citizens.

Then one day Sammy found a corpse, which is a very good break for any detective. Ethel insisted on helping him detect, but in spite of this he caught the murderer. This all happened in *Sing A Song of Homicide* by James R. Langham, published last year, and soon to appear as a Paramount Picture.

Naturally Sammy's success with his first murder case went to his head, and from that time on he went around looking for corpses, although he didn't allow this hobby to interfere with his regular work.

He searched so diligently that his efforts were rewarded. And the whole story is told in *A Pocket Full of Clues* by James R. Langham, just published as the April Inner Sanctum Mystery.

*The Gory Gazette* is devoted to Sammy and Ethel Abbott. And just to prove that this isn't blind prejudice we quote herewith a few testimonials from our distinguished colleagues:

*"Sammy and Ethel Abbott are a cute couple — and that goes for their dog Mohammed."*—**Will Cuppy**

*"Ethel Abbott is one of the nicest little wives in detective fiction."*—**Jack Ketch**

*"Sam and Ethel Abbott are dandy people. I hope we hear more of them soon."*
—**Boston Transcript**

*"As purveyors of fast comedy scrambled with murder, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles had best watch their laurels. There's competition in the offing, and its name is Sammy and Ethel Abbott."*
—**Philadelphia Inquirer**

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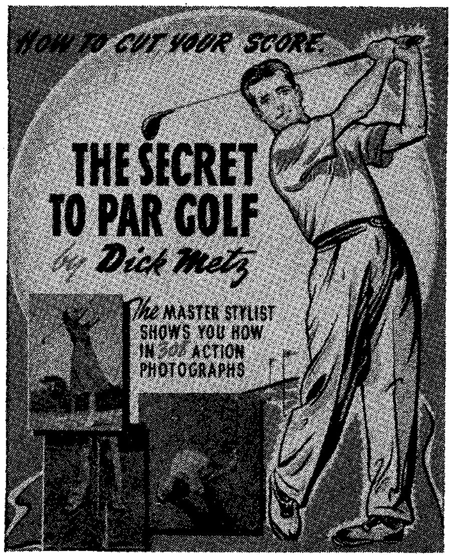
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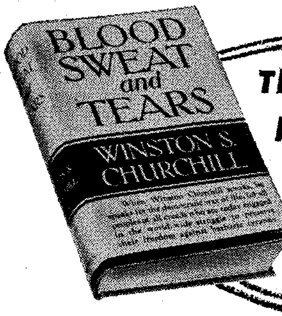

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Death" gives the effect of a curiosity. But, I should add, it is not curiosa.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

NIGHT RAID, by Eugene Lohrke. Quiet in tone despite its content, this short novel describes the reactions of the inhabitants of a small English village to the events of a single night of high-explosive horror. In the course of the narrative, the elderly, somewhat misanthropic village doctor comes to understand the unconquerable English communal feeling that binds the citizens together. A serious, thoughtful job.

FIRE AND ICE, by Wallace Stegner. Sharp and skillful novel about an undergraduate Communist with a grudge against the world. Forced by poverty to work his way through college, he hates nearly everybody until a pretty little rich girl tells him why. Not a book for everyone, but intelligent and powerfully done.

THE DAM, by Jerome Ellison. A pleasant-tempered success story. The hero is a middle-aged contractor down on his luck. When things look darkest he gets a WPA job building a dam, which not only rehabilitates his family but restores his self-respect. A welcome change from the usual grim tale of the unemployed.

BLACK BAYOU, by Idwal Jones. Life among the trappers in Louisiana, and a weird and primitive life it is, dignified by traditional ways and the need for great skill and self-reliance. An old family plantation provides the contrast and the Mississippi in flood furnishes the drama. Clever and entertaining.

THEY CAME TO A RIVER, by Allis McKay. A novel of the Columbia River country in our time, with a woman of resource and character as the protagonist. She grows up, falls in love, gets married, has children, loses her husband, marries again. All rather mild, on the whole, in spite of a landslide, a forest fire, and considerable trouble with the river.

### GENERAL

THE DRAMATIC IMAGINATION, by Robert Edmond Jones. First book by one of our ranking stage designers. He takes up our theatre's future and its great past, theatrical art, scenery, lighting, costuming, and so on, but he is concerned with essences rather than effects; he helps us to understand the

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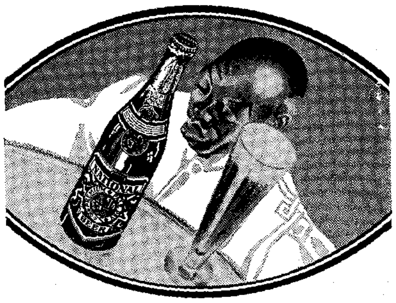

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tive action that brings a play Warmly intuitive, poetic, and though sometimes on the side. Parts of the book have d in various magazines.

UNMASKED, by Hallett Abend. well-informed, up-to-the-minute urvey of conditions in the Far East by the New York *Times'* correspondent. Details of the situation in Japan (the militarists can't stop now), Hong Kong, Shanghai, French Indo-China, Thailand, Singapore, the Netherlands East Indies (ready for a showdown), and the Philippines (not ready), plus a look at our excellent military-naval setup at Pearl Harbor. The author thinks we should fight Japan, that war is imminent, and that it will be a long struggle. Maps.

MY FIRST WAR, by Captain Sir Basil Bartlett. Journal of an English actor and playwright who served as a liaison officer during the Battle of Flanders and the escape from Dunkerque. An amusing book about what offhand doesn't seem to be a very funny subject, flavored with genuine English nonchalance. Map.

FRANCE SPEAKING, by Robert de Saint Jean, translated from the French by Anne Green. Another sort of diary, less personal, written between October, 1939, and June, 1940, by a young Paris journalist in the Ministry of Information. The author knew most of the important figures and reports what they had to say, but he was more interested in what the ordinary Frenchman was thinking. This reflective, often analytical narrative of the collapse of French society may remind you of Edmond Taylor's "The Strategy of Terror."

ASON IN MADNESS, by Allen Tate. Book reviews, addresses, and critical essays, in several of which the author asserts the claims of "literature as nowledge" and defends it against he encroachments of applied science. Fruitful and distinguished writing, occasionally very technical, on such subjects as Hardy and I. A. Richards, understanding modern poetry, and Jefferson's ideas. A new long essay published here for the first time.

TLE FOR THE WORLD, by Max Werner, translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. An imposing analysis of the entire strategical and diplo-

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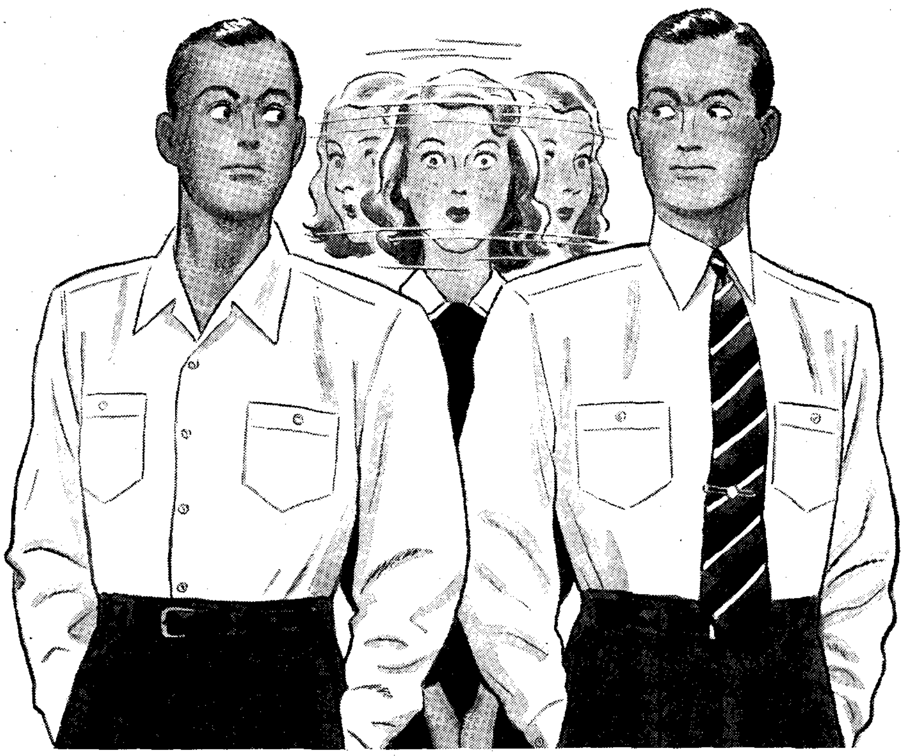
***Arrow DOUBLER***



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